

NUNC COGNOSCO EX PARTE



THOMAS J. BATA LIBRARY
TRENT UNIVERSITY

SOUTHERN

Historical Society Papers.

VOLUME IX.

JANUARY TO DECEMBER, 1881.

RICHMOND, VA.:
REV. J. WILLIAM JONES, D. D.,
Secretary Southern Historical Society.

KRAUS REPRINT CO.
Millwood, New York
1977

E 483.7 .S76 1777 V.9

Reprinted with permission of the Virginia Historical Society

KRAUS REPRINT CO.

A U.S. Division of Kraus-Thomson Organization Limited

Printed in U.S.A.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
An Official Paper that was Never Sent—Letter from Colonel Keatley,	89
A Federal Colonel on the Confederate Armies,	142
An Incident of Fort Sumter. By Major John A. Hamilton,	265
An Incident of the Deer Creek Expedition of 1863. By Captain W. L. Ritter,	280
Advance on Washington in 1864—Letter from General Early,	297
Attempt to Fasten on President Davis the Assassination of Mr. Lincoln. By Judge Cleary,	313
Annual Reunion of the Virginia Division A. N. V.—Address of Colonel Archer Anderson on	385
Campaign and Battle of Chickamauga,	418
Artillery of A. N. V. in Last Campaign—Report of General W. N. Pendleton,	423
Letter from General A. L. Long,	423
An Anecdote of Stonewall Jackson,	424
BATTLE OF OCEAN POND, FLA.:	
Report of General Beauregard,	11
Report of General Finnegan,	16
Report of General Colquitt,	20
Report of Colonel George P. Harrison, Jr.,	23
Report of Colonel Caraway Smith,	27
Battle of Taylor's Ridge—Report of General M. P. Lowry,	63
Battle of Ringold Gap—Report of General Cleburne,	65
Battle of Monocacy and Advance on Washington—Report of General Early,	74
Battle of Hatcher's Run—Telegram from General Lee,	81
Battery Gregg—Reply of General Wilcox to General Harris,	168
General Lane's Reply to General Harris,	102
Battle of Mobile Bay, by Captain J. D. Johnston,	471
Cavalry Operations in North Alabama, Report of General S. D. Lee,	237
Courage of the Confederate Soldier, by Rev. Dr. Hawthorne,	30
CORRESPONDENCE OF HON. GEO. W. CAMPBELL, OF TENNESSEE:	
Original Letters from General Andrew Jackson, James Monroe, Albert Gallatin, Commodore	
McDonough and Committee of Citizens of Nashville,	41, 85, and 122
Concentration before Shiloh—General Ruggles's Reply to Captain Polk,	49
Captain Polk's Rejoinder,	178
Capture of General Scammon—Telegraph from General Jones,	82
Letter from General Jones,	83
Letter from Major Nonnan,	83
Cavalry Operations in Mississippi—Report of General S. D. Lee,	97
Depopulation of Atlanta by Sherman—Account of Colonel J. H. Keatley, U. S. A.,	272
Descent of General R. E. Lee from King Robert the Bruce, of Scotland, by Professor W. W. Fontaine,	193
DEDICATION OF THE A. N. V. ASSOCIATION TOMB, AND UNVEILING OF THE JACKSON STATUE AT NEW ORLEANS:	
Description of the Scene and Monument,	212
Remarks of Captain W. R. Lyman,	213
Remarks of Colonel John B. Richardson,	214
Notice of the poem by Mrs. Townsend, and oration by General Fitz Lee,	216
Verbatim Report of the Speech of President Davis,	216
Ovation to Mrs. Jackson and Miss Julia,	218
Expedition against Pine Bluff—Report of General Marmaduke,	238
Experiences of a Northern Man in the Confederate Army,	369
Editorial Paragraphs,	47, 96, 143, 192, 239, 285, 382, 432, and 574
Engagement Near Aldie 17th of June, 1863. By General W. C. Wickham,	19
Exploit of Torpedo Boat St. Patrick—Report of General D. H. Maury,	81
Expedition into Hardy and Hampshire—Report of General Early,	267
Exploits of Stephen Elliott. By Major J. A. Hamilton,	476
Fight at Aldie—Report of Colonel Rosser,	119
Field Letters from General Ewell's Headquarters,	121
Forgotten Testimony on State Sovereignty. By Charles Harris,	433
Fight with the Gunboats at Mathias Point—Report of Colonel Daniel Ruggles,	496
Gettysburg—Report of General William E. Jones,	115
Extract from Report of Chief of Ordinance A. N. V.,	122
History of Lane's North Carolina Brigade. By General James H. Lane, 29, 71, 124, 145, 241, 353, 489	
Infantry of the A. N. V. By Major C. S. Stringfellow,	500
Interview of Colonel Baldwin with Mr. Lincoln—Letter from Colonel J. H. Keatley, of Iowa	88
Kirby Smith's Kentucky Campaign. By Major Paul F. Hammond,	225, 246, 289, 455
Kennesaw Mountain. By General S. G. French,	505
Lee's Offensive Policy in Campaign of 1864—A Letter to One of His Corps Commanders,	137

296811

"LOST OPPORTUNITY AT SPRING HILL:"

General Cheatham's Reply to General Hood,	524
General Hood's Note,	534
Letters from General Stewart,	534
Letter from General M. P. Lowry,	536
Letter from General J. C. Brown,	536
Extract from Official Report of General W. B. Bate,	539
Letter from General Bate,	540
Last Days of the Confederate Treasury and what Became of its Specie—Captain M. H. Clark	
Last Acting Treasurer of the Confederacy,	542
Literary Notices,	48, 144, 240, 285, 384, 576
Memoir of First Maryland Regiment, by General B. T. Johnson,	344

NOTES AND QUERIES:

Did Grant Receive and Return Lee's Sword?	139
What Confederate Battery Opposed Hancock's Corps while Crossing the North Anna the 24th of May, 1864?	140
Protection of Jackson's Flanking Column, at Chancellorsville,	141
A Federal Colonel on the Confederate Armies,	142
"Did General Lee descend from Robert, the Bruce, King of Scotland?"	190
"Was Lieutenant Meigs Killed in Fair Combat?"	190
Authenticity of the Dalghren Papers,	190
"Jeh" Stuart's Correspondence at Lewinsville,	191
Where was the Extreme Right of the Confederate Army on 3d of June, '64?	193
Where is General Nathaniel Green buried?	254
Manufacturing History—Who Runs the Machine,	378
General Sherman Manufacturing History,	379
What Confederate Battery Fired the last Gun at Appomattox C. H.,	380
What Confederate Battery Fired the last Gun at Appomattox,	429
What Infantry Regiment Accompanied General Stuart to Ely's Ford the Night Jackson was wounded at Chancellorsville?	430
Desired Return of the Sword of a Federal Officer	431
Was Cedar Run a Federal Victory,	572
Desired an Owner for a Watch,	573
Can New England claim John Smith as one her Heroes,	573

OPERATIONS AGAINST NEWBERN, N. C. in 1864:

Report of General Picket,	1
Report of General Hoke,	4
Letter from General Barton,	7
Report of General Barton,	8
Endorsements on Report,	11
Origin of the Lone Star and the Coat of Arms of Texas, by J. C. Butler,	219
Organization of the Maryland Line, by Rev. H. E. Hayden,	254
Operations of Artillery of Army of Western Louisiana, by General J. L. Brent,	257

OPERATIONS AROUND WINCHESTER IN 1863:

Report of General J. A. Walker,	325
Report of General Geo. H. Stuart,	330
Proof that Lieutenant Melge, of Sheridan's Staff was Killed in Fair Combat,	77
Reminiscences of the Army of Northern Virginia, by J. Wm. Jones, 90, 129, 185, 233, 273, 362, 426, 557	
Reams's Station—Report of General Wickham,	107
Raid of Captain Wm. Miles Hazard on Lieutenant Simon's Island, by Col. A. R. Chisolm,	282
Ode by Paul Hayne,	283
Review of Dodge's Chancellorsville, by Col. Wm. Allan,	462
Repulse of Federal Rald on Knoxville. By Captain B. F. Wyly,	479
Reminiscences of Hood's Tennessee Campaign. By Captain W. O. Dodd,	518
Reminiscences of 2nd of April, '65. By Judge H. W. Bruce,	206

STONEWALL JACKSON IN LEXINGTON, VA.:

Letter from an old Student,	41
Letter from J. D. Davidson, Esq.,	45
Strength of the Federal Armies—Official Statement,	134

SHERMAN'S ADVANCE ON MERIDIAN:

Report of General W. H. Jackson,	156
Report of General Richardson,	159
Report of Colonel P. B. Starke,	163
Sherman's Campaign in Mississippi in Winter of 1864—Report of General Ross,	332
Report of General Ferguson,	338
Report of General Adams,	340
Sketch of Longstreet's Division. By General E. P. Alexander,	512
Sketch of Fourth Kentucky Infantry. By Captain J. H. Welles,	108
Work of the Southern Historical Society in Europe—Letter from Major Scheibert,	570



Vol. IX.

Richmond, Va., January, 1881.

No. 1.

Operations Against Newbern in 1864.

REPORT OF GENERAL PICKETT.

HEAD-QUARTERS DEPARTMENT NORTH CAROLINA,

February 15, 1864.

General,—I have the honor to report that, in accordance with instructions received from General Lee, under date of January 20, 1864, the expedition left Kingston as follows:

General Barton with his own brigade and that of Kemper, and three regiments of Ranson's, eight rifle-pieces, six Napoleons, and six hundred cavalry on the morning of the 30th ultimo to cross the Trent and take the works in front of Newbern, in reverse, and prevent the enemy being reinforced by land or water. Later in the day I sent off the Fifteenth and Seventeenth Virginia to report to Colonel Dearing on the north side of the Neuse river—with this three pieces of artillery,—Whitford's regiment, and three hundred cavalry. He was to have attacked, if practicable, "Fort Anderson"—Barrington's. Commander Wood, of the navy, with his boat party, left on the 31st ultimo, and I, with Hoke's brigade, three regiments of Corse's and two of Clingman's

brigade, five rifle pieces, five Napoleons, and thirty cavalry, started on the evening of the 30th ultimo.

The attack was to have been made simultaneously by the different parties on Monday morning. Barton, with his cavalry, was to have cut the railroad and crossed Brice's creek, taking the forts on the bank of the Neuse (which ascend to the water) and pass across the railroad bridge, effectually, should he only succeed in the first cutting off of reinforcements; Dearing, by taking "Fort Anderson," would have a direct fire upon the town and an enfilading fire upon the works in front of it; Commander Wood, having received the gunboats, would co-operate, and I, with the party under my command, create a diversion, draw off the enemy and, if the chance offered, go in the town.

Accordingly, on Monday morning at 1 o'clock, I pushed forward General Hoke, who upon his arrival at Bachelor's creek, nine miles from Newbern, was met in strong force by the enemy, although they were evidently surprised; still the night being dark, and the enemy being posted in a strong position, and having destroyed the bridge, it was impracticable for General Hoke to force a passage till after daylight. This he did in most gallant style. At this time the enemy, reinforcing heavily by railroad and trying to rake our lines with the guns on the steam iron-clads, they attempted to turn my right flank with these reinforcements. I threw Corse forward to drive them in, which he did handsomely, and Clingman, with his two regiments, following General Hoke. After effecting the crossing the enemy were hotly pursued, but having no cavalry, and the men much worn by the long night's march, and not having been allowed fires, we were unable to press our advantage as we would have done had there been fresh troops on hand; in fact it was 3 o'clock before General Corse could come to the crossing of the Neuse road with the railroad, some two-and-a-half miles from the town; there was unfortunately no co-operation, the other parties having failed to attack, and I found we were making the fight single-handed. Commander Wood went down the Neuse on the night of the 31st with his party but did not find the gunboats. Dearing found "Fort Anderson" too strong to attack. Barton's cavalry failed to cut the railroad and telegraph to Morehead City—nor was it ever done by his party. This was afterwards done by General Martin, but no communication was received of the fact from General Barton till some time after we moved back. General Barton communicated to me by courier, on Tuesday morning, saying he found the work laid out for him impracticable. This not being satisfactory to me I sent Captain Bright, my aid-de-camp, across the Trent to communicate with him in

person. This was accomplished by Captain Bright at a good deal of risk. General Barton informed him he had been entirely misinformed as to the strength of the place, and that he pronounced the work as too strong to attack, and that he had made no advance and did not intend to, and that he had sent out twice his cavalry to cut the railroad and they returned without accomplishing it.

Captain Bright then, by my direction, ordered him to join me. General Barton said he would try to cross at Pollocksville, but would be unable to cross that night (the 2d), and expressed some doubt as to whether he could cross at all at that point; should he fail there, he would be compelled to go much higher up the river. Thus the earliest possible moment at which he could have joined me, would have been on the evening of the 3d instant. I could not thus have attacked before the 4th instant. General Barton afterwards informed me, verbally, that he could, positively, have done nothing on his side of the river.

General Barton had orders from me, in case he found it impracticable to perform his part of the work, which was the most important, to at once cross to me, and let me try a "*coup de main*." I could, however, hear nothing from him for some time, and when I did, it was the unsatisfactory note I have alluded to.

On the night of the 1st instant, Commander Wood gallantly attacked and took the six-gun steamer "Underwriter," but was compelled to burn her, thus losing us her invaluable services. The enemy having had ample time to reinforce, both by water and railroad, the trains running in constantly, night and day, from Morehead City, and in fact, the whole plan by which the place was to be reduced having failed, I deemed it prudent, after consulting with my officers, to withdraw, which we did at our leisure.

The result may be summed up as follows, viz.: *Killed and wounded*, about one hundred; captured thirteen officers, two hundred and eighty-four privates, fourteen negroes, two rifle pieces and caissons, three hundred stand of small arms, four ambulances, three wagons, one hundred and three animals, a quantity of clothing and garrison equipage, and two flags.

Commander Wood, Confederate States Navy, captured and destroyed United States gunboat "Underwriter." Our loss about forty-five killed and wounded. A correct list will be forwarded.

I found the ground in my front swept by half a dozen forts, one of them mounting seven rifle guns, with which they fired at pleasure over and into our line of battle. Had I have had the whole force in hand,

I have little doubt that we could have gone in easily, taking the place by surprise. I would not advise a movement against Newbern or Washington again until the iron-clads are done.

In the meantime, having received dispatches that the enemy were in force at Suffolk, and advancing on Blackwater, I deemed it prudent to send General Clingman back to Petersburg.

I have, as yet, received no written report from General Barton, but am of the opinion that he should have advanced at the same time that I did. Had he done so, the enemy being fully employed by me, he would probably have carried out this part of the plan. At any rate it was worth the trial, and I respectfully ask an investigation of his want of coöperation. From all that I can learn, no infantry were over on that side of the river.

The present operation I was afraid of from the first, as there were too many contingencies. I should have wished more concentration, but still hope the effect produced by the expedition may prove beneficial.

I am, General, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed)

G. E. PICKETT,

Major-General Commanding.

To General S. Cooper, A. I. General, Richmond, Va.

REPORT OF GENERAL HOKE.

HEAD QUARTERS HOKE'S BRIGADE,
KINSTON, NORTH CAROLINA, February 8th, 1864.

Major,—In obedience to orders, I reported to Major-General Pickett, with letters to him from the Commanding-General, on Friday, 22d of January, at Petersburg, and there awaited the arrival of my command, which was immediately forwarded to Garysburg, near Weldon. I expected to find General Corse's at Petersburg, but learned it could not reach there before Wednesday, 27th January, which delayed our movements from this point until Friday, the 29th. In the meantime the artillery was collected and placed upon cars, as it was to be shipped to Richmond, and every piece supplied with a sufficient quantity of ammunition.

The horses were sent to the country to recruit, and after getting several miles in the country were ordered to Wilmington, but were to stop at Wilson, North Carolina, for further orders.

After making all the necessary arrangements at Petersburg, I pro-

ceeded at once to Kinston, and finding the enemy had made no change, returned to Weldon, to give the shipment of my troops my personal attention. Saturday, the 30th, being the day for the movement from Kinston, I, on Friday, forwarded to that point from Goldsboro', all of Kemper's brigade, and three regiments of Ransom's brigade from Weldon, together with six rifled pieces and cannoniers, which, with Barton's brigade, six hundred cavalry, and six Napoleons, now at Kinston, composed the column which was to leave that point on Saturday morning, and move down the Trent road as if upon Newbern. Thence across Trent river, and down the south bank across Price's creek to the rear of Newbern, under the command of Brigadier-General Barton. Two regiments of Corse's brigade were also forwarded to Kinston on Friday, which, with Whitford's battalion, now on duty on north bank of Neuse river, below Kinston, formed the column commanded by Colonel Dearing, which was to make demonstrations against Washington; or, if he could surprise Fort Anderson, was to go in. The remainder of Corse's brigade, two regiments of Clingman's brigade, the Fifty-sixth North Carolina regiment of Ransom's brigade, and my brigade, with four Napoleons, eight rifled pieces and cannoniers, arrived at Kinston during Saturday (the horses having been ordered from Wilson, so as to arrive there at twelve o'clock on Saturday), which being the column that was to the front of Newbern, moved at once upon the Dover road, five miles from Kinston. On this night, General Barton, with his command, was fifteen miles from Kinston. Dearing was progressing finely, and General Martin was *en route* from Wilmington towards Morehead City. Colonel Wood, with his party, arrived at Kinston Saturday night, and proceeded down the river on Sunday.

On Sunday morning, at 6 o'clock, I, with my brigade at the head of the column, proceeded on the Dover road, arresting all persons who saw us, and directed the march, so as to arrive at Stevens' Ford, a point (10) ten miles from Newbern, and two miles from the outpost of the enemy, after dark, where we encamped without fires until one o'clock Monday morning, the 1st instant, at which time I moved forward, and captured all the outposts, but not without being hailed and fired upon.

I moved down the road with all possible speed, in order to reach Batchelor's Creek before the bridge could be taken up, but upon reaching the point, found they had been alarmed by the firing of the pickets, and had taken up the bridge.

Here I lost a number of men killed and wounded. The enemy at this point were strongly entrenched, and also had a block-house erected. To avoid the loss of men by storming, I threw some trees across the

creek, and crossed two regiments over under command of Colonel Mercer of the Twenty-first Georgia regiment, with orders to move upon their flank and rear, while I would repair the bridge and cross over the remainder of the command. This was soon done, and we were not long delayed. The enemy, in the meantime, had telegraphed for reinforcements, who were about two miles distant, and arrived in time to form in the field in rear of the creek, artillery and infantry, but we soon drove them before us, and completely routed them. They made my anticipated move, which was to throw troops by cars across the creek on the railroad, and came in our rear. This was what we wanted, and I moved with all possible speed, a distance of six miles, to strike the railroad and capture the train, but the enemy by telegraphic communications were apprised of our move, and returned the train loaded with troops, just five minutes before I reached the road. It was my intention, had I gotten the train, to place my men upon it and go into Newbern.

At this point my brigade was halted to meet any advance of the enemy from the town, while General Clingman was ordered across to the Trent road to prevent the return of the enemy from Deep Gully, and also to take all stragglers, but not knowing the country, he failed to reach the road, which was extremely unfortunate, as during the evening, at different times (500) five hundred infantry and (400) four hundred cavalry, passed into the town panic-stricken, leaving their camps in wild confusion.

After General Corse came up to the railroad, I moved my brigade within a mile to the front of the town, to await the sound of Barton's guns from the opposite side of Trent river, when, much to my surprise, I saw two trains come into town from Morehead City, which proved clearly that Barton had not reached the point of destination. We remained in front of Newbern all day Tuesday, waiting Barton's move, when, much to my disappointment, a dispatch was received from him, stating that it was impossible for him to cross the creek. Being junior officer, it does not become me to speak my thoughts of this move.

On Wednesday we were ordered to return towards Batchelor's creek, my brigade bringing up the rear. Colonel Wood, on Sunday, found no boats in the river, but on Monday night most gallantly destroyed one of their first-class boats. Our surprise was *most complete*, and had all parties done their duty, our hopes would have been more than realized.

We now know the place was within our grasp, which was seen

before leaving the front of the town. The enemy were thoroughly routed and demoralized.

I hope, Major, the General will not think it was on account of statements made them concerning the position and strength of the enemy, for I assure you I found matters more favorable than I expected. The work could have been done, and still can be accomplished. I have recruited my brigade somewhat since I have been in the State, and I am sanguine about increasing it a good deal. My men are in good health and fine spirits. The troops do not look upon our campaign as a failure, as the real object was not known to them, and the capture of several rich camps pleased them wonderfully. General Pickett has, no doubt, reported the extent of our captures. The two three-inch steel rifled pieces, with horses and equipments, were a valuable prize.

I have put (95) ninety-five carpenters and mechanics and (50) fifty laborers from my command, to work on the gunboat, and they will soon have it completed. The material I have made arrangements to have brought forward, and by the first of March I hope to have both of the iron-clads ready for work, with which there can be no doubt of success.

In the meantime I will remain here, where I have already made my men comfortable, and push forward the work, and at the same time give the boat protection, which is absolutely necessary. Major Wharton, who has been acting as staff officer, will be able to answer all questions.

There is no doubt of success in this undertaking, and we cannot and must not stop.

Very respectfully, yours, &c.,

R. F. HOKE, *Brigadier-General.*

Major Taylor, A. A. G.

LETTER OF GENERAL BARTON.

HEAD-QUARTERS BARTON'S BRIGADE, February 21, 1864.

Major,—I have the honor to transmit herewith a copy of a report of the part borne by the forces under my command in the recent advance against Newbern, which I wish forwarded to General Lee. The original has been sent to General Pickett, now at Goldsboro', N. C., and I desire to avoid the delay. Common rumor assigns me no enviable position in relation to this matter, and I know not how it may affect

my superiors. I am anxious to remove as speedily as possible, or as a knowledge of the facts may accomplish, such unfavorable impression.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. M. BARTON, *Brigadier General.*

Major T. A. Chestney, A. A. G.

REPORT OF GENERAL BARTON.

HEAD-QUARTERS BRIGADE, February 21, 1864.

Major,—I have the honor to make the following report of the part borne by the forces under my command in the recent advance against Newbern. These were Kemper's (Colonel Terry), Ransom's, my own brigade (Colonel Aylett), twelve pieces of artillery, and twelve (12) companies of cavalry.

On the 29th ultimo I detached Colonel Baker with seven (7) companies of his regiment (Third North Carolina cavalry) and five (5) companies of the Sixty-second Georgia cavalry (Lieutenant-Colonel Kennedy) to strengthen the picket line between Neuse and Trent rivers, and to cover all the roads and paths south and east of Kinston, so as to prevent information reaching the enemy of any movement likely to create suspicion. At daylight on the 30th the troops commenced the movement and bivouaced that night on the Trent, after a march of eighteen (18) miles. The cavalry were advanced during the night and collected at Trenton. On the 31st, Colonel Baker, with his regiment, was detached and ordered to move by a circuitous route so as to reach the railroad at or near Croatan, ten miles below Newbern, and having destroyed the track and telegraph line, to follow up the railroad and capture the enemy's picket at Evan's Mill, a station on Brice's creek, seven miles from Newbern. The artillery and infantry marched twenty-one (21) miles and bivouaced twelve (12) miles from Newbern. A dark and rainy night and a broken bridge prevented further progress till the moon rose—1:30 A. M. At this hour the column was again put in motion, but such were the difficulties of the road it was 8 A. M. before coming in sight of the enemy's lines. Several citizens of intelligence and known loyalty, who had been brought in during the night and in the morning, assured me that the fortifications on the south of the Trent were of the most formidable character—deemed by the enemy impregnable—and to be approached only by a bridge over Brice's creek, a considerable stream both deep and wide.

A reconnoissance made by General Ransom, Colonel Aylett, and my-

self, showed an open plain, varying from a mile to two miles in breadth, reaching to Brice's creek—this very deep, and about eighty yards wide, with marshy banks, the timber upon which had been cut down. A temporary bridge; on the east bank a block-house and breast-works, behind which a camp; at confluence of creek with Trent river, one thousand yards distant, a field-work mounting ten (10) guns; three hundred yards east another work with eight (8) guns; one-half or three-quarters of a mile east, near railroad bridge, and about one mile from Brice's creek bridge, another very large work; south, on Neuse river, about two miles from Brice's creek bridge, a very large fort for land and river defence; a line of breastworks extending from this west to Brice's creek, and terminating in a field-work one mile above the bridge; other works of less importance covering the plain and connecting the forts; on north side of Trent—here seven hundred yards wide—two field-works commanding those on south side.

The plan of operations required me to gain the south bank of Trent river, which was thought to be unprotected by fortifications, in order that my guns planted there should take in reverse the enemy's works between the rivers. Before starting upon the expedition I had made every exertion consistent with secrecy to arrive at accurate information as to this part of the enemy's position, having entertained doubts as to its not being fortified. Scouts and spies, deemed reliable, had been examined, and reported that there were no works there; one in particular, as surveyor of the county, and maker of the sketches and maps of the vicinity upon which we relied, was sent to ascertain the facts. He returned three days before the movement and reported that his maps were correct, that there were no other fortifications than those abandoned by our troops at the capture of Newbern, and that these were constructed to meet an advance from the east and south. Brice's creek was also represented by him not to exceed ninety feet in breadth. I was therefore unprepared to encounter obstacles so serious and was forced to the conviction that they were insurmountable by any means at my disposal.

Had it even been practicable to carry the fortifications on the south side of Trent, the possession of them would have been useless for the accomplishment of our object. In this opinion the brigade commanders fully coincided. It still remained practicable to make a detour by Evan's mill to cross Brice's creek, but this route would have brought me in front of the same and other fortifications. It had been determined in case of a failure in the attack on the south, that my forces should be withdrawn to join General Pickett, and assault on the west. I was already, by the nearest practicable route, (24) twenty-four miles

from General Pickett. This detour by Evan's Mill, while it added nothing to our chance of success, added also eleven (11) miles to the distance between us. I, immediately on arriving in front of the works of Newbern, advanced my line of skirmishers close to Brice's Creek.

The enemy opened and kept up a fire upon them during the whole of the 1st and 2d instant from the works and field batteries. The resistance offered to General Pickett's advance seemed to be so obstinate, as indicated by long continuance of firing in the same direction, that I deemed it advisable to make a diversion in his favor, and accordingly opened with six (6) rifles upon the block-house and contiguous forts.

Having accomplished this object the pieces were withdrawn; the enemy seemed to have suffered much by this fire. He endeavored to throw a force across Brice's creek, but it was driven back by the line of skirmishers. Colonel Baker returned at midday on the 1st, having failed to effect a passage across the swamp, assigning the incompetency of his guide and the difficulties of his route, enhanced by the rain and the darkness of the night, as his reasons therefor. He again made the attempt on the night of the 1st with like result and for the same reasons. On the night of the 2d, with a small party dismounted, he succeeded after very great labor in reaching the railroad and telegraph lines, which he broke up. Lieutenant-Colonel Kennedy on the morning of the 1st ambuscaded a body of the enemy's cavalry, killed one, wounded several, and took five prisoners. On the 2d he drove in the enemy's picket, near Evan's, killing one and taking one prisoner. Immediately after reconnoitering the enemy's position, I despatched several messengers, scouts and couriers to General Pickett informing him of the posture of affairs and asking instructions, and also endeavored to open communication with him by means of signals. I received no communication from him until the evening of the second (2d), when he directed me to join him for the purpose of making an assault on his front. I at once proceeded to do so. Having reached Pollocksville, twelve miles on my route, he directed me to fall back to Kinston, which was accordingly done. My casualties amount to one killed and four wounded, whose names will be forwarded as soon as received.

I have been delayed in forwarding this report awaiting those of brigade commanders, only one of which, herewith enclosed, has yet reached me. The press and common rumor have been busy casting censure upon my course. If my superiors entertain similar opinions, I request that a court of inquiry be called to investigate the matter.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. M. BARTON, *Brigadier-General.*

Major C. Pickett, Assistant Adjutant-General.

ENDORSEMENTS.

HEAD-QUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF RICHMOND,
February 26, 1864.

Respectfully forwarded at the request of Brigadier-General Barton.

ARNOLD ELZEY, *Major-General*.

HEAD-QUARTERS, 3d March, 1864.

I think it due to General Barton that a court of inquiry be granted him.

R. E. LEE, *General*.

Respectfully submitted to the adjutant and inspector-general.

SAM'L W. MELTON,
Major and Assistant Adjutant-General.
Organization Office, March 8, 1864.

Battle of Ocean Pond, Florida.

The following reports of the brilliant engagement of "Ocean Pond," Florida, were not printed by the Confederate Government, and so far as we know, were never before in print. They will be read with interest, and will be received as a valuable contribution to the material for the future historian:

REPORT OF GENERAL BEAUREGARD.

HEAD-QUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF
SOUTH CAROLINA, GEORGIA AND FLORIDA,
CHARLESTON, S. C., March 25th, 1864.

General,—In transmitting detailed reports of recent operations in East Florida, I have to accompany them, for the information of the War Department, with the following:

The officer in observation at Foot Point, of the enemy's fleet in the waters of Port Royal and Broad river, having reported, on the afternoon of the 14th January, that some thirty-five vessels, including an iron-clad from Hilton Head, had gone to sea in the fog the day before,

and probably with troops, as it was observed to be more quiet on the adjacent islands (less drumming and firing of small arms) than usual, I gave Major-General Gilmer, at Savannah, immediate notification of the fact, with instructions to keep strict watch in the direction of Warsaw Sound and the Ossabaw. At the same time orders were given to the proper staff-officers to hold means of transportation by rail in readiness on the Charleston and Savannah railroad. An increase of the tents of the enemy on Tybee island was also reported. On the 16th of January, I repaired in person to Savannah, in which quarter I apprehended some operations might be looked for. I remained in the District of Georgia inspecting the troops and works until the 3d February, when, there being no indication of any movement of the enemy in that direction, I returned to Charleston, leaving with Major-General Gilmer orders to hold the Sixty-Fourth Georgia volunteers, the First Florida battallion and a light battery in readiness to be sent to Florida at short notice. On the 7th of February (received 8th), Brigadier-General Finnegan reported by telegraph that five gunboats and two transports of the enemy had made their appearance in the St. Johns, within five miles of Jacksonville, and on the next day announced the arrival at Jacksonville of eighteen vessels—gunboats and transports—the landing of the enemy, presumed in large force, and an immediate advance on the night of the 7th February. General Gilmer was at once ordered to put in motion, to report to General Finnegan, all the troops he had been previously ordered to hold in readiness for such an emergency. General Gardner, commanding in Middle Florida, was telegraphed to send to the imperilled quarter, with all possible celerity, every soldier he could spare. Colquitt's brigade was ordered from James' island to Savannah with a light battery; General Finnegan was advised of what was done, and instructed to do what he could with his means to hold the enemy at bay, and to prevent the capture of slaves; and at the same time I reported to you this hostile movement and my intention to repel it, as far as practicable, with infantry to be drawn from Charleston and Savannah, but requested, in consequence of the very recent discharge of some five thousand South Carolina militia, that other troops should be sent to take their places and avoid danger to Charleston and Savannah. Scarcely had Colquitt's brigade began to move when the enemy, in anticipation, doubtless, of my attempt to reinforce Finnegan, made a strong demonstration on Johns's island. Though assured of the purpose of this movement, it assumed, however, so serious a form as to compel me to divert, temporarily, General Colquitt's and three and a half regiments of his brigade, to reinforce

General Wise, then confronted by at least two brigades of the enemy (about four thousand five hundred strong), pushed forward in advance of the Haulover or bridgeway between Johns's and Seabrook's islands, and in addition several regiments of infantry were detached from Sullivan's and James's islands to be in readiness for the development of the enemy's purposes.

On the night of the 11th ultimo I ordered all our batteries bearing on Morris island to open a heavy simultaneous fire on that portion, as if a cover for an assault, and with the hope of forcing the enemy to withdraw from Johns's island to the protection of his own works. This stratagem seems to have produced the desired effect, or assisted to make him abandon the movement on Johns's island, and withdraw hastily before daybreak, thus releasing and enabling Colquitt's command to reach General Finnegan in time to meet and defeat the enemy at Ocean-Pond, some thirteen miles in advance of Lake City.

In the meanwhile other troops, fast as the means of railroad transportation would enable me, had been dispatched to the theatre of war from the works around Charleston and Savannah, and the positions covering the Savannah railroad. This was done, indeed, to a hazardous degree, but as I informed the Honorable Secretary of War by telegraph the 9th ultimo, I regarded it as imperative to attempt to secure the subsistence resources of Florida.

General Finnegan was also apprised of these reinforcements on the 11th February, and instructed to manœuvre meantime to check or delay the enemy, but to avoid close quarters and unnecessary loss of men.

While these reinforcements were *en route*, the enemy again attempted to delay them by a movement with show of force against Whitmarsh Island, near Savannah, and it became a measure of proper precaution to halt at Savannah two of the regiments on the way to General Finnegan, for the development of the enemy's plans, one of which regiments, indeed, I felt it but prudent to detain there to the present. The want of adequate rolling stock on the Georgia and Florida railroads, and the existence of the gap of some twenty-six miles between the two roads, subjected the concentration of my forces to a delay, which deprived my efforts to that end of full effect. The absence of General Hill making it injudicious for me to leave this State, I directed Brigadier-General Taliaferro to proceed to Florida and assume the command, he being an officer, in whose ability, field experience and judgment, I had high confidence, not knowing at the time that Brigadier-General William M. Gardner, commanding in middle Florida, his senior, had returned from

sick leave, and was fit for field service, and had gone to General Finnegan's head-quarters with the troops of his district. Apprised of this, I directed General Gardner, on the 21st ultimo, to assume command, and organize for a vigorous offensive movement preliminary to the arrival of General Taliaferro; but subsequently the victory at Ocean Pond having taken place, in which it was supposed General Gardner, though not in immediate command, had taken an active part, I directed that officer to assume the chief command, and dividing his forces into divisions, to assign General Taliaferro to one of them; soon after which, however, I was advised by the War Department of the assignment of Major-General J. Patton Anderson to the command of the forces in the State of Florida.

General D. H. Hill having arrived at these head-quarters on the 28th ultimo, I left for Florida the same evening, although that officer was unwilling, for personal reasons, to assume the duty at once, I had desired to entrust to him the immediate command of the troops in the State of South Carolina, but he promised to repair to any point threatened or attacked by the enemy, and give the officer there in command the benefit of his experience and assistance.

On the 2nd instant I reached Camp Milton, General Gardner's head-quarters, in rear of McGirt's creek, twelve or thirteen miles distant from Jacksonville, where I found our troops in position. The day preceding, our advanced pickets had been thrown forward to Cedar creek, within six or seven miles of Jacksonville. On the 3rd Major-General J. Patton Anderson also arrived at Camp Milton, and assumed command on the 6th instant of the forces, now about eight thousand effectives of all arms.

In the meantime it had been ascertained, from reliable sources, that the enemy occupied Jacksonville with at least twelve thousand men, that the position, naturally strong, had been much strengthened since the battle of the 20th ultimo, and that four or five gunboats in the St. John's effectually commanded the approaches to the place. Under these circumstances it was determined not to attempt to carry the position by assault, as, in effect, instructed by your telegram of the 4th instant. Everything indicates that the rout of the enemy at Ocean Pond or Olustee was complete, nevertheless the fruits of the victory were comparatively insignificant, and mainly because of the inefficiency of the officer commanding the cavalry at the time, in consequence of whose lack of energy and capacity for the service, no serious attempt was made to pursue with his command, while the exhaustion of the infantry, so gallantly and efficiently handled and engaged, and our want

of subsistence, supplies and ammunition, made an immediate pursuit by them impracticable.

Unless our present forces should be considerably increased and amply supplied with means for a regular siege of Jacksonville, our operations in that quarter must be confined to the defensive; that is to preventing the penetration of the enemy into the interior, either on the line towards Lake City, or into the lower part of the State, to which end a position has been selected on the St. John's, a few miles above Jacksonville, for a battery of one rifled thirty-two pounder, three rifled thirty-, and one twenty-, and one ten-pounder Parrott's, and two eight-inch siege Howitzers, by which, with torpedoes in the river, it is expected transports at least can be obstructed from passing with troops beyond Jacksonville.

Cavalry pickets have been also established for the protection of the railroad to Cedar Keys, from injury by raiding parties set on foot from the west bank of the St. John's.

I have for the present organized the forces under General Anderson into three brigades, commanded respectively by Brigadier Generals Finnegan and Colquitt, and Colonel George P. Harrison, three meritorious officers; the last two of whom have won promotion by their active participation in the combat of the 20th ultimo, at which it is proper to say, Brigadier-General Colquitt commanded on the immediate field of battle. He has seen much service likewise in the army of Northern Virginia.

The cavalry has also been organized into a brigade under Colonel Robert H. Anderson; the four light batteries, of four pieces each, were placed under command of Lieutenant-Colonel C. C. Jones, and two batteries of siege guns (six pieces), present on the field, under Major J. L. Buist. It is hoped this arrangement will enhance the efficiency of the troops, who are in fine spirits and good condition.

Too much praise cannot be awarded to the brave officers and men who encountered and defeated twice their numbers at Ocean Pond, and I commend them to the notice of the government; they are, in all respects, worthy comrades of those who, on other fields, have done honor to Southern manhood.

Respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed)

G. T. BEAUREGARD,

General Commanding.

*To General Samuel Cooper, Adjutant- and Inspector-General C. S. A.,
Richmond, Virginia.*

REPORT OF GENERAL JOSEPH FINNEGAN.

HEAD-QUARTERS DISTRICT EAST FLORIDA,
IN THE FIELD, TWELVE MILES FROM JACKSONVILLE,
February 26, 1864.

Brigadier-General Thos. Jordan, Chief of Staff, Charleston, S. C. :

General,—For the information of the commanding general I have the honor to report that on the evening of the 7th February the enemy landed at Jacksonville, from eighteen transports and gunboats, a large force of cavalry, artillery and infantry, which was largely augmented by arrivals on the 8th instant.

On the receipt of this intelligence I immediately notified Lieutenant-Colonel McCormick, commanding an effective force of near three hundred and fifty men of all arms at Camp Finnegan, to guard against a surprise—advising him that I would join the command as soon as I had issued the necessary orders for collecting my widely-scattered troops, and dispatched telegrams and letters for reinforcements. On the 8th instant the enemy advanced from Jacksonville with great rapidity, in three heavy columns—cavalry in the advance. Artillery and infantry followed under command of Brigadier-General Seymour. They approached Camp Finnegan as the command there were in the act of retiring.

Their largely superior numbers deterred Lieutenant-Colonel McCormick, commanding, from attacking them, and in the darkness of the night he withdrew his command with caution and address and joined me at Camp Beauregard, near Ocean Pond, on the Olustee, on the 13th instant. The enemy, with celerity, pressed on to Baldwin, capturing on their way five guns of Company "A" and "B," Light Artillery, which had been ordered to Baldwin; reached Baldwin at daylight on the 9th instant. Remaining a short time, they continued on to Barber's the same night. At this point they were met, on the 10th instant, by two companies of cavalry, under Major Robert Harrison, Second Florida cavalry, whom I had ordered to join me, and who, with much gallantry, checked their progress for several hours at St. Mary's Crossing, with but small loss to us and a considerable loss to the enemy.

On the 9th instant I removed all the government stores from Sanderson, except fifteen hundred bushels corn, which was burned under my orders. On the 10th the enemy reached Sanderson; on the 11th instant they were within three miles of Lake City. Here I had hastily

collected, principally from the District of Middle Florida, a small force of four hundred and fifty infantry, one hundred and ten cavalry, and two pieces of artillery. On the night of the 10th I placed this force in a favorable position two and a half miles from Lake City, in the direction of the enemy. At half past nine the enemy advanced upon us with a force estimated to be fourteen hundred mounted infantry and five pieces of artillery. Here they opened upon us, fighting as infantry, and skirmished heavily with my advanced line. Discovering my position and its strength, and probably presuming my force larger than it was, they retreated to Sanderson, thence to Barber's, on the east bank of the St. Mary's, where they constructed field works, and concentrated their whole force for a final movement on Lake City.

In the meantime I used every possible effort to gather reinforcements, and on the 13th moved to Ocean Pond, on Olustee, thirteen miles from Lake City, and occupied the only strong position between Lake City and Barber's. Here I had field works thrown up, and for several days with a force less than two thousand strong, awaited the enemy's advance.

In this time my command was increased by the arrivals of reinforcements, and I organized the command as follows: The Sixth, Nineteenth, Twenty-third, Twenty-seventh and Twenty-eighth Georgia regiments, infantry, and Sixth Florida battalion, infantry, as the first brigade under the command of Brigadier-General Colquitt, with the Chatham artillery (four guns) attached.

The Thirty-second Georgia Volunteers, First Georgia Regulars, Sixty-fourth Georgia Volunteers, First Florida Battalion, and Bonaud's Battalion as the Second brigade, under command of Colonel George P. Harrison, Thirty-second Georgia Volunteers, with Guerard's Light Battery attached.

The Florida Light Artillery being held in reserve, I assigned Colonel R. B. Thomas, Confederate States Army, to duty as chief of artillery, and organized the cavalry into a brigade under the command of Colonel C. Smith, Second Florida Cavalry, my whole effective force being as follows: infantry, 4,600; cavalry, less than 600; artillery, three batteries, twelve guns.

On the 20th instant the enemy advanced in three columns, since ascertained to have been twelve regiments of infantry (nine of white troops and three of black), estimated at eight thousand, and some artillery (number of guns unknown), and fourteen hundred cavalry. At 12 M., the enemy were within three miles of my position. I ordered the cavalry under Colonel C. Smith, Second Florida Cavalry, supported

by the Sixty-fourth Georgia, Colonel Evans commanding, and two companies of Thirty-second Georgia, to advance and skirmish with the enemy, and draw them to our works. The remaining force was placed under arms and prepared for action. Apprehending that the enemy were too cautious to approach our works, I ordered General Colquitt, commanding First brigade, to advance with three of his regiments, and a section of Gamble's artillery, and assume command of the entire force, then ordered to the front, and feel the enemy by skirmishing, and if he was not in too heavy force to press him heavily. I had personally instructed Colonel Smith, commanding cavalry, to fall back as soon as infantry advanced, and protect their flanks. This movement was predicated on the information that the enemy had only three regiments of infantry with some cavalry and artillery.

Perceiving that in this movement, the force under Brigadier-General Colquitt's command might become too heavily engaged to withdraw without a large supporting force and intending that if the enemy should prove to be in not too great strength to engage them, I ordered in quick succession, within the space of an hour, the whole command to advance to the front, as a supporting force, and myself went upon the field. These reinforcements were pushed rapidly forward, and, as I anticipated, reached the field at the moment when the line was most heavily pressed, and at a time when their presence gave confidence to our men, and discouragement to the enemy. I directed Lieutenant-Colonel Hopkins, commanding, First Florida battalion, and Major Bonaud, commanding Bonaud's battalion to fall into line on the left, in the direction of the enemy's heaviest firing. After I had ordered these reinforcements, and they were some distance on the way to the front, and while I was myself on the way to the front, I received from Brigadier-General Colquitt, commanding, in the front, a request for the reinforcements which had already been ordered. The engagement became general very soon after its commencement. The enemy were found in heavy force, their infantry drawn up in three supporting lines, their artillery in position, cavalry in their flanks and rear; I ordered Brigadier-General Colquitt to press them with vigor which he did with much judgment and gallantry. They contested the ground stubbornly, and the battle lasted for four and a half hours. At the end of this time the enemy's lines having been broken and reformed several times, and two five Napoleon, and three ten pounder Parrott guns, and one set of colors captured from them, they gave way entirely, and were closely pressed for three miles, until nightfall. I directed Brigadier-General Colquitt to continue the pursuit, intending to occupy Sanderson that night, but

in deference to his suggestion of the fatigue of the troops, the absence of rations, and the disadvantages of the pursuit in the dark, and in consequence of a report from an advance cavalry picket that the enemy had halted for the night and taken a position (which was subsequently ascertained to be incorrect), I withdrew the order. During the continuance of the battle, also, after the enemy had given way, I sent repeated orders to Colonel Smith, commanding cavalry, to press the enemy on his flank, and to continue in the pursuit. But through some misapprehension these orders failed to be executed by him, and only two small companies on the left, and these but for a short distance, followed the enemy.

The enemy retreated that night, hastily and in some confusion, to Sanderson, leaving a large number of their killed and wounded in our possession on the field. Their loss in killed, both officers and men, was large; four hundred and eighteen of their wounded were removed by us from the field, and four hundred, or near that number, of their killed were buried by us; also nearly two hundred prisoners were captured; several officers of high rank were killed, and others severely wounded. Their loss cannot be less than two thousand, or twenty-five hundred men; five superior guns, one set of colors captured, and sixteen hundred stand of arms, also one hundred and thirty thousand rounds cartridges (damaged by having been thrown into water) as appears by the report of the ordinance officer herewith enclosed. The victory was complete, and the enemy retired in rapid retreat, evacuating in quick succession Barber's and Baldwin, and falling back on Jacksonville. The enemy's forces were under command of Brigadier-General S. Seymour, who was present in the field. The conduct of Brigadier-General Colquitt entitles him to high commendation. He exhibited ability in the formation of his line, and gallantry in his advance on the enemy. I have also to speak most favorably of Colonel George P. Harrison, commanding Second brigade, who exhibited in the engagement all the qualities of a capable and efficient officer. Colonel R. B. Thomas, as Chief of Artillery, likewise rendered efficient service on the field. Colonel Evans, commanding Sixty-Fourth Georgia volunteers, and Colonel Duncan L. Clinch, commanding Fourth Georgia cavalry, were wounded while bravely performing their duty. Lieutenant-Colonel Barron, Sixty-fourth Georgia volunteers, and Captain Camron, commanding, and Lieutenant Dancy, of the First Georgia regulars; also Lieutenant Holland, commanding detachment from conscript camp—all officers of high promise—were killed. Amongst the killed and wounded were many other officers and men who had

distinguished themselves on other fields, for a detailed statement of whom, and for instances of individual merit, I refer to the reports of the brigade commander.

Our loss in the engagement was ninety-three killed, and eight hundred and forty-one wounded—a large proportion very slightly. In the opening of the engagement the cavalry under command of Colonel Smith, skirmished with the enemy with spirit, and retired to the flanks in obedience to their orders.

On the 22d instant, having repaired the railroad so as to secure my supplies, I advanced the command to Sanderson, pushing the cavalry rapidly in the direction of the enemy, and from Sanderson to Barber's, and thence to Baldwin, and to this place, twelve miles from Jacksonville, where my further progress was arrested by orders from Brigadier-General Gardner, who had been directed to assume command, by whom I was here, for the first time, officially notified, that the command had been transferred.

My efforts, and those of my officers, for the organization and concentration of a force adequate to meet the enemy's superior numbers, and to check them in their rapid advance, were incessant and arduous. I have the gratification of reporting to the commanding general, that while I continued in command they were successful. I transfer the army to my successor, well supplied with forage and subsistence, well organized and armed, and deficient only in ordnance stores, for which timely requisitions were made, and which are now on their way.

Very respectfully,

(Signed),

JOSEPH FINNEGAN,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

REPORT OF GENERAL COLQUITT.

BALDWIN, FLORIDA, February 26, 1864.

Captain,—I have the honor to submit the following account of the engagement of the 20th instant, near Ocean Pond:

Intelligence having been received of the approach of the enemy, I was instructed to take three regiments of my own brigade, with a section of Gamble's artillery, and proceed to the front, and assume command of all the forces which had preceded me, consisting of two regiments of cavalry, under command of Colonel Smith, the Sixty-fourth Georgia regiment, and two companies of the Thirty-second Georgia regiment.

Subsequently other troops were sent forward, and I was directed to call for such reinforcements as might be needed.

About two miles from Olustee station I found the enemy advancing rapidly, and our cavalry retiring before them. I then sent forward a party of skirmishers, and hastily formed line of battle, under a brisk fire from the enemy's advance. The Nineteenth Georgia was placed on the right, and the Twenty-eighth Georgia on the left, with a section of Captain Gamble's artillery in the center. The Sixty-fourth Georgia and the two companies of the Thirty-second Georgia were formed on the left of the Twenty-eighth, and the Sixth Georgia regiment was sent still further to the left, to prevent a flank movement of the enemy in that direction.

Instructions were sent to Colonel Smith, commanding cavalry, to place his regiments on the extreme flank, and to guard against any movement of the enemy from either side.

The line of infantry was then ordered to advance, which was gallantly done, the enemy contesting the ground and giving way slowly. Perceiving that the enemy were in strong force, I sent back for reinforcements and a fresh supply of ammunition. The Sixth Florida battalion and Twenty-third Georgia regiment soon arrived for my support. The Sixth Florida battallion was formed on the right of the Nineteenth Georgia, and in such position as to come in on the left flank of the enemy. The Twenty-third Georgia was put on the left of the Sixty-fourth Georgia. Colonel Harrison coming up with the Thirty-second and First Georgia regulars, took position on the left, between the Twenty-third and Sixth Georgia regiments, and was instructed to assume the general direction of the left of the line.

The section of Gamble's artillery in the center having been disabled by the loss of horses and limber, Captain Wheaton, who had early arrived upon the field with the Chatham artillery, and had taken position on the right, was ordered to the center to relieve Captain Gamble. This battery moved forward and took position under a heavy fire, and continued to advance with the line of infantry until the close of the action. Towards night, when Captain Wheaton's ammunition was almost expended, a section of Ginrood's battery, of Harrison's brigade, under Lieutenant Gignilleat, moved up and opened fire on the enemy, furnishing Captain Wheaton with part of his ammunition.

After our line had advanced about one-quarter of a mile, the engagement became general, and the ground was stubbornly contested. With two batteries of artillery immediately in our front, and a long line of infantry, *strongly supported*, the enemy stood their ground for

some time, until the Sixth Florida battalion, on the right flank, and all the troops in front, pressing steadily forward, compelled them to fall back and leave five pieces of artillery in our possession. At this time our ammunition beginning to fail, I ordered the commanding officers to halt their regiments and hold their respective positions until a fresh supply could be brought from the ordnance wagons, which, after much delay, had arrived upon the field.

Major Bonaud's battalion came upon the field, followed soon after by the Twenty-seventh Georgia regiment and the First Florida battalion. These troops were put in position near the center of the line, and a little in advance, to hold the enemy in check until the other command could be supplied with cartridges. As soon as this was accomplished I ordered a general advance, at the same time sending instructions to Colonel Harrison to move the Sixth and Thirty-second Georgia regiments arrived, on the right flank of the enemy. The Twenty-seventh Georgia regiment, under Colonel Zackry, pushing forward with great vigor upon the center, and the whole line moving as directed, the enemy gave way in confusion. We continued the pursuit for several miles, when night put an end to the conflict. Instructions were given to the cavalry to follow close upon the enemy, and seize every opportunity to strike a favorable blow.

The results of the engagement in the killed, wounded and prisoners of the enemy, and our own loss, will be found in the reports rendered directly to you.

The gallantry and steady courage of officers and men during this engagement are beyond all praise. For more than four hours they struggled with unflinching firmness against superior numbers, until they drove them in confusion and panic to seek safety in flight.

Colonel George P. Harrison, who commanded on the left, displayed skill, coolness and gallantry. The commanding officers of the various regiments did their duty nobly; Colonel Evans, commanding Sixty-fourth Georgia, and Captain Crawford, commanding the Twenty-eighth Georgia, both gallant officers, were wounded. Lieutenant-Colonel Barron, of Sixty-fourth Georgia, a brave and gallant officer received a fatal shot while gallantly attempting to rally his men. Captain Wheaton and the officers and men of his battery are entitled to special commendation for their courage, coolness and efficiency.

Captain Grattan, Assistant Adjutant-General, Lieutenant Colquitt, Assistant Department Commander, Major Ely, and Lieutenant Estill, of my staff, were active and conspicuous in every part of the field. My thanks are due to Lieutenant Thompson, Second Florida regiment and

Mr. Sterling Turner, volunteer aids, for their gallant service. The names of those in the ranks entitled to be particularly mentioned may be furnished in a subsequent report.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

A. H. COLQUITT, *Brigadier-General.*

Captain Call, Assistant Adjutant-General.

REPORT OF COLONEL GEO. P. HARRISON, JR.

HEAD-QUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE, A. E. T.,
IN THE FIELD, NEAR SANDERSON, FLORIDA,
22d February, 1864.

Captain,—I have the honor to submit the following report of my command in the engagement with the abolitionists near Ocean Pond on the 20th instant.

By direction of Brigadier-General Finnegan, the brigade consisting of the Thirty-second Georgia Volunteers, Major W. T. Holland commanding; First Georgia Regulars, Captain H. A. Cannon commanding; Sixty-fourth Georgia Volunteers, Colonel G. W. Evans commanding; First Florida Battalion, Lieutenant-Colonel C. F. Hopkins commanding; Bonaud's Battalion, Major A. Bonaud commanding; Guerard's Light Battery, Captain Jno. M. Guerard commanding, was drawn up in line of battle behind the entrenchments near Olustee station, about 10 o'clock A. M. About 12 o'clock M., pursuant to instructions, I sent forward the Sixty-fourth Georgia Volunteers, under Colonel Evans, and two companies, H and E, of Thirty-second Georgia regiment, under Captain Mobley, to meet the enemy, then reported three miles in our front, with orders to engage them lightly and fall back with a view to draw them to our works. About one hour and a half later, I advanced to the front with the remainder of my command, except First Florida battalion and Sixth Georgia regiment (Colquitt's brigade), and one section of Guerard's battery, for the purpose of supporting Brigadier-General Colquitt, who was now in advance with a portion of his brigade, and that portion of mine sent out at 12 M. I had advanced about a mile to the front, when I received a message from General Colquitt to move up rapidly. I had scarcely put my command in double quick, when the report of artillery in my front indicated that the fight had opened. Quickening our pace we moved on until within a few hundred yards of the place where the road we were upon crossed the railroad. Here I halted for a moment, but observing General Colquitt forming his line,

and seeing the enemy's position across the railroad, who was then sweeping the front of my column with a battery in position near the cross-roads, I moved to the left in double quick, crossed the railroad and formed line of battle upon the left of that just established by General Colquitt. About this time the engagement became general. In a few moments I was informed by one of General Colquitt's staff that I was in proper position. Being now at long range (300 yards) I advanced in conjunction with the right of the line to about two hundred yards of the enemy, who stubbornly stood their ground. In about this position the field was hotly contested by both parties for about one hour, when the enemy gave slowly away before the close pressure of our gallant men. (It was during this, while riding with my staff down the line from the left toward the center, that my ordnance officer, R. T. Dancy, was instantly killed, and my aid-de-camp, Lieutenant Horace B. Clark, and one of my couriers had their horses shot under them).

But soon a new line of the enemy appeared, and our advance was checked. His resistance now seemed more stubborn than before, for more than twenty minutes, when the enemy suddenly gave back, apparently to seek a better position, but still held us at bay.

Now the result of the day seemed doubtful. It was whispered down the lines (particularly in the Sixth and Thirty-second Georgia regiments) that our ammunition was failing, and no ordnance train in sight. This I immediately reported to General Colquitt, who urged that we hold our ground, stating that our ammunition would certainly reach us directly. This, I am proud to say, was heroically complied with by my command, many of them for fifteen or twenty minutes standing their ground without a round of ammunition. Seeing the critical state of affairs, I dismounted myself, placed one of my staff, whose horse had been disabled, upon mine, who, together with the remainder of my staff and couriers was employed in conveying ammunition from a train of cars, some half mile or more distant. It was in the discharge of this duty that Lieutenant George M. Blount, my acting assistant adjutant-general, was shot from his horse, but not seriously wounded. By several trips, they succeeded in supplying sufficient ammunition to our line, to enable a reopening of a rapid and effective fire, before which the enemy had commenced to retire slowly, still keeping up their fire upon us, when the First Florida battalion, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel C. F. Hopkins and a section of Guerard's battery under Lieutenant W. Robert Geguillist arrived from the entrenchments. I at once ordered the former to the support of the Sixty-fourth Georgia regiment, whose ammunition was nearly all exhausted, and the latter to take position

and open fire near the left center. These reinforcements, with some that arrived upon the right, served to embolden our men and intimidate the enemy, for their retreat now became more hurried, and their fire less rapid and effective. Under instructions from General Colquitt, I now threw forward the Sixth and Thirty-second Georgia regiments (the extreme left of our line) to flank the enemy upon their right, which movement succeeded admirably, for soon their right was exposed to a cross fire, which told upon their ranks with fine effect. A general advance of our line now drove the enemy, who retreated, at first sullenly, but now precipitately, before our victorious arms for some miles, when night came on, and by order of General Colquitt we ceased firing and our line halted. During the engagement the detachment of Thirty-second Georgia regiment, companies H and E, Captain Mobley commanding, won for itself much honor, in charging and capturing three pieces of artillery.

While refraining from a mention of the individual bearing of officers belonging to commands of my brigade (for the reason that all greatly distinguished themselves), I take pleasure in reporting the intrepid commander of the Sixth Georgia regiment (General Colquitt's brigade), Colonel Lofton, for meritorious services with my command, throughout the action; Corporal Buchanan, Company E, Sixty-fourth Georgia regiment; Sergeant Thomas Battle, Company C, First Georgia regulars, color-bearer, deserve mentioning for conspicuous bearing and daring.

I would ask particular attention to the gallantry of Captain E. L. Guerard, acting brigade quartermaster. His services, together with the gallantry and promptness of Lieutenant Horace P. Clark, my aid-de-camp, were of the greatest importance during the whole engagement, and particularly after the remainder of my staff had gallantly fallen and been borne from the field.

My entire command behaved with a degree of coolness and bearing worthy of emulation.

The following named officers were killed and wounded gallantly discharging their duties:

Thirty-second Georgia Volunteers—Major Holland Commanding.

Captain W. D. Cornwell, Company A, wounded in shoulder.

Lieutenant R. A. Butler, Company B, wounded in abdomen, mortally.

Lieutenant W. F. Moody, Company C, wounded in knee, severely.

Lieutenant W. L. Jenkins, Company E, wounded in shoulder, slightly.

Lieutenant J. H. Pitman, Company F, wounded in leg, severely.

Lieutenant M. Davison, Company G, wounded in head, slightly.

First Georgia Regulars—Captain A. A. F. Hill Commanding.

Captain H. A. Cannon, commanding when killed.

Lieutenant P. H. Morel, wounded in arm, slightly.

Sixty-fourth Georgia Volunteers—Captain C. S. Jenkins Commanding.

Colonel J. W. Evans, wounded in right thigh, severely.

Lieutenant-Colonel James Barron, killed.

Major W. H. Weems, wounded in left leg, severely.

Captain B. W. Craven, Company A, wounded in head, slightly.

Lieutenant J. S. Thrasher, Company A, wounded in thigh, severely.

Lieutenant M. L. Rains, Company C, wounded in thigh, severely.

Captain J. K. Redd, Company F, wounded in head, slightly.

Lieutenant F. M. Beasley, Company F, wounded in left arm, slightly.

Captain R. A. Brown, Company H, wounded in left leg, slightly.

Lieutenant P. A. Waller, Company H, wounded (mortally) in neck and head.

Lieutenant J. F. Burch, Company I, wounded in wrist, slightly.

First Florida Battalion, Volunteers—Lieutenant-Colonel Hopkins Commanding.

Lieutenant-Colonel C. Y. Hopkins, wounded in arm and thigh, slightly.

Lieutenant F. Williams, Company F, wounded in breast, slightly.

Lieutenant S. K. Collins, Company E, wounded in face, slightly.

Bonaud's Battalion Georgia Volunteers.

Lieutenant G. W. Hall, Company D, wounded, slightly.

Lieutenant Cader Pierce, Company G, wounded, slightly.

Lieutenant W. W. Holland, Volunteer Company, Florida, killed.

The enclosed report of casualties respectfully submitted.

GEORGE P. HARRISON, JR.,

*Colonel Thirty-second Georgia Infantry, Commanding
Second Brigade A. E. F.*

REPORT OF COLONEL CARAWAY SMITH.

HEAD-QUARTERS CAVALRY BRIGADE,
DISTRICT EAST FLORIDA, February 27th, 1864.

Captain,—I have the honor to submit the following report of the part taken by the cavalry brigade in the late engagement near Ocean Pond on the 20th instant.

On the morning of the 20th, it being reported that the enemy were advancing in the direction of Sanderson, I received orders from the Brigadier-General commanding to advance and meet them, for the purpose of ascertaining their position and number. I accordingly moved up with all the cavalry force then available, which consisted of two hundred and fifty (250) men of the Fourth Georgia cavalry, Colonel Clinch commanding, and of two hundred and two (202) men of the Second Florida cavalry, Lieutenant-Colonel McCormick commanding.

I discovered the enemy about four miles distant from our encampment, occupying in force the second crossing of the railroad from Olustee. I immediately reported the fact to you, directed Colonel Clinch to advance a body of skirmishers from his regiment to attack the enemy's pickets, which he did promptly, and was pushing the attack earnestly, when they were met by a much larger force from the enemy, which compelled them to retire to their house. This they did in good order.

The enemy then moved forward with his whole force, skirmishing on our rear, which we resisted with our rear guard, keeping him in check, while the cavalry retired in line and in perfect order.

The skirmishing was kept up until we reached the first crossing of the railroad from Olustee, there I found our infantry and artillery under the command of Brigadier-General Colquitt, from whom I received orders to dispose the cavalry on the right and left wings of our army, to prevent any flank movements of the enemy. I accordingly ordered Colonel Clinch to occupy the left with his regiment, and Lieutenant-Colonel McCormick with the Second Florida cavalry to take position on the right. Early in the action Colonel Clinch received a severe wound in the leg, which made it necessary for him to retire from the field, and the command of his regiment then devolved upon Captain Brown, who kept an efficient guard on the left flank, while Lieutenant-Colonel McCormick protected the right.

On two occasions I discovered that the enemy was attempting to cross the railroad on the right of our infantry, evidently for the pur-

pose of turning that wing, when I directed Lieutenant Colonel McCormick to dismount a portion of his regiment and drive them back, which he did effectually. Thus by the vigilance of the cavalry on the right and left, the enemy was prevented from deploying his large force so as to turn either flank.

The Fifth Florida battalion cavalry, Major G. W. Scott commanding, was not brought upon the field until late in the evening, in consequence of the jaded condition of the men and horses from hard service for the twenty-four hours preceding. He, however, joined with Lieutenant-Colonel McCormick on the right, about the middle of the contest, and rendered him prompt assistance. The fight terminating right, and our infantry lines not being perceptible to me through the woods, and the face of the country being cut up by snaps, making it very favorable for ambushing under the cover of night, I deemed it inadvisable to press forward with the whole cavalry force until further information could be had of the position of affairs. In addition to this, after the order forward was being executed, another order was received to the effect that we were getting under the fire of our men, and also that I should beware of an ambush. I attached the more importance to this order, because it had already been discovered that a large body of the enemy's cavalry were resting on the opposite side of the swamp from us.

The cavalry however, as soon as possible, followed up the enemy, and gathered a number of prisoners, amounting to about one hundred and fifty. In addition to this, several prisoners were taken by Lieutenant-Colonel McCormick and Major Scott, while protecting the right flank.

I have to report that Colonel Clinch, and three men of the Fourth Georgia cavalry, were wounded—one of the wounded men missing, and reported now to be dead. It is due to the companies of Captains Stephens and Maxwell, of the Second Florida cavalry, to state that the conduct of the men and officers, while acting as the rear guard of the cavalry, as we were falling back before the enemy, was highly satisfactory. They behaved with the coolness and deliberation of veterans.

I have the honor to be, Captain,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed)

CARAWAY SMITH,

Colonel-Commanding Cavalry Brigade.

Captain W. Call, Acting Adjutant-General.

History of Lane's North Carolina Brigade.

BY BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES H. LANE.

THE GETTYSBURG CAMPAIGN.

[For General Lane's report of Gettysburg, see Vol. V, *Southern Historical Society Papers*, page 41, and for his account of other details see his letter in the same volume, page 38. And for further mention of the operations of this gallant brigade, see the report of their corps commander, Lieutenant-General A. P. Hill, which was published in our *Papers*, Vol. II, page 222. We regret that our space will not permit us to reprint these documents, even to preserve the continuity of General Lane's narrative; but we give with pleasure the following letter from the gallant General Trimble, of Maryland, under whose immediate eye these brave North Carolinians fought on the third day at Gettysburg.]

LETTER FROM GENERAL TRIMBLE.

BALTIMORE, October 15th, 1875.

S. D. Pool,—I see by your October number of "*Our Living and Our Dead*," that you defend the reputation of the North Carolina troops as earnestly as ever, while doing full justice, as you do at all times, to those from other States.

On page 457, October number, under the heading, "Another Witness—Gettysburg," you have taken in hand the now stale, though yet oft-repeated, assertion, that Pickett's division was repulsed on the 3d of July, because not supported by other troops, and have shown that the erroneous statements first made by writers, both from the North and South, are still blindly adhered to by all who attempt to describe the operations of that day.

No account of the three days' fighting at that noted town has yet been given that is not full of errors of fact and errors of inference, and a truthful relation of the occurrences of those days has yet to be given. The reason why these mistakes have been made, is, that no careful study of the subject, with documentary and other evidences at hand, has as yet been made by a competent writer. Those who have treated the subject have been eye-witnesses of but a *part* of the lines, near six miles in circuit, and hence to make up a full relation of the *whole*, must adopt the hasty and erroneous accounts of others, or even

call in the aid of their own imagination to fill up and embellish the picture.

That mistakes, misstatements, or even intentional perversions of truth in the accounts given of hostile armies, should be made, is both natural and unavoidable during the heat and bitterness of the conflict. These and other errors of the war, on either side, must, for the present, be borne patiently, but corrected assiduously, fairly and generously by North and South, that each section may the sooner appreciate the other.

So far as relates to the good conduct of North Carolina troops, from the beginning to the close of the war, I think their unpretending courage in action, their patient submission to the privations of the camp and the march, their almost child-like docility and acceptance of discipline everywhere, and when circumstances needed it, their daring valor, are now recognized and highly appreciated by all—thanks to your journal. Why should the conduct of men from any State be extolled at the expense of those from their sisters?

Brave "Johnny Rebs" belonged exclusively to no State, but made glory enough for all, whether in the sore privations of the camp, or in the heat of the conflict, as they sent up to the welkin that dauntless shout, so often the harbinger of victory.

No officer who commanded North Carolina troops has ever, that I know of, complained of their behavior.

At the risk of being tiresome, I propose to make a brief statement of what passed under my *own* eye during the third day's fight on the right of our army. A topographical sketch of that part of the field can alone convey a full understanding of the movements of our troops, but a brief description of ridges, woods and roads, will help much to elucidate the situation and conduct of divisions.

Cemetery Ridge, or plateau, extends from the town of Gettysburg to Round Top Hill, say two to three miles long. The Emmetsburg road runs northeasterly not far from the western edge of this plateau, but generally below it in elevation, entering Gettysburg on the south, directly below the cemetery. Tracing the Emmetsburg road southwesterly from Gettersburg, it is found to diverge more and more from the plateau of Cemetery Ridge. At and near the town, the road lies at the foot of this abrupt slope, but about a mile south, in front of Pickett's division, the road is over half a mile from the elevation on which the Federal lines were posted, with a small stream and valley between. These lines, infantry and artillery, occupied moderately elevated ground commanding the fields between them and the southern lines on Semi-

nary Ridge to the westward. This last ridge makes a considerable angle with the Emmetsburg road. At the point occupied by General Pickett, the crest of the ridge is about a third of a mile from the road ; at the point from which Pettigrew started it is *over* a mile from the road.

General Pickett's line was formed about one hundred yards from and west of the Emmetsburg road, at that point occupied by Southern troops the day previous. That part of the road in Pettigrew's front was occupied by the Federal troops, and not over one hundred yards from the Federal line on the crest of Cemetery Ridge.

From the preceding it can be understood that Pickett started in his charge from the Emmetsburg road, and Pettigrew and Trimble started from the top of Seminary Ridge. The former about three-fourths of a mile, the latter one mile and a quarter from the enemy's line.

Pickett's line being in view of the enemy at the start, and nearest to him, would naturally attract the most attention, and receive at first the severest fire from his front, and his division be the first to suffer ; as the one which most threatened the enemy, and, therefore, the first to be crushed. As soon, however, as Pettigrew's and Trimble's divisions fairly appeared in the open ground at the top of Seminary Ridge, furious discharges of artillery were poured on them from the line in their front, and from their left flank by the line which overlapped them near Gettysburg. To the artillery fire was soon added that of small arms in a ceaseless storm as they marched down the smooth, even slope.

It will be easily understood that as Pickett's line was over-lapped by the Federal lines on *his* right, and Pettigrew and Trimble's front by the Federal lines on *their* left, each of these commands had a distinct and separate discharge of artillery and musketry to encounter, the one as severe and incessant as the other, although Pickett's men felt its intensity sooner than the others, and was the first to be crushed under fire, before which no troops could live, while Pettigrew and Trimble suffered as much or more before the close, because longer under fire, in consequence of marching further.

The returns of killed and wounded show that the other commands lost as heavily as Pickett's ; some brigades more. Not one of my staff escaped severe wounds, and all had their horses killed.

It would have been more in accordance with military principles had Pettigrew and Trimble started fifteen minutes before Pickett, so as to have brought them all to the enemy's line at the same moment. The result would probably have been the same, yet ten or fifteen minutes

sooner or later in the movement of a heavy column often produces a decided difference in the result of a battle.

Both Northern and Southern descriptions of the battle of Gettysburg, in the third days' contest have, without perhaps a single exception down to the present time, given not only most conspicuous prominence to General Pickett's division, but, generally by the language used, have created the impression among those not personally acquainted with the events of the day, that Pickett's men did all the hard fighting, suffered the most severely, and failed in his charge, because not promptly or vigorously supported by the troops on his right and left. It might with as much truth be said that Pettigrew and Trimble failed in their charge because unsupported by Pickett, who had been driven back in the crisis of their charge, and was no aid to them.

These statements or inferences do such great injustice to other troops, who displayed equal daring, and are so contrary to well known facts, that the errors can only be accounted for by one or two considerations, viz:

First—That Pickett's division being much nearer the enemy when it began the charge, became at the start the most prominent body in the field, the most to be dreaded, and which would, if any did so, be the first to pierce the Federal lines and decide the contest.

Second—As these were the first who "shattered to atoms," and recoiled from the advance, the fate of the day seemed solely to rest with them, and that when they fell back the contest was over. No one acquainted with the facts can for a moment doubt the intrepid bravery and splendid bearing of Pickett's men; they did all that any men could do under the circumstances, but others did as well, went as far, or further, fought longer, and lost as heavily. The simple truth is, that Pickett's, Pettigrew's and Trimble's divisions were literally "shot to pieces," and the small remnants, who broke the first Federal line, were too feeble to hold what they had gained.

So the result of that charge only proved over again the *axiom* in war, that "no single line of infantry without artillery can carry a line protected by rifle pits, knapsacks, and other cover, and a numerous artillery, if the assaulted party *bravely* avails itself of its advantages." It was so at Fredericksburg, reversing the parties, and will be so everywhere.

Now a word about North Carolinians in this charge at Gettysburg, and of what I was an eye witness.

On the morning of the 3rd I had been put in command, by order of General Lee, of two of the brigades of General Pender, who had been

wounded. These were both of North Carolina troops, commanded by J. H. Lane and Alfred M. Scales. On taking command of these troops, entire strangers to me, and wishing as far as I could to inspire them with confidence, I addressed them briefly, ordered that no gun should be fired until the enemy's line was broken, and that I should advance with them to the farthest point.

When the charge commenced, about 3 P. M., I followed Pettigrew (Heth's division) about one hundred and fifty yards in rear, a sufficient distance to prevent the adverse fire raking both ranks as we marched down the slope. Notwithstanding the losses as we advanced, the men marched with the deliberation and accuracy of men on drill. I observed the same in Pettigrew's line. When the latter was within one hundred, or one hundred and fifty yards from the Emmetsburg road, they seemed to sink into the earth under the tempest of fire poured into them. We passed over the remnant of their line, and immediately after some one close by my left, sung out, "Three cheers for the Old North State;" when both brigades sent up a hearty shout; on which I said to my aid, "Charley, I believe those fine fellows are going into the enemy's line."

They did get to the road, and drove the opposing line from it. They continued there some minutes, discharging their pieces at the enemy. The loss here was fearful, and I knew that no troops could long endure it. I was anxious to know how things went on with the troops on our right, and taking a quick but deliberate view of the field over which Pickett had advanced, I perceived that the enemy's fire seemed to slacken there, and men in squads were falling back on the *west* side of the Emmetsburg road. By this I inferred that Pickett's division had been repulsed, and if so, that it would be a useless sacrifice of life to continue the contest. I therefore did not attempt to rally the men who began to give back from the fence.

As I followed the retiring line on horseback, at a walk, to the crest of Seminary ridge, under the increasing discharge of grape, shell and musketry, I had cause to wonder how *any one* could escape wounds or death.

On reaching the summit of the ridge, I found the men had fallen into line behind some rude defences. I said, "That is right, my brave fellows, stand your ground, and we will presently serve these chaps as they have us." For by all the rules of warfare, the Federal troops should (as I expected they would) have marched against our shattered columns and sought to cover our army with an overwhelming defeat.

In turning over the command to General Lane, I used some emphatic

expression of commendation for the gallant behavior of these men, but I am sure did not use the profane terms which General Lane quotes as my language.

Being severely wounded, and unable to follow the army in its retreat, I made no report of the battle, or return of the killed and wounded. General Lane and General Scales have done this, which shows the fearful loss of these two brigades in the charge of July 3rd.

S. D. Pool: I laid aside what is written above, but delayed to send it to you. Having since then attended the ceremonies of unveiling the Jackson statue at Richmond on the 26th October, and while there, heard the brilliant address of J. W. Daniel, of Lynchburg, on the battle of Gettysburg, intended to be a correct account of the occurrences of the 3d July, in which I find the same old errors repeated. I was preparing, as General Wilcox has done, a brief article to correct the mistakes of Mr. Daniel, in what he says of the troops on Pickett's left, when I received from him the following letter, which, with my reply, will close this defence of North Carolina troops.

LYNCHBURG, November 22d, 1875.

General I. R. TRIMBLE:

Dear General—General Wilcox thinks I have made some errors as to the third day's charge at Gettysburg. If I have made any in respect to the troops which came under your command or observation, will you do me the honor and kindness to point out my error, and thus greatly oblige,

Yours, with much respect,

JOHN W. DANIEL.

BALTIMORE, November 24th, 1875.

JNO. W. DANIEL, ESQ.:

Dear Sir,—Your favor of 22d received. As respects the errors made in your able address in Richmond, as to the action of Pender's division, under my command, they are not very important, but may as well be corrected.

First. You state that "Our left, under Trimble, staggered at the start," &c. That is an error; there was no hesitation in my command at the start, for *at first* the fire of the enemy did not reach us, being directed at Heth's division, in advance, under Pettigrew.

Secondly. You say "Pettigrew's and Trimble's men had broken before the tornado of canister in their front, and had disappeared,"

inferring that these men quit the assault and left Pickett's men unsupported, whereas my men were the *last* to leave the field (or the charge).

This I know, as I rode in the line between the two brigades, from the start down to the Emmettsburg road, passing over the wreck of Heth's division (Pettigrew's). Before my line recoiled under a concentrated fire from my front and left, I looked to the right where Pickett's men had been seen to advance, and beheld nothing but isolated and scattered remnants of that splendid line.

When we reached the Emmettsburg road, the terrific fire right in their faces, with their comrades melting away around them, our line slowly began to yield, or rather ceased to advance beyond the road. It was there, as I still sat on my horse, wounded and *at the road*, that my aid, Charley Grogan, said: "General, the men are falling back, shall I rally them?" Before replying, I looked again to our right for the effect of Pickett's charge, but could see nothing but a few men in squads moving to the rear, and at considerable distance from the Emmettsburg road. It was there, after a brief but deliberate view of the field, that I said, "No, Charley, the best thing these brave fellows can do, is to get out of this." So, mounting my horse, from which I had alighted with help of Grogan, we followed, at a walk, our men to the rear, who marched back sullenly and slowly, in almost as good order as they had advanced, and I halted them on the summit of Seminary ridge. On the presumption that the enemy would pursue us, I here prepared for defence, and feeling faint from my wound, turned over the command to General Lane.

Thus I am sure that my command continued the contest *some time* after Pickett's force had been dispersed. Not that we fought better, but because, as a second line, we did not reach the enemy quite as soon as the troops on our right, but maintained our ground after they had been driven back.

It was hard, in your splendid composition, to avoid some errors. Not until every one puts down what *actually took place under his own eye* in a battle, can its true and exact history be related by one writer.

Pickett's men were nearer the enemy at the start, and did bear the brunt bravely, but they were not the only "heroes of Gettysburg."

Yours truly,

I. R. TRIMBLE.

The Courage of the Confederate Soldier.

BY REV. J. B. HAWTHORNE, D. D.

At the reünion of the Richmond Howitzers, on the 13th of December last, Dr. Hawthorne was called on to respond to the following toast:

"The Confederate dead. Their courage was inspired by their convictions of right and their love of country."

He said:

Courage is not peculiar to man. The lion has it; the eagle has it; the serpent has it. In a very limited degree even the worm and the insect have it. Of mere brute courage the savage has more than the civilized man; the drunken man more than the sober man; and the villain more than the virtuous man. Of this courage the army of Grant had more than the army of Lee.

A man who has much of it fights well anywhere. It is a matter of small consequence to him under which flag he fights. In his feelings he knows no country—no East, no West, no North, no South. His voice is simply for war—war anywhere—war for any cause. What did the average immigrant soldier know about "States Rights?" What did he know of the history of the controversy which culminated in war? About all he knew, or cared to know was, that he should "fight mit Seigle," and receive rations and twelve dollars per month for his services. I have heard it said that in the battle of Shiloh there was a company of New Orleans "roughs" who fought the first day with great desperation on the Confederate side, and the second day they fought with equal desperation on the Federal side. It is a real satisfaction to know that this body of our Southern army was so small that it is hardly worthy of mention.

There is a courage inspired by hatred. There are men who go to war with the spleen of dragons in their breasts. They neither fear God nor regard man; they are for blood, ruin, desolation, and at the very jaws of death they will stand and wreak their vengeance. I thank God that of this spirit our dead heroes had none.

There is a bravery inspired by ambition for a leader. One of Napoleon's "Old Guard" had fallen in battle, and while the surgeon was probing near his heart in search of the ball, which had inflicted the mortal wound, the dying hero looked up and said: "Cut a little further, doctor, and you will find the Emperor." He meant that the name of his royal master was graven on his heart. I am proud to say that the people of the South were never hero-worshippers, and that the men who

went down to death, fighting beneath the "Southern Cross," were the instruments and victims of no man's ambition.

There are men who go to war under the domination of no other feeling but the love of glory. Drunk with ambition, they seek the bubble of fame even at the cannon's flaming mouth. It was not for glory that the Southern soldier drew his sword. It was not for a fading chaplet that he endured the hardships of the camp and faced the perils of the fight. Let us not wrong the memory of our fallen comrades by writing any such epitaph upon their graves. Let us think of them as men whose master passion was something higher than personal ambition. Their courage was born of conviction. They fought to put down what they believed to be political heresy. They fought for something they thought to be higher and better than a Southern Confederacy. They fought to maintain and perpetuate what they believed to be political truth, wisdom and justice.

The Confederate soldier had a political faith. He had distinct and intelligent views of our political system. He understood the relations of the States to the Federal Government. He believed that the great basal principles which underlie republican institutions everywhere were involved in the struggle, and that victory for his standard meant not only the independence of the South, but the triumph of the only true theory of constitutional government.

It does not behoove me on this occasion to consider whether he was right or wrong. But I will say, I must say, my sense of justice constrains me to say, he believed that he was right. Let us have the magnanimity to own that among our foes there were thousands who fought for what they believed to be truth and justice.

A few days before the battle of Chancellorsville an invalid soldier left his home in South Alabama to join his regiment in Jackson's corps. He arrived just in time to enter the fight. Though diseased and feeble, he was foremost in every charge. At a critical moment the color-bearer fell. Scarcely had the old smoky and tattered banner touched the ground before the sick soldier caught it in his bony hand, and running forward, waved it in the very teeth of the foe. Amid the hurtling hail of death he bore it, till he received the mortal wound. He was then taken to the rear, and as his eyes were closing calmly, as if for a night's repose, he said to a friend: "Tell my father that I died at my post, and in hope of a peaceful future." Again and again had that soldier expressed to me the conviction that the defeat of the South would be the downfall of republican liberty. We cannot lift the curtain which veils the future and see to what extent this prophecy was

true, but whether true or false, it was that conviction that fired his heart and nerved his arm to the last.

He, sirs, was a specimen of our Southern soldiery. Like him were the men whose deeds of daring and patriotism have rendered immortal the name of this old battalion of artillery. Like him were Brown, Watson, McCarthy and the men who sank with them in a burial of blood. Like him were thousands who fell beneath our flag—

“ With their backs to the field,
And their feet to the foe.”

Correspondence of Hon. George W. Campbell, of Tennessee—Original Letters from Distinguished Men.

[Through the kindness of our old friend, Colonel Campbell Brown, of Tennessee, who was widely known as a gallant officer on General Ewell's staff, we have received a number of original letters of the correspondence of his distinguished ancestor, Governor George W. Campbell. We propose to publish such as have never been in print, and are of historic interest.]

LETTERS FROM GENERAL JACKSON.

CAMP CRAIGS, April 13th, 1804.

Dear Sir,—Having a direct opportunity for the conveyance of a letter to Knoxville, I embrace it to address a few lines to you. The opportunity is extremely grateful to me, as I had not the pleasure of having that conversation that I wished yesterday when we met on the road. Acts of disinterested friendship always leave a lasting impression upon my mind, and always remembered with the liveliest emotions of gratitude by me. Your disinterested friendship towards me on a recent occasion merits and receives all those lively sensations that they ought to inspire in a susceptible breast; and should the chance fall upon me (of which I have not a sanguine hope), my endeavors shall be that the feelings of those of my friends that recommended me never shall be carroded, their minds filled with regret for the action, and, let the choice fall on whom it may, my gratitude towards my friends will be the same; and as long as my breast beats with life, it will beat high with lively sensations for your friendship upon this occasion. I write in haste and in a crowd. I shall write you from the city. Receive assurances of my warmest esteem and respect.

ANDREW JACKSON.

George W. Campbell, Esq.

CITY OF WASHINGTON, April 28th, 1804.

Dear Sir,—I reached this place on last evening. I have been detained on my journey, since I had the pleasure of meeting you, four days by high waters and an inflammation in my leg, which has in a great measure subsided, but I am not free from pain.

The President is at Monticello. He has lost his daughter, Mrs. Epps. Not a hint who is to be appointed to the government of New Orleans. I did not call to see the President. My reasons I will concisely state, and leave you to judge whether they are or not founded upon just premises. It was not known to me whether he had made the appointment. In case I had waited upon him, and the office of governor of New Orleans not filled, it would have been perhaps construed as the call of a courtier; and of all characters on earth my feelings despise a man capable of cringing to power for a benefit or office. And such characters as are capable of bending for the sake of an office are badly calculated for a representative system, where merit alone should lead to preferment. These being my sensations and believing that a call upon him under present existing circumstances might be construed as the act of a courtier, I traveled on, engaging my own feelings; and let me declare to you that before I would violate my own ideas of propriety, I would yield up any office in the government, were I in possession of the most honorable and lucrative. Who the choice is to fall on is not known here, unless to the Secretary of State. But I have reasons to conclude that Mr. Claibourne will not fill that office. I have also reasons to believe that if a suitable character can be found who is master of the French language that he will be preferred. I think that a proper qualification for the governor of that country to possess, provided it is accompanied with other necessary ones. I never had any sanguine expectations of filling the office; if I should, it will be more than I expect. But permit me here again to repeat that the friendly attention of my friends, and those particularly that I am confident acted from motives of pure friendship to me (among whom I rank you), never shall be forgotten. Gratitude is always the concomitant of a bosom susceptible of true friendship, and if I know myself my countenance never says to a man that I am his friend but my heart beats in unison with it. Permit me here, with that candor that you will always find me to possess, to state that I am truly gratified to find that your constituents alone are not the only part of the Union that think highly of your legislative conduct; it extends as far as your speeches have been read, and you are known as a member of the representative branch. May you continue to grow in popularity on the basis of your own merit,

and as long as you are guided by your own judgment, this will continue to be the case. This is, in my opinion, the only road to a lasting popularity, for the moment a man yields his judgment to popular whim, he may be compared to a ship without its rudder in a gale—he is sure to be dashed against a rock. Accept, my dear sir, my warmest wishes for your welfare.

ANDREW JACKSON.

G. W. Campbell, Esq.

G. W. CAMPBELL:

Sir,—This will be handed you by Mr. Powell, against whom Brehan has brought suit by writ of ejectment in the Federal court. I hear, since I spoke to you, that you are appointed one of the judges of the court of errors and appeals. If you accept, will you continue to practice in the Federal court here? This, when I first see you, I will be anxious to learn. At any rate, I wish you to enter the pleading for Mr. Powell at this term; at next June I expect it will be tried. Your fee I will be (Mr. Powell's) security for.

Yours, with respect,

November 30th, 1809.

ANDREW JACKSON.

LETTER FROM JAMES MONROE.

WASHINGTON, October 16, 1813.

Dear Sir,—I lately received a letter from Mr. Grundy, informing me that your State had voted an additional force of 3,500 men to be employed against the hostile Creeks, in the expectation that they would be taken into the service and pay of the United States. The subject has been considered by the President, and he has resolved to give his sanction to the measure. I have answered Mr. Grundy's letter to that effect, but lest he might not be at Nashville, have the pleasure to communicate the same to you, and to request that you will have the goodness to inform the Governor that I shall write him a letter to communicate it officially in a few days.

Our wavering policy, respecting Florida, has brought on it all the mischief that usually attends such counsels. I hope that we shall profit of the horrible lesson lately given us at fort Mims. About the time you left this, I paid a visit to my farm in Virginia, from which I returned on the 10th, with Mrs. Monroe, in good health.

With great respect and esteem,

Sincerely yours,

JAMES MONROE.

EXTRACT OF LETTER FROM HON. GEORGE W. CAMPBELL, THEN UNITED STATES SENATOR, TO GENERAL JACKSON.

"18 February, 1817.

"I feel confident, sir, you would not mistake my motives in declining to engage, at a stipulated price, an agent to procure the passage of a law on which it might become my duty to vote; and certainly I did not misconceive yours in applying to me on the subject. I trust we shall be disposed to duly appreciate the motives of each other, notwithstanding there may be shades of difference in the opinions we entertain on the same subject."

Stonewall Jackson in Lexington, Va.

[Anything that throws light on the life and character of "the model infantryman" is worth preserving in these pages, and we therefore publish the following letters—the first from an old student of Washington College, and the second from J. D. Davidson, Esq., of Lexington]:

My first recollection of Stonewall Jackson is when I was a college-boy at Lexington, Va., in the fall of 1860. I am not able to say whether it was the peculiar carriage of the stiff, military-looking Institute professor, who daily passed the college grounds, that was of chief interest to the students of Washington College, or whether the stories told of daring and reckless courage in his early military life invested him with a halo of romance and made him an object of hero-worship in their youthful minds. Whatever the cause, the solid tramp of Major Jackson on the plank-walk would be the signal to stop all games or mirth that may have been in progress on the college campus until he had passed. The stiff, stolid-looking man would pass on, turning his head neither to the right nor left, but a single touch of his cap was the silent recognition given of the deferential respect shown by the boys.

"Old Jack," as he was familiarly called by cadets and students, was so plain in manner and attire, there was so little effort at show, his feet were so large and his arms and hands fastened to his body in such an awkward shape, that the cadets didn't take much pride in him as a professor. They feared him in the lecture-room, they paid the strictest deference to him on parade, but in showing a stranger the sights about the Institute a cadet was never known to point out "Old Jack" as one

of the ornaments of the institution. He was more popular with the college students, who did not have the same reasons for fearing the austerity of his manner, but who knew him as the son-in-law of their college president, Rev. George Junkin.

My first meeting with General Jackson in the social circle was one evening, when he called to see a friend at our boarding-house. I shall never forget the impression his manner and appearance made upon me. Boy as I was, I looked upon him with a reverential awe. I had heard the stories of his struggles in early life; of how he had walked from his house in Lewis county to Washington to receive his appointment as a cadet to West Point; of his being ill prepared, and the difficulty he had in keeping up with his classes; and then I had heard of his brilliant career in Mexico, of his mounting the walls of Cherubusco with the American flag in his hands; and here now was the hero of my youthful enthusiasm before me. He was so different from what I thought a hero ought to be! There was so little animation, no grace, no enthusiasm. All was stiffness and awkwardness. He sat perfectly erect, his back touching the back of the chair nowhere; the large hands were spread out, one on each knee, while the large feet, sticking out at an exact right angle to the leg (the angle seeming to have been determined with mathematical precision), occupied an unwarranted space. The figure recalled to my boyish mind what I had once seen—a rude Egyptian-carved figure intended to represent one of the Pharaohs.

But when the conversation commenced I lost sight of the awkward-looking figure. I even lost the reverential awe which had so deeply impressed me at first. I only saw the mild eyes emitting gentle beams, and only heard a soft, melodious voice—speaking, it is true, in short, crisp sentences—but withal as mild and winning as a woman's. I then understood why it was that Major Jackson could be a hero. Underlying that rough, uncomely exterior, was a vein of the most exquisite sentiment. In the soul of the man was that magnetism which attracted and that power which controlled and made him the master of his fellow-men. In after days, when I saw the uplifting of his dusty cap excite the wildest enthusiasm among his veteran legions, I knew whence the power emanated.

The next time I heard Jackson talk was in a political meeting one night in the town of Lexington. It was during the memorable presidential canvass of 1860. Rockbridge county was a staid old Whig community. The majority of Democrats, under the leadership of Governor Letcher, supported Douglass. The Breckinridge men had a small force. The leading spirits of this faction called a meeting one evening

at the court-house. It was a small gathering, and when the two leaders, Colonel Massie and Frank Paxton, had reported their resolutions, a voice from the rear part of the building, in a quick, decisive tone, was heard to call out, "Mr. Chairman." All eyes were instantly turned toward the speaker and beheld the stiff-looking figure of Major Jackson. No one suspected him of being a politician, and a general anxiety was manifested to know what he was going to say, and consequently the strictest attention was paid. In a speech of fifteen minutes he reviewed the resolutions, endorsed them, spoke of the dangers threatening the South, the duty of taking a firm stand, and then sat down. He displayed one quality of an orator not always exhibited by political speakers; when he was done he quit.

The Frank Paxton spoken of in this connection, went out the next spring as a lieutenant in the Rockbridge Riflemen, and when he was killed at Chancellorsville, held the position of brigadier-general, and fell at the head of Jackson's old "Stonewall" brigade. His was as dauntless a spirit as that of his old commander, and they are quietly sleeping together in the Lexington cemetery.

At the request of a young friend in the town of Lexington, who expected to be absent several weeks, I agreed to supply his place temporarily as a teacher in the colored Sunday school. Accordingly on the next Sabbath afternoon I repaired to the lecture-room of the Presbyterian church. I found the room well filled with colored children, whose clean clothes and shining ebony faces evinced their appreciation of the interest taken in them by the white folks. I found present a dozen or more young white ladies and gentlemen who acted as teachers, and standing by a table on the inside of the railing surrounding the pulpit, was the superintendent of the school.

I doubt whether in after days, during the great historical events in which he was the chief actor, General Jackson felt more sensibly the responsibility of his position than he did that afternoon as the commander of that little army of sable children. With characteristic promptness, just as the hand on the clock touched the figure 3, the exercises of the school were opened by his saying, "Let us pray." According to the Presbyterian mode he prayed in a standing attitude. My recollection is that his prayer was striking for its beautiful simplicity. There was no superfluous ornamentation about it, neither were there any rhetorical flourishes. It was the simple pleading of an earnest soul. It was free from the preamble so often used by both ministers and laymen in their public prayers, wherein they undertake to inform Deity of the current events of the past. Taking it for granted

that Omniscience knew all things, he commenced his prayer by *praying*. It was the petition of one conscious of his own weakness and praying for strength. There was the true contrition of heart, accompanied by a faith which took a sure hold on the promises. And his voice seemed to tremble as he prayed for a special blessing on his little charge—the negro children of the town whom he had gathered together in a Sunday school. It was in the days of slavery, and their neglected condition excited his sympathy, and a sense of duty impelled him to make an effort to redeem them from the slavery of sin. Some of the Bourbon aristocracy criticised his action, and even went so far as to threaten prosecution. But a healthy Christian sentiment in the community sustained him, and he went forward in the path of duty. It can be very well understood, then, why he betrayed emotion when presenting his little army of dusky soldiers to the review of the Great Commander. It was the faithful soldier making a full report to Headquarters. It was the obedient soldier seeking for instructions. "That was Stonewall's way."

The next spring the fires of war threw their lurid glare over the entire land—then it was Jackson took a final farewell of Lexington, never to return until he was brought back to be buried, according to his dying request, "in the Valley of Virginia."

The cadets were ordered to the field. Major Jackson was selected to command them. After the passage of the ordinance of secession on the 17th of April, 1861, the war-spirit was at fever heat in Virginia. The steady-going old town of Lexington had suddenly been metamorphosed into a bustling military camp. Volunteer companies were being organized, and every preparation being made for a horrible war. But no event of that memorable period has left a more vivid impression upon my mind than the departure of the Cadet battalion from the Military Institute.

It was a bright Sabbath morning, early in May, and a vast concourse of people had gathered on Institute Hill to see the youthful soldiers start for the war. The baggage and camp equipage had been put into the wagons, the horses hitched in, the drivers mounted, with whip in hand, waiting for the command to pull out. The cadets were in line, their cheeks aglow, and their eyes sparkling with the expectation of military glory awaiting them. Poor boys! little did they know, as they stood there in their bright uniforms, and with their bright guns shining in the morning sunlight, how few of them would be left to answer at the last roll-call of the Army of Northern Virginia. As they stood thus, Major Jackson, mounted on an ordinary-looking horse,

rode up. His face was as calm and unmoved as ever, the thin lips tightly compressed, and looking just as he looked at Kernstown and Manassas. Riding up to the side of an elderly-looking gentleman in clerical cloth, standing in front of the main entrance to the institute, Major Jackson wheeled his horse, and facing his battalion as he raised his cap, said, "Let us pray." The venerable Dr. White, pastor of the Presbyterian church, then stepped forward, and baring his gray locks to the sun, poured forth a feeling prayer. It was a memorable scene! Just as the clergyman pronounced the "Amen," Jackson wheeled his horse, and in a short, crisp manner, gave the command, "Forward, march!" Waving a silent adieu to the assembled crowd, he rode off at the head of the column. That was the last time his gaze ever fell upon the town of Lexington.

His subsequent history is known to all. No hero in the annals of war ever won more enduring fame than Stonewall Jackson. His fame is the common heritage of Americans. The Federal soldier takes as much pride in recounting his valorous deeds as does the Confederate foot-cavalryman who followed him on the long and wearisome march. We can point with just pride to the fact that he was a native Western Virginian—

For oft when white-haired grandsires tell
Of bloody struggles past and gone,
The children at their knees shall hear
How Jackson led his columns on.

G. H. M.

Cloverlick, W. Va., February 16, 1880.

LEXINGTON, VA., August 16, 1876.

Ed. Lexington Gazette,—In the spring of 1858, T. J. Jackson, then a professor in the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, Va.—now our Stonewall Jackson—was organizing a negro Sunday school in the town of Lexington.

At that time such a school was regarded by our laws as an "unlawful assembly."

On Saturday evening of May 1st, 1858, I left my office, and on my way home met Major Jackson on the pavement in front of the courthouse, in company with Colonel S. McD. Reid, the clerk of our courts, and William McLaughlin, Esq., now judge of our circuit court. They were conversing on the subject of his Sunday school.

Colonel Reid said to him, "Major, I have examined the statute and conferred with the commonwealth's attorney. Your Sunday school is an "unlawful assembly."

This seemed to fret him much. Mr. McLaughlin then said to him that he had also examined the question, and that his school was against the letter of the law. This fretted him still more. I then said to him, "Major, whilst I lament that we have such a statute in our Code, I am satisfied that your Sunday school is an 'unlawful assembly,' and probably the grand jury will take it up and test it."

This threw him off his guard, and he replied with warmth: "Sir, if you were, as you should be, a Christian man, you would not think or say so." Thus also thrown off my guard, I replied tartly, in words not now remembered; when he turned upon his heel and walked to his house on the opposite side of the street.

I passed on home, and had not gone half way when I began to rebuke myself for my rudness to Major Jackson, and determined to return and apologize to him.

Reaching home, I found my wife and relative, Major Dorman, sitting together. I told them what had occurred, and requested my wife to give me an early supper, that I might return and make my apology.

I returned to my office after dusk taking with me a negro boy to bear my apology in writing to Major Jackson.*

I had commenced writing it, and when half written I heard a tap at my office door, when Major Jackson stepped in, saying: "Mr. Davidson, I am afraid I wounded your feelings this evening. I have called to apologize to you." "No Major," I replied, "no apology from you to me. I am now writing my apology to you."

He remained for more than half an hour conversing with me, and when he left he said in these words: "Mr. Davidson, these are the things that bring men together and make them know each other the better."

The half-written note of apology I now find amongst my papers.

This incident speaks for itself, and reveals some, at least, of the features of that great and good man.

J. D. DAVIDSON.

*The following is a copy of the unfinished note of apology referred to:

SATURDAY NIGHT, May 1, 1858.

Major JACKSON,

Dear Sir,—As I shall not have an opportunity of meeting you again before Monday, I will not rest content until I shall have tendered you a becoming apology for the hasty, and I fear, uncourteous reply made by me to you in conversation this evening —.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

RENEWALS have been coming in with some degree of briskness, especially considering the delay in getting out our last number, of volume viii, and the disarrangement of the mails consequent upon the fearful weather we have had. But many of our subscribers have not yet attended to this important matter, and we beg that they will do so *at once*. We must pay cash for our printing and meet other expenses promptly, and we are compelled, therefore, to adhere to our terms, which are strictly *cash in advance*. Where our friends notify us that they desire to continue their subscriptions, and will send the money at their early convenience we continue to send the *Papers*; but when we hear nothing from the subscriber we are reluctantly constrained to enforce our rule. Many of our subscribers, therefore (and some of them our best friends), will not receive this number until they attend to the small formality of forwarding \$3 to "these Headquarters," or notify us that they will do so soon. *Please ask your neighbor if he has received his January number, and if he has not tell him about this paragraph.*

THE DELAY IN GETTING OUT OUR LAST NUMBER has necessarily caused delay in this number; but we hope before long to get back to our former custom of issuing the number for each month not later than the 20th of the month before.

VOLUME viii has been bound. We have a few copies on hand, which we can supply at once, and we should be glad to have prompt orders.

COLONEL C. C. FLOWERREE, OF THE SEVENTH VIRGINIA INFANTRY, was one of the most brilliant young officers in the Army of Northern Virginia, and we share the regret of our gallant friend, General M. D. Corse, that in printing his report of the operations of Kemper's brigade, at Second Manassas (page 538, volume viii), in our last number, we should have allowed the name to be corrupted into *Flurence*.

COLONEL ED. A. PALFREY, of New Orleans, informs us that *he was not the author* of the article on "The Secret History of Gettysburg," with which we credited him in our last, but that it was written by Captain W. J. Seymour, who served on General Hays's staff—the only connection Colonel Palfrey having with it being to furnish copies of the letters of Generals Lee and Cooper.

We regret that we were led into this mistake by the friend who sent us the paper. We are always careful to have a responsible name attached to everything we publish, and this is the first instance in which we have gotten *the wrong name*.

MAJOR IRVING A. BUCK, of Baltimore, the name signed to the paper, and not Major Brock, the name which the printers put at the head of it, was the author

of the interesting sketch of "Cleburne and his Division at Missionary Ridge and Ringgold Gap," which we published in our last number. These mistakes in names are very annoying, and we felicitate ourselves that they do not occur often.

THE LOUISIANA DIVISION, A. N. V., had, we judge from the reports, a most delightful reunion and banquet in New Orleans on the 21st, and we deeply regretted our inability to accept a kind invitation to be present on the occasion.

We are glad to learn that their monument scheme has been so entirely successful that they expect to dedicate it on the 10th of May next, and have secured General Fitz. Lee as the orator of the day. We hope to be able to greet our comrades of the "Pelican State" on that occasion, and to participate in the interesting exercises.

THE CAROLINA RIFLE BATTALION, of Charleston, S. C., celebrated appropriately the birthday of General R. E. Lee, on the 19th instant, and the "MARYLAND CONFEDERATE ARMY AND NAVY SOCIETY" had their reunion on the same day. Would it not be well for this anniversary to be more generally celebrated?

LITERARY NOTES.

THE SOUTH ATLANTIC of Baltimore—an admirable Literary Magazine—and our *Papers* will club to new subscribers at \$5 per annum (instead of \$6) for both Monthlies. This arrangement ought to increase the circulation of both.

NEW BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY.—An excellent feature of the new edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, just issued, is the new Biographical Dictionary, in which are given the names of nearly ten thousand noted persons of ancient and modern times, with a brief statement of the dates of their birth and death, their nationality, profession, etc. This is designed for purposes of ready reference, to answer the questions which often arise as to when and where certain persons lived, and the character of their achievements. It contains many names of persons who are still living, and the pronunciation of each name is given.

SCRIBNER AND ST. NICHOLAS for February fully maintain their high character.

A SONG FOR THE SOUTH.—From Ludden & Bates' Southern Music House, Savannah, Ga., we receive a splendid song and chorus entitled "The Southern Soldier Boy," with words by Father Ryan and music by W. Ludden, which we can commend as a grand song that will be welcomed wherever the Southern soldier boys' memory is held dear. The poet priest's touching words are here set by a master hand to a tender melody, and fittingly dedicated to the Southern mothers whose soldier boys sleep in graves

"Unmarked by a name, unmarked by a stone,
And only the voice of the wind maketh moan
O'er the mound where never a flower is strown."



Vol. IX.

Richmond, Va., February, 1881.

No. 2.

The Concentration Before Shiloh—Reply to Captain Polk.

BY GENERAL DANIEL RUGGLES.

[We need scarcely repeat, what ought to be well understood, that we are not responsible for controversial papers, except to see that they are printed as sent by the authors.]

FREDERICKSBURG, VA., December 31st, 1880.

I have received, a moment since, Nos. 10, 11 and 12, vol. VIII, of the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, for "October, November and December, 1880," containing Captain W. M. Polk's "*Facts connected with the concentration*" of Confederate forces before Shiloh, "April, 1862."

I am pleased to find that the Captain proposed to deal in *facts*, and *on that basis ask him* if he claims to comprise under this designation the leading portion of the paragraph he quotes from the report of Major-General Polk, bearing on a controverted point? As an interested party, who has been remorselessly assailed while unconscious of such intention during a period of some twelve years, I have not only the right, but it becomes my duty, to defend myself and the gallant division I then had the honor to command against the implied defamation.

General Polk, after stating the measures taken to place his corps in position in line of battle during the afternoon of the 5th of April, continues as follows:

"By this time it was near 4 o'clock, P. M., and, on arriving, I was informed that General Beauregard desired to see me immediately. I rode forward at once to his head quarters, where I found General Bragg and himself in conversation. He said, with some feeling, 'I am very much disappointed at the delay which has occurred in getting the troops into position.' I replied, 'So am I, sir, but, so far as I am concerned, my orders are to form on another line—General Bragg's left wing—and that line must first be established before I can form upon it.' (See report, February 4th, 1863.) I continued: 'I reached Mickey's at night-fall yesterday (the 4th), whence I could not move, because of the troops which were before me, until 2 P. M. to-day. I then promptly followed the column in front of me, and have been in position to form upon it so soon as its line was established.'" [I have to regret that I have not General Polk's report before me, nor those of the commanders of divisions and brigades of his corps.]

It is to be observed, that General Polk was not only a high dignitary in the church, but a scholar and logician, of recognized ability. He states previously, in his report, "I had not advanced far before I came upon General Ruggles, who commanded General Bragg's left, deploying his troops."

It is to be observed that, in General Bragg's presence, he did not assume the responsibility of charging the cause of delay of the movement on my division directly, or other troops of Bragg's corps, and it is evident that had he done so he would have met with a peremptory rebuke!

The General (Polk), as a *logician*, *dodged the rebuke intended for him, by ignoring the facts connected with the obstruction at the commencement of the march of the troops during the morning*, and thus, by implication, designed to throw the blame on my division!

In Colonel W. P. Johnston's life of his lamented father, General A. S. Johnston, on page 562, we find "Ruggles's division did not come up promptly, and Polk's corps was held motionless by the delay."

This clause in the text is apparently the basis of an inference to my disparagement.

On page 563, we find "Munford tells as follows of how the morning passed." (Major Munford, of General Johnston's staff.) * * * *
"About half-past nine General Johnston sent me to General Bragg to know why the column on his left was not in position. Bragg replied:

"Tell General Johnston the head of that column has not made its appearance. I have sent to the rear for information, and as soon as I learn the cause of its detention he shall be informed."

"Ten, eleven, half-past eleven o'clock came, and General Johnston began to show signs of impatience. I was again sent back to know of Bragg "why the column on his left was not yet in position." I received identically the same answer he had given earlier in the morning. At last half-past twelve o'clock came and no appearance of the missing column, and no report from Bragg. He (General Johnston, with staff officers) and myself rode to the rear until we found the missing column standing stock still, with its head some distance out in an open field. General Polk's reserves were ahead of it, with their wagons and artillery blocking up the road. General Johnston ordered them to clear the road, and the missing column to move forward."

In "an open letter to Colonel William Preston Johnston," of August 28, 1878, I note, comparing this declaration with the antecedent clause in the text, page 562, viz.: "Ruggles's division did not come up promptly and Polk's corps was held motionless by its delay." "We find that there is an error involved; which horn of the dilemma will you take"?

Munford continues: "There was much chaffering among those implicated as to who should bear the blame." "It does not appear that I was or could have been present at that time."

"It was charged on General Polk, but the plucky old bishop unhorsed his accusers on the spot."

"If General Bragg was present I have no doubt that he vindicated the conduct of my division."

"I believe," continues Munford, "their commander, General Ruggles, was finally blamed," page 564. "There was sharp controversy then, and afterwards, as to where the fault lay."

In my open letter of "August 23, 1878," I continue: "It is somewhat remarkable that to-day, for the first time, I meet with this statement, and as I had not an opportunity then to rebuke the authors of it, I now resent it, with a deep sense of the wrong."

"Had I been present it is possible that, as I was not 'unhorsed' myself, I could have 'broken a lance' with 'the plucky old bishop' had he presumed to reflect blame upon me."

I then, in continuation, said: "Do you assume that I was a party to this 'sharp controversy' in person 'then' or 'afterwards,' or was

ever aware of its existence? If so, I pronounce the assumption unfounded."

I quote freely from Colonel Johnston's book, where I encountered these allegations, as *I have reason to assume* that he and Captain Polk *conferred very fully in relation to them*, and that the article which now appears in the last volume of the *Historical Papers* as "facts, &c.," is specially designed to establish this error as an historical record.

In resuming the thread of events we note that General Polk states that General Bragg was present during his interview with General Beauregard. This is a significant *fact*, in connection with that other *fact*, that General Bragg commanded the Second corps, embracing Ruggles's division, and was also chief of staff of General Johnston's army, of which General Beauregard was the second in command; and *still another fact*, that Major Munford, of General Johnston's staff, had previously held communication with General Bragg, in person, on identically the same subject.

It may thus be claimed that General Bragg held the key to the situation, and to assume that he was not cognizant of the *facts* connected with the march of my division, as well as that of General Clark, of Polk's First corps, would be a violent presumption and a reflection upon his intelligence, zeal and indomitable energy in the execution of his inexorable official duties.

Had I been delinquent in the march of my division, in any particular, he would have *displaced the commander of "the missing column" on the spot!*

General Bragg was an officer of prompt and vigorous action, requiring at all times, and under all circumstances, the prompt and vigorous execution of his orders. I had seen service with him during the war with Mexico—then my junior—and in disciplining his troops at Pensacola—then my senior; and well knew that he relied upon my vigorous execution of an imperative duty, and indeed that he would pursue with rigor the least degree of failure in its performance.

Colonel Johnston states that "Polk's answer was sufficient—that Clark's division was ready to move at 3 o'clock A. M." Let us follow this logic to legitimate conclusions.

Attention is invited to the subjoined copy of an order:

"To General Anderson, Commanding 2d Brigade

"Ruggles's Division, 2d Corps:

"Sir,—Take your ambulances and ammunition wagons, with an

officer in charge of them, 40 rounds of cartridges in boxes, one blanket, canteen and haversack, with two days' cooked rations.

"Leave small camp guard, preserve silence in marching.

"(Signed),

DANIEL RUGGLES,
"Brigadier-General Commanding."

"HEADQUARTERS, CAMP, April 5th, 2 A. M.

"Note.—Send a staff officer to let me know you are ready. D. R."

(Endorsed) "Official business, (and):

"Received this dispatch at $\frac{1}{4}$ to 4, A. M., 5th April.

"(Signed),

PATTON ANDERSON,
"Brigadier-General."

"A true copy of the original.

"(Signed),

DANIEL RUGGLES,
"Brigadier-General late C. S. Army."

"Fredericksburg, Va., Aug. 4th, 1879."

General Patton Anderson, commanding my Second Brigade, in his report of the battle of Shiloh, says: "My brigade was ready to march at 3 o'clock, A. M., on the 5th, and was so reported at the division headquarters." "My other two brigades were ready to march at the same hour—3 A. M.—on the 5th of April, and their commander and his staff with them."

Applying Colonel Johnston's rules of logic, is Ruggles's answer sufficient?

As I am dealing in *facts* somewhat cumulative, I have to state that on or about the 20th of October, 1878, at Corpus Christi, Texas, I received a letter from General G. T. Beauregard, the second in command of the Confederate army on the battlefield at Shiloh, which was published, by permission, in the *Galveston Daily News*, November 22d, 1878, and of which an extract is appended.

"NEW YORK, October 2d, 1878,

"314 West 58th Street.

"*My Dear General*,—I have just read in the *Fredericksburg Semi-Weekly Reporter*" (Recorder) "of the 13th ultimo, your vindication of yourself against the 'calumny' of Colonel W. P. Johnston, in the life of his worthy father, relative to the concentration of troops, April 5th, 1862, preliminary to the battle of Shiloh.

"This is the first time I have heard you blamed or rendered responsible for the unfortunate delay which occurred in the march of the troops to the battle field of Shiloh on the morning of the 5th. Neither General Johnston, in my presence, nor myself, ever attached such blame to you.

"The reasons you give for the delay are correct, as far as they go: bad roads, due to heavy rains, change of route from that ordered (by a subordinate commander), and the injudicious 'blocking up' of the bark road by troops, wagons and artillery belonging to a different command.

"Colonel Johnston seems to attach, in his book, as little importance to the reputation acquired in the field by an officer as though it had been obtained in some nominal military position in Richmond or elsewhere.

* * * * * * *

"(Signed)

G. T. BEAUREGARD."

Applying Colonel Johnston's logical rule, is Ruggles's answer "sufficient" for both himself and Doctor Polk?

In a personal interview, subsequently, at San Antonio, Texas, with Colonel H. P. Brewster, Assistant Adjutant-General, and chief of General Johnston's personal staff, November 4, 1878, and on repeated occasions, subsequently there, and at Austin, he stated to me in explicit terms—after having carefully examined the allegations in Colonel Johnston's publication—that his relations with General Johnston were such that had there been any foundation for such an allegation he must have known it, and that no suggestion was made by General Johnston of any fault or failure by my division whatever.

I now make reference to Colonel Brewster personally, and ask if Ruggles's answer is logical and "*sufficient*."

On the 15th of February, 1879, at Austin, Texas, I received a letter from General L. D. Sandige, now of New Orleans, La., my assistant inspector-general of division at, before and after the battle of Shiloh, bearing date 'February 10, 1879,' in which he says: 'There was no controversy during the march from Corinth that ever I heard of, then or afterwards.'

At Austin, Texas, early in April, 1879, I met General William Preston, of Louisville, Kentucky, brother-in-law of General Albert Sidney Johnston, and a volunteer aid-de-camp during the march and at the battle of Shiloh.

In reply to my inquiries General Preston stated that "his relations with General Johnston were intimate and confidential, and that he had

accompanied him on the march, and on the field, and that in compliance with his request he had noted the course of events, and that he is certain that my name, or that of my division, was never mentioned by General Johnston in connection with the delay in the march to the position where the line of battle was established preliminary to the battle of Shiloh, on the 5th day of April, 1862." Reference is here made to General William Preston.

I repeat the inquiry—*is Ruggles's answer sufficient?*

In recurring to Colonel Johnston's narrative we find the additional statement that "his orders (Polk's) were to wait for the passage of Bragg's corps, and to move and form his line in rear of Ruggles's division, which composed Bragg's left wing." * * * "He could not advance or establish his line until this had passed."

"There was doubtless some confusion or mistake of orders in Ruggles's division."

This assumption is entirely unfounded, as the position of my division was in strict conformity with Bragg's orders.

To present the military status at the moment above noted, in the clearest light, I will refer, briefly, to some incidents connected with the previous march.

Attention is invited to the following correspondence connected with the commencement of the march.

"HEAD-QUARTERS RUGGLES'S DIVISION, SECOND CORPS,
"Army of the Mississippi,
"Corinth, April 3d, 1862.

"*Major Garner*,—I desire to be informed if, by the terms 'entire division,' the first brigade in advance is included, and that the preparation for the morning * * * * will include that brigade.

"Very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"(Signed), D. RUGGLES, *Brigadier General*,
"Confederate States Army, Commanding Division."

"*Note*.—Ketchum's battery, belonging to the Second brigade, is with the advance, and Bains's is not ready for field service.

"DANIEL RUGGLES,
"Brigadier General."

This letter was written and sent at about 3 o'clock, A. M., April 3d,

by the mounted courier who brought the general order for the march in advance, dated April 3d, and received at 2.30 o'clock, April 3d, A. M. The courier returned promptly with an answer, as follows :

"General,—“ You will take all the troops of your division from here. Colonel Gibson, commander of First brigade, at Monterey, will be along, and some change may be made after a day or two.

“ G. G. G.”

“ Bains's battery will not go.

“ (Signed),

GEO. G. GARNER,

“ Assistant Adjutant General.”

We note that Colonel Johnston, in the final clause of the second paragraph, p. 564, specified: “ It is certain that one of Ruggles's brigade commanders, who was on outpost duty at Monterey, received no orders at all, and was left to surmise the meaning of the movement, as regiment after regiment filed by.”

In my former notice of this gratuitous remark, I asked if it was designed as further evidence that “ Ruggles was finally blamed,” justly? Then added, “ This detached brigade ” (Gibson's) “ was not then under my orders—not until it rejoined my division. This is a rigid military rule. My troops, indeed, were disciplined to be held always ready, as was shown by Colonel Pond's ” (3d) “ brigade resisting General Buck's early attack, and my two other brigades having been the first troops to form and ready to march to engage the enemy on the morning of the 7th of April.” Furthermore I asked attention to the following orders, received at 1 o'clock P. M., on the 3d of April, at Corinth :

“ HEAD QUARTERS SECOND CORPS, A. M.,
CORINTH, 3d April, 1862.

“ *Brigadier-General Ruggles Commanding Division:*

“ You will move out your division by way of Monterey to the intersection of the Purdy and Monterey road with the Bark road, leading towards Pittsburg. Encamp there to-night. Do not encumber the Pittsburg road, as other troops may have to pass you. You will follow Withers's division to Monterey, and then take on your brigade to that place ” (Colonel Gibson's First Brigade). From Monterey you take the Purdy road, Withers one to the right of it.”

“ Captain Jenkins, in command of four companies of cavalry, will report to you. Captain Steele (engineers), will assign you a guide.

"If you cannot reach your position to-night do so early to-morrow."

(Signed),

"BRAXTON BRAGG,
"Major-General Commanding."

In continuation, I then said: "To have communicated in advance, under the circumstances, would have endangered my official integrity, and, as is apparent, was entirely unnecessary." General Bragg, in his report of the battle of Shiloh, dated April 30, 1862, states that "the road to Monterey, eleven miles, was found very bad, requiring us until eleven o'clock on the 4th to concentrate at that place, *where one of my brigades joined the column.*" This was Colonel R. L. Gibson's detached brigade. General Chalmers's brigade, Withers's division, had previously marched that morning for Mickey's, direct. It appears that that which was "*certain*" *proves quite uncertain—in fact, unfounded!* "Was this charge made" (by Colonel Johnston) "on the principle that *the effects of poisons are cumulative*—as corroborative evidence?"

The following letter, written by General Bragg at 10 o'clock A. M., April 4th, from Monterey, to General Johnston or General Beauregard, forms an important incident in the history of the march:

"*My Dear General*,—I reached here at half-past eight o'clock, ahead of my rear division. Bad roads, insufficient transportation badly managed, and the usual delays of a first move of new troops have caused the delay. My first division (Withers's) is at Mickey's, and the ignorance of the guide for the second (Ruggles's), as well as the reports I receive from people here, induced me to order my second division to move on the same road as the first. I am also influenced to do this from the information I have of General Hardee's advance." * * * "I will send a courier to notify General Polk of my change." p. 564.

"The 'special orders as to the movement of troops' directed Bragg to move from Monterey to Mickey's with Withers's division, while Ruggles's division was to move from Monterey on the road to Purdy, which crossed the Bark road more than two miles in rear of Mickey's." See p. 566.

"Had Ruggles pursued this route he could have passed to the left of Mickey's and deployed without interferences or obstruction from Hardee's or Withers's divisions. But Bragg's order, changing Ruggles's line of march and bringing him in rear of these commands, debarred any movements until they had cleared the way. To this cause of delay was added the confusion arising from any change of orders with raw

troops as to routes in the labyrinth of roads in that vicinity." "See also General Jordan's account, page 567."

Captain Polk states that General Polk "therefore continued the march of his command in rear of the Third corps, reaching Mickey's that evening (the 4th). General Bragg's column (two divisions) moved by a different road, the head of it reaching Mickey's the same evening. During the night the whole of his corps was closed up and massed at the same point. We thus see that all the night of the 4th both commands bivouaced *near Mickey's*, not one near Mickey's and the other in its rear—General Bragg's on the Savannah and Monterey road, south of the Bark road; General Polk's on the Bark road, west of the Savannah and Monterey roads, these roads crossing nearly at right angles. General Hardee's was beyond Mickey's, in the direction of Pittsburg Landing, on the Bark road, along which all the commands were to move the next day. The orders for the 5th were that the troops should be ready for the march by 3 A. M. General Hardee to advance to the enemy's outposts, about four miles from Mickey's, and then form line of battle; General Bragg to follow next, furnishing General Hardee with sufficient troops to fill out the first line, and with the remainder of his corps to form line a thousand yards in rear of Hardee; *General Polk to halt at Mickey's cross-roads till General Bragg had passed to his front*, then to move forward and to form on the left of the road a certain distance from and parallel to General Bragg's line." Breckenridge was to form to the right of the road in Bragg's rear."

The solution of the question of precedence among the troops, thus concentrated at Mickey's, appears to be quite plain.

"Special orders No. 8, Corinth, April 3d, 1862," directed the concentration of the main bodies of the three corps—excepting only Ruggles's division—at Mickey's or vicinity, and finally that division marched there in conformity with orders from General Bragg, their corps commander.

On the march from Monterey, Ruggles's division fell in the rear and followed the Third and First corps on the Ridge road to Mickey's. During a brief halt, the address of the commander-in-chief was probably read to the troops, and I had an excellent opportunity to notice them at rest as well as in motion.

These troops bivouaced, just as night set in, in the midst of darkness, mud and rain, at Mickey's, not diverging, probably, materially from their order of march.

In his report, General Bragg says, "the command bivouaced for the night near the Mickey house, immediately in rear of Major-General

Hardee's corps. Major-General Polk's being just in our rear." Here reference was probably made to *Withers's division, which was among the earlier arrivals.*

Morning came. The orders to march at 3 o'clock, A. M., were suspended on account of a drenching rain-storm having commenced about 2 o'clock, A. M., rendering it impracticable to move at night. General Bragg stated that it was 7 o'clock in the morning before the road was clear, so as to put my command in motion, though it had been in ranks and ready from 3 A. M., in the wet and cold, and suffering from inaction. At this juncture the commanding general arrived at our position. "My column, at last fairly in motion, moved on without delay, &c." The general, in this instance, *also referred to Withers's as the leading division.*

General John K. Jackson, commanding the Third brigade of this division, reported that he "arrived at the place of rendezvous near the battle field of Shiloh, at 12 o'clock on Saturday, 5th April, instant." He had no connection with the obstructed march.

Brigadier-General Patton Anderson, the commander of my Second brigade, to whose report reference has already been made, in continuation states: "At about 3 o'clock, P. M., of the 5th, my command took its position in the column, on the Bark road, marching left in front, in the direction of Shiloh. The road was much blocked up by the trains of wagons and artillery attached to corps in front. In order to reach my position in the designated line of battle, at the hour indicated in the plan, I left the main road, taking a course through the woods parallel to the road, passing other trains and brigades till the way was found open, only a short distance from the point at which I was to file off to the left and form line at right angles, or nearly so, with the Bark road, on which the column was moving.

"This point was reached by the head of my column at about 4 P. M. on the 5th instant. Colonel Pond, commanding the Third brigade, Ruggles's division, having preceded me in the direction of Owl creek. After leaving the Bark road and following Colonel Pond's command about half a mile, I found his rear halted and his line being formed. Meeting General Bragg at this point he gave me some directions as to the formation, rectifying, in some measure, the line formed by Colonel Pond. Soon after this I met Brigadier-General Ruggles, commanding the division, who substantially reiterated General Bragg's instructions, which I was in the act of carrying out."

Here is unimpeachable evidence that the Bark road had been completed "blocked up." In this connection the statement of Major Mun-

ford, of General Johnston's staff, will bear repetition with emphasis. He says: * * "half-past 12 o'clock came, and no appearance of the missing column, and no report from Bragg. General Johnston and staff, including myself, rode to the rear until we found the missing column standing stock still, with its head some distance out in an open field. General Polk's reserves were ahead of it, with their wagons and artillery blocking up the road. General Johnston ordered them to clear the road and the missing column to move forward."

General Clark's division constituted that portion of Polk's reserves then present, and *the inquiry at once arises as to how they came there?*

His division not having moved from its bivouac, occupied during the night, until notified to advance, at about 7 o'clock A. M. on the 5th of April, met with the obstruction of Clark's division, which had preceded it about sunrise—half-past 5 o'clock in the morning.

Had Ruggles's division bivouaced in the advance of Clark's, as has been assumed, is there a probability that it would have been permitted to remain at a halt, while Clark's division moved past it, in violation of orders?

This *inquiry* awaits an *answer* from both Colonel Johnston and Captain Polk. As a matter of courtesy I suggest, in taking a common-sense view, *that Clark's division marched there, following General Withers's division of Bragg's second corps closely, as soon as it marched, at an early hour that morning, and thus obstructed the entrance of Ruggles's division into its prescribed position in the advancing column!*

Captain Polk quotes a clause from a letter received from General Charles Clark, the division commander of the First corps (Polk's), then present:

Extract: "We bivouaced Friday night on the road, the head of the column—General A. P. Stewart's brigade—within a quarter of a mile, I think, of Mickey's house. Very early in the morning the head of the column was at Mickey's cross-roads—I think about sunrise." * * * "At Mickey's cross-roads we were halted for some hours. General Polk was with me at the head of the column."—*S. H. S. Papers*, p. 460, vol. 8.

The inquiry is also presented as to what the missing column, "standing stock still, with its head some distance out in an open field," was doing there?

General Polk's version of an interview with Beauregard, "near 4 o'clock P. M.," would warrant the inference that this may be a pure fiction, and that the conditions were reversed—*that it was my bull which had gored the plucky old bishop's ox before both were corralled.*

It would, indeed, have been quite superfluous to have troubled Beauregard with such an unimportant narrative—especially while Bragg was present and had, doubtless, already stated to Beauregard the essential particulars of the march!

Again, reverting to a common-sense basis, we may assume that, owing to the tempestuous condition of earth and skies at 2 o'clock A. M. on the morning of the 5th of April, 1862, I directed that my division should be divested of all incumbrances in its advance to the field of impending battle.

Further, we may assume that when my division filed into the Bark road its advance was obstructed by a division of General Polk's reserve corps—he being my senior—which had pressed forward contrary to the order of march, encumbered and halting, had “blocked up the road” and rendered the farther advance of my division quite impracticable.

We may now still further assume, with confidence, that the head of my division, left in front, was, after encountering this obstruction, and some time held immovable, conducted into the open field with the view of advancing to its prescribed position on the line of battle as soon as a practicable route could be found through the deep mire and water and intervening forests. In this position my division was found by General Johnston, when he directed the road cleared of Polk's reserves, and ordered my advance, to which my troops responded with notable enthusiasm. Such was the emphatic answer to the inquiry why the head of the missing column (Ruggles's third brigade) was found “stock still out in the open field.” The three brigades advanced along and near the same route and encountered similar obstacles to those stated by General Anderson in his report.

This succinct outline will, it is assumed, *stand the crucial test of the sophistry of the first, the casuistry of the second, and the array of facts of the last of my assailants, and every combination of their pigeon-hole batteries in attempting to breach the military record of my division on the battle-field of Shiloh.*

Colonel Johnston assumed that there was “some confusion or mistake of orders in Ruggles's division!” I now deny, as I did in August, 1878, “both allegations positively and emphatically.” “The troops of my division disclosed neither evidences of confusion nor mistake in the execution of explicit orders, and maintained their proper organization, marched like veterans, and were distinguished for their undaunted bravery in their successive conflicts throughout the great battle of Shiloh—as Johnston's own frequent mention of the conduct of my troops—without honoring, by customary courtesy, my name, as their

commander, clearly shows! On one occasion, subsequent, General Bragg declared, publicly, in my presence, that "these troops of my division, and his troops from Pensacola, Withers's division, which I had in part disciplined," "were distinguished as among the few troops who maintained their organization through the battle of Shiloh."

I renew my statement of 1878, "that of the 'chaffering' and 'controversy' I know nothing now, nor did I know anything then, and in no manner was I a party to it, and that if General Bragg was *cognizant of it*, he must have *rebuked the slander*, and *defended the conduct of his corps*, and *stood firm in its vindication*. It is therefore apparent that *he held me blameless*, or that, with his accustomed promptitude, he would have directed me '*to rise and explain!*'"

The question now recurs, "Why did Major-General Polk block up" the Bark road with his reserve corps, and hold it, obstructing the passage of Ruggles's division in violation of the prescribed order of march, and in my absence, and without my knowledge, attribute his fault to me? It appears that after ten months' delay—possibly for reflection—"the plucky old bishop" made his report of the battle of Shiloh at Richmond, February 4th, 1863, embodying in it his own version of his interview with Beauregard on the field of Shiloh. This recalls the declaration of Honorable John C. Calhoun, when in the Senate, the posthumous diary of ex-President John Quincy Adams was quoted by Senator Thomas H. Benton against him, that "*the diary might be accepted as evidence against the author—Mr. Adams—but was worthless as evidence against any other person!*" The question of the "plucky old bishop's" infallibility belongs to the theologians.

The local or objective point involved, when sharply drawn, is, *who was responsible for the delay on the 5th day of April, 1862, in the formation of the line of battle on the field of Shiloh, which prevented an attack on the enemy on that day*. Correlatively this involves, also, the emphatic inference that such delay *precluded, for the want of time, a completed victory* before General Buell's corps arrived on the field on Sunday evening, the 6th of April, 1862.

Field-Marshal Grouchy arrived upon the battle field of Waterloo too late to defeat General Blucher!

The orders of General Bragg were explicit and were executed with promptitude and fidelity. My troops needed no apology and their surviving commander offers none—but he scorns any attempt to defame him or them.

Colonel Johnston has, during two years past, had ample time to have consulted authorities, and to have expunged this error from his

book ; but, as I am not advised that he has done so, I am constrained to appeal to the great tribunal of public opinion. Captain Polk having already invoked its judgment, I commend for his consideration a more critical examination of the questions at issue.

I must claim indulgence in repeating here the concluding paragraph of my letter to Colonel Johnston, bearing date August 28th, 1878:

"It is natural that Colonel Johnston should cherish with pride the high character and the brilliant military achievements of his father ; indeed, it is praiseworthy, and I would rebuke any attempt to snatch one laurel from the sacred fame of General Albert Sidney Johnston. And yet, I have kindred and friends who cherish my name and military record with equal solicitude, and would resent every attempt to defame them.

"I cordially invite my surviving, gallant comrades (which invitation I now renew), as a special favor, to send me, here, memoranda relating to the military march and the services of my division on the battle field of Shiloh, on the 5th, 6th, and 7th of April, 1862."

DANIEL RUGGLES, *Brigadier-General,*
Commanding Division, late C. S. Army.

Report of General M. P. Lowry of Battle of Taylor's Ridge.

HEAD-QUARTERS LOWRY'S BRIGADE, TUNNEL HILL,
December 3, 1863.

Captain I. A. Buck, A. A. General:

Sir,—I have the honor to submit the following report of the part taken by my brigade, on Taylor's Ridge, in the battle of the 27th November, 1863:

Early in the morning Major-General Cleburne called on me for my smallest regiment, to be placed on the mountain to the left of the gap, through which the railroad and wagon road passed, leading out from Ringgold in the direction of Tunnel Hill. I sent the Sixteenth Alabama regiment and Captain Palmer, A. A. General, to place them in position. My other three regiments were then placed in the gap. After the skirmishing had commenced between Smith's brigade and the enemy, Major-General Cleburne informed me that the enemy was moving in force to his right and he wished me to go on the ridge to the right and protect his right flank. I moved my brigade at once by the right flank, and after ascending the hill I heard firing several hundred yards to the right, and, leaving a staff officer to bring up the command,

I went in haste to see what it meant. I found the First Arkansas regiment engaging the enemy's skirmishers, who had already gained the top of the hill. After assuring this regiment that support was at hand, and directing them to hold their position, I hastened to the head of my brigade, which was coming up the ridge at a double quick, with the right flank to the enemy, and the bullets from the enemy's guns already flying down the line. I knew that nothing but the most prompt and rapid movement could save the position, and that I could not take time to put the whole brigade in position before moving upon the enemy. Hence in reaching the head of the column, composed of Hawkins's Sharp-Shooters, and the Thirty-second and Forty-fifth regiment, I commanded—"By company into line," and deployed the column on the Tenth company, continuing the movement to the front with all possible rapidity. At the same time I sent Lieutenant Hall, my aid-de-camp, to bring up the next regiment in the same manner, and I went with the first to their important work, and nobly did they perform it. Our spirited fire, the sight of reinforcements, and a terrific "Rebel yell," combined to strike terror to the foe, and he fled in confusion. The Thirty-third Alabama Regiment was soon brought up, and formed on the left of the Thirty-second and Forty-fifth Mississippi, and the Forty-fifth Alabama on their left, while Brigadier-General Polk came up with two regiments, and formed them on the right. The enemy, in the meantime, was pressing up the hill with great determination, but the heavy fire, from our advantageous position, rendered their ascent impossible; but as they continued to move to the right, it was necessary for our line also to move to the right, and to leave a bare line of skirmishers to hold the crest of the hill. When Brigadier-General Polk was severely pressed, he sent to me, in great haste, for assistance, when I moved the Forty-fifth Alabama regiment in "double quick" to his support; and the general said, as his ammunition was nearly exhausted, they were just in time to save the position. When my ammunition was nearly exhausted, and I had sent for more, my men and officers gave me assurance, with great enthusiasm, that they would hold the position at the point of the bayonet and with clubbed muskets if the enemy dared charge them.

The position was held until I was ordered to retire from it, which was done in good order. The whole command behaved with great gallantry, and inflicted a heavy loss upon the enemy.

My loss was slight, but four killed and thirty-five wounded. My staff officers present, Captain J. P. Walker and Lieutenant A. P. Hall, rendered me great assistance in this expeditious movement, by their

promptness and great gallantry. I was deprived of the valuable services of Captain O. S. Palmer, until near the close of the engagement, he being with the Sixteenth Alabama regiment.

For the performance of this regiment please see report of Major Ashford.

Respectfully submitted,

M. P. LOWRY,
Brigadier General.

General P. R. Cleburne's Report of Battle of Ringgold Gap.

HEAD-QUARTERS CLEBURNE'S DIVISION,
TUNNELL HILL, GA., Dec. 9, 1863.

Colonel,—On the retreat of the Army of Tennessee, from Missionary Ridge, Tennessee, to Ringgold, Ga., my division covered the retreat of Hardee's corps, arriving safely on the west bank of the East Chicamauga river at 10 o'clock, P. M., on the 26th November. At this point the river had to be forded. It was nearly waist deep and the night was freezing cold. I therefore determined to postpone crossing until the morning, and bivouaced on the hills near by.

At 3 o'clock, A. M., on the 29th, I received the following order, viz:

General,—The general desires that you will take strong position in the gorge of the mountain and attempt to check pursuit of enemy. He must be punished until our trains and the rear of our troops get well advanced.

"The reports from the rear are meagre, and the general is not thoroughly advised of the state of things there. Will you be good enough to report fully.

"Respectfully,

(Signed),

"GEO. W. BRENT,
"A. A. General."

"Major-General Cleburne."

Leaving staff officers to conduct the troops across the river to the position designated, I went forward myself to examine the ground and form a plan for its defense.

The town of Ringgold, a place of two or three thousand inhabitants, stands on a plain between the East Chicamauga river and the range of hills known as Taylor's Ridge. It is on the Western and Atlantic railroad, about twenty miles southeast of Chattanooga. Taylor's Ridge, which rises up immediately back of the town, runs in a northerly and southerly direction. Opposite the town the ridge is intersected by a

narrow gap which admits the railroad, a wagon road, and a good sized creek, a tributary of the Chicamauga.

The creek hugs the southernmost or left-hand hill as you face Ringgold. The wagon road and railroads run close to the creek.

At its western mouth, next to Ringgold, the gap widens out to a breadth of over a hundred yards, leaving room for a patch of level wood land on each side of the roads. The gap is about half a mile through, but the plain immediately in front of its east or rear mouth is so cut up by the windings of the creek that three bridges, or three fords, have to be crossed in the first half mile of road leading from the gap to Dalton.

It will be perceived at once that this was a dangerous position to be caught in, if the enemy should succeed in turning either flank. The gap and the hills on either hand are thickly wooded, except the base of the right-hand hill, along which, next to the town, a heavy fringe of young timber extends from the gap northward for three or four hundred yards. Behind this fringe of trees I placed two regiments of Smith's Texas brigade, Colonel H. B. Granberry, Seventh Texas, commanding; the Sixth, Tenth and Fifteenth Texas, consolidated, Captain John R. Kennard commanding, on the left; the Seventeenth, Eighteenth, Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Texas dismounted cavalry, consolidated, Major W. A. Taylor commanding, on the right. The remaining regiment of the brigade, the Seventh Texas, Captain C. E. Talley commanding, I sent to the top of the right-hand hill, with instructions to keep out of view, but watch well the right flank of its brigade at the foot. On the precipitous hill to the left of the gap and creek, I placed the Sixteenth Alabama, Major F. A. Ashford commanding, of Lowry's Alabama and Mississippi brigade, with instructions to conceal itself and guard well the left flank. I also sent on the face of this hill, fronting Ringgold, three companies of the Sixth and Seventh Arkansas consolidated, of Liddell's Arkansas brigade, under charge of Lieutenant Dulin, of General Liddell's staff.

For the defence of the gap itself I disposed the rest of the Arkansas brigade, under command of Colonel D. C. Govan. The Fifth and Thirteenth Arkansas, consolidated, Colonel John E. Murray commanding, I placed in a small ravine, running across the mouth of the gap from the right-hand hill to the railroad embankment. The Eighth and Nineteenth Arkansas, consolidated, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel A. S. Hutchinson, fifty paces in rear and parallel to the former regiment. The Sixth and Seventh Arkansas, consolidated, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Peter Snyder, and the Second, Fifteenth

and Twenty-fourth Arkansas regiments, consolidated, under Lieutenant-Colonel E. Warfield, at suitable distances in rear, and covered as well as the nature of the ground would permit, thus giving me four short lines across the gap. From these regiments I sent a body of skirmishers to occupy the patch of woods at the mouth of the gap and left of the railroad, and that portion of the bank of the creek close to the mouth of the gap.

In front of the mouth of the gap, supported by Govan's foremost regiment in the ravine, I placed a section of Semple's battery—two Napoleon guns,—commanded by Lieutenant Goldthwaite. I had screens of withered branches built up in front of these so as to effectually conceal them from view, and made the artillerymen shelter themselves in the ravine close by. The remaining three regiments of Lowry's brigade, consisting of the Thirty-second and Forty-fifth Mississippi regiments, consolidated, under command of Colonel A. B. Hardcastle; Thirty-third Alabama, under command of Colonel Samuel Adams, and the Forty-fifth Alabama, Lieutenant-Colonel H. D. Lamplay, commanding, I placed in reserve in the centre of the gap.

The portion of Polk's Tennessee and Arkansas brigade with me, consisting of the First Arkansas, Colonel J. W. Colquitt commanding; the Second Tennessee, Colonel W. A. Robinson commanding; and the Third and Fifth Confederate regiments, consolidated, under Lieutenant-Colonel J. C. Cole, I ordered to take position temporarily near the rear mouth of the gap, with directions to observe my right flank and prevent the enemy from turning me in that quarter.

I had scarcely half an hour to make these dispositions when I was informed the enemy's skirmishers were crossing the Chicamauga, driving our cavalry before them.

Immediately after the cavalry retreated through the gap at a trot, and the valley in front was clear of our troops, but close in rear of the ridge our immense train was still in full view, struggling through the fords of the creek and the deeply cut-up roads leading to Dalton, and my division, silent, but cool and ready, was the only barrier between it and the flushed and eager advance of the pursuing Federal army.

Shortly after 8 o'clock A. M. the enemy's skirmishers were in view, advancing. They opened fire, and under cover of it his lines of battle were placed and moved with the utmost decision and celerity against the ridge on the right of the gap. So quick and confident was this attack the enemy must have been acting on a concerted plan, and must have had guides who knew well the nature of the country.

As the first line moved towards the ridge its right flank became ex-

posed, at canister range, to my artillery in the mouth of the gap. Five or six rapid discharges broke the right of this line to pieces and caused them to run for shelter under the railroad embankment. Farther to his left, however, he continued to advance, and made a heavy attack on the right hand ridge. He continued to advance in the face of a deadly fire from Major Taylor's regiment, with the determination to turn the right flank of the Texas brigade. Major Taylor deployed skirmishers up the hill at right angles to his line of battle and held him in check while he informed Colonel Granbury of the state of affairs. Colonel Granbury sent two companies of his left regiment to reinforce his right. With three companies of his own regiment Major Taylor charged down the hill upon the force attempting to turn him and routed it, capturing between sixty and one hundred prisoners and the colors of the Twenty-ninth Missouri regiment. In the meantime I had ascertained that the enemy was moving another line of battle some distance beyond my present right, with a view of ascending the ridge in that quarter. I instantly notified Brigadier-General Polk, stationed in the rear of the gap, to ascend the ridge and meet this attempt of the enemy.

Luckily General Polk had already heard of this movement from a breathless straggler of our army, who was flying before the enemy, and, anticipating my order, sent the First Arkansas up the hill, and met the enemy's skirmishers within a few yards of the top. With the assistance of the Seventh Texas, after an obstinate fight, the enemy was driven down the hill. By this time large bodies of the enemy had crossed the Chicamauga, and it was evident that the main attack was about to be made upon the right. I ordered General Lowry to move his command up the hill and assist General Polk in defending that position. Moving rapidly ahead of his command, General Lowry found the First Arkansas again heavily engaged, but heroically holding its ground against great odds. Assuring the regiment that support was at hand, he brought up the Thirty-second and Forty-fifth Mississippi in double time, and threw them into the fight at the critical moment. The enemy gave way, and went down the ridge in great confusion. Lowry now brought up the two remaining regiments of his brigade, and Polk the two other regiments of his command. The enemy, constantly reinforcing, made another powerful effort to crown the ridge still further to the right. A peculiarity of Taylor's Ridge is the wavy conformation of its north side. The enemy, moving up in a long line of battle, suddenly concentrated opposite one of the depressions in this wavy surface, and rushed up it in heavy column. General Polk, with the assistance

of General Lowry, as quickly concentrated a double line opposite this point, at the same time placing the Second Tennessee in such a position as to command the flank of any force emerging from it. The attack was again defeated, and the enemy hurled down the hill with the loss of many killed on the spot, several prisoners, and the colors of the Seventy-sixth Ohio regiment. The colors and most of the prisoners were captured by the First Arkansas. In a fight, where all fought nobly, I feel it my duty to particularly compliment this regiment for its courage and constancy. In the battle the officers fought with pistols and with rocks, and so close was the fight that some of the enemy were knocked down with the latter missiles and captured.

Apprehending another attack, General Polk rapidly threw up some slight defenses in his front.

But I must now return to the extreme left, which the enemy attempted to turn. He sent what appeared to be a brigade of three regiments to the creek upon my left, and crossed over some companies of skirmishers. These were promptly met, and stopped by a detachment from the Sixteenth Alabama, posted on the left-hand hill, and the main body was for sometime held in check by Dulin's skirmishers on the face of the left-hand hill, and the other skirmishers of Govan's brigade on the creek banks, and in the patch of woods to the left of the railroad. He got possession, however, of some houses and barns opposite this point, from which he annoyed me with a constant and well-directed fire of sharp-shooters. At length collecting in large numbers behind these houses, he made a charge on Govan's skirmishers on the left of the railroad. Lieutenant Goldthwaite quickly trained round his guns, and swept them at quarter-range with a load of canister and a solid shot; they ran back, leaving several dead, and a stand of colors on the ground. Lieutenant Goldthwaite then shelled the houses, and greatly relieved us of the firing from that quarter. The stand of colors lay temptingly within sixty yards of my line, and some of the officers wanted to charge and get it, but as it promised no solid advantage—to compensate for the loss of brave soldiers—I would not permit it.

About 12 o'clock, M., I received a dispatch from Lieutenant-General Hardee, to the effect that the train was now well advanced, and I might safely withdraw.

On consultation with Generals Breckenridge and Wheeler, both of whom were present, lending me their personal assistance, I determined to withdraw from Taylor's Ridge, and take up a new position on some wooded hills one mile in rear.

About 1 o'clock P. M., I rebuilt the screen in front of the artillery,

which had been partially blown away, and then withdrew both pieces by hand without loss.

By this time the enemy had concentrated a large portion of his army at Ringgold, and was doubtless preparing to throw an overwhelming force on my flanks. He opened a rapid artillery fire down the gap and on the crest of the ridge, but showed no disposition to advance in front. I now simultaneously withdrew the brigades, leaving a few skirmishers to hold the front, which they did without difficulty.

Soon after 2 o'clock P. M. I withdrew my skirmishers, fired the bridges in my rear, and proceeded to form line of battle in my new position. The enemy was visible on the ridge in about half an hour after I had withdrawn my skirmishers.

He saw my new disposition for defense, but showed no further inclination to attack and ceased from all further pursuit of our army. I took into the fight, in Polk's brigade, 545; Lowry's brigade, 1,330; Smith's Texas brigade, 1,266; Liddell's brigade, 1,016 effective men, making a total of 4,157 bayonets.

My loss was 20 killed, 190 wounded, 11 missing. I am confident the enemy's loss was out of all proportion greater than mine. The conduct of officers and men in the fight needs no comment—every man, as far as I know, did his whole duty.

To Brigadier Generals Polk and Lowry, and Colonels Govan and Granbury I must return my thanks; four better officers are not in the service of the Confederacy. Lieutenant Goldthwaite, of the artillery, proved himself a brave and skillful officer.

The following officers of my staff have my thanks for the efficient manner in which they discharged their responsible and dangerous duties: Major Calhoun Benham, A. A. G.; Major J. K. Dixon, A. A. G.; Captain Irving A. Buck, A. A. G.; Captain C. S. Hill, ordnance officer; Surgeon D. A. Linthicum, Lieutenant L. H. Mangan, S. P. Hauley, aides-de-camp. Captain C. H. Byrne, volunteer aide-de-camp, also Messrs. Henry Smith and W. Rucker, of the signal corps, who volunteered their services, and who I found very efficient and useful.

I forward, herewith, the reports of brigade, regimental, and battery commanders. General Liddell was absent on leave, but hearing of the fight, returned and rendered me all the assistance in his power. He selected and reformed the new line, after we withdrew from our first position.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

P. R. CLEBURNE, *Major General*

Colonel Geo. Wm. Brent, A. A. G., Army Tennessee.

History of Lane's North Carolina Brigade.

BY BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES H. LANE.

CLOSE OF THE CAMPAIGN OF 1863.

Camped at Culpeper Court-house.—On our return from Pennsylvania we camped near Culpeper Court-house for a short time, where we were once ordered out, on a Sunday, to meet the Yankee cavalry, reported advancing on the Warrenton road. None of our infantry, however, became engaged.

Camped at Orange Court-house.—We were then moved to Orange Court-house, and went into camp in a piece of woods belonging to a Doctor Taliaferro, near the residence of a Mr. Somerville, where we remained doing picket duty on the river at Morton's Ford, until General Stuart's fight at Jacks's shops.

Ordered to Liberty Mills to Support Cavalry.—We were then ordered to Liberty Mills, as a support to our cavalry, but the brigade did not become generally engaged; that part of it which was sent to guard the road leading to Stanardsville repulsed a body of Yankee cavalry which had been driving some of ours.

Winter Quarters at Liberty Mills.—When the infantry returned to Orange Court-house, we were left to picket the Rapidan at Liberty Mills, and soon after went into winter quarters in a fine body of woods belonging to Doctor Newman. Here the brigade established an enviable reputation for good order. Private property was everywhere respected, and the fences around camp and on the picket lines kept in good order. When we broke up camp in the spring, some of the citizens said to me that they had nothing to complain of except the great destruction of timber, which they knew was unavoidable—declared their fences were in better order than they had been for a long time, and expressed the desire, should it be necessary to have troops quartered in their neighborhood again, to have our brigade sent back.

Fight at Bristow Station.—On our march to this place we guarded the wagon train and a part of the artillery of A. P. Hill's corps. At Bristow we formed line of battle on the left of the road, in an old open field, and were under fire, but were not ordered forward. After the enemy retired we assisted in tearing up and destroying the railroad track to the Rappahanock river, and then went into camp near Brandy Station.

Here we remained until after the capture of Hays and Hoke's brigades at the river. We then, with the rest of our corps, formed

line of battle near Culpeper Court-house. We were subsequently, on the same day, ordered to the Warrenton road to repel the advance of the enemy's cavalry.

Repulse of the Enemy's Cavalry on the Warrenton Road.—On reaching this point a courier reported that our cavalry was hard pressed and would be compelled to retire. I replied that when they did come back they must do so at full speed. This small body of Confederate cavalry soon after retired as directed and were chased by the enemy. When the Yankee cavalry was in range the battery on the right of the road and the Thirty-seventh North Carolina, from its concealed position on the left of the same road, opened and drove them back in the greatest disorder. Afterwards there was continuous skirmishing with the enemy's dismounted cavalry until nightfall, when we withdrew and returned to our old and comfortable quarters at Liberty Mills.

Mine Run.—While in winter-quarters at Liberty Mills, Orange county, Va., our brigade did picket duty at the bridge over the Rapidan at that point, and on the Stanardsville road until Meade crossed the river at Mine Run.

Here we confronted the enemy, and there was firing on the skirmish line, but no general engagement. At this point the men suffered intensely from the cold. The men, being compelled to lie in the rifle-pits without fires, were relieved every half hour, and yet when they came back they could hardly articulate.

To show how cheerfully such sufferings were endured, I will state that I saw a young rebel in the Seventh North Carolina, barefooted, without drawers, and his pants in front split up to the knee, take off his knapsack, take out an old dirty counterpane—the only thing, by the way, it contained—and when he was in the act of replacing his knapsack upon his shoulders, some three or four merry-hearted fellows ran up, crying out, "Hold on, Jake, hold on, and let us help you!" Yelling and laughing, they helped him on with it, and when he had folded his counterpane and wrapped it around his shoulder, another glorious old rebel, almost as "seedy" looking, who had been sitting with his back against the works, watching the whole performance in silence, yelled out, "Now Jake, you have fortified one end, what are you *gwine* to do with *t'other*?" Jake's only reply was a back-step and a double-shuffle, the wind all the while making streamers of his torn pants. This performance was greeted with shouts and uproarious laughter from every looker on.

After Meade withdrew we returned to Liberty Mills.

An Amusing Order from Colonel Barbour.

HEAD-QUARTERS LANE'S BRIGADE,
March 14th, 1863.

Special Order No. —.

The colonel commanding has the pleasure to announce to the gallant officers and men of the Twenty-eight North Carolina troops, the success of their worthy colonel in an enterprise of the most hazardous character. After a campaign of less than two weeks, with all the disadvantages of bad roads and limited transportation, his expedition has proved a complete success. After a short and spirited contest, the heart of the fair one surrendered at discretion and the gallant colonel is certainly married. My informant, tho' neither a telegraphic correspondent nor "the reliable gentleman just from the seat of war," is still entitled to full faith. In consideration of this great success, the colonel commanding, thinks it proper that to-morrow should be set aside as a day of fasting or thanksgiving—either course to be adopted in accordance with the amount of rations on hand.

By order,

WILL. M. BARBOUR,
Colonel Commanding Brigade.

List of Casualties in Lane's Brigade—Campaign 1863.

NAMES OF BATTLES.	Killed.		Wounded		Missing.		TOTAL.		AGGREGATE.
	Officers.	Men.	Officers.	Men.	Officers.	Men.	Officers.	Men.	
Chancellorsville, May 2 and 3.....	12	149	59	567	1	121	72	837	909
Gettysburg, July 1, 2 and 3.....	660
Hagerstown, July 13.....	29
Falling Waters, July 14.....	42
GRAND TOTAL.....	1,640

The loss at Chancellorsville was one-third of the entire command. Entire loss in the "Trans-Potomac" campaign, seven hundred and thirty-one, out of an *effective* total of one thousand three hundred and fifty-five (1,355), including ambulance corps and rear guard.

JAMES H. LANE.

Expedition into Maryland—Battle of Monocacy and Advance on Washington.

Report of General EARLY.

LEESBURG, July 14, 1864.

General,—After driving Sigel's whole force, of several thousand men, to Maryland Heights and demonstrating against him I moved, on the 8th, around his force, through Boonsboro', Fox's and Crampton Gaps, and entered Frederick City on the morning of the 9th, driving the enemy's cavalry through the city. I found Wallace in force at Monocacy Junction, his force being stated in northern accounts at 10,000, and consisting, in part, of the Third division of the Sixth corps, under Ricketts, which had arrived the day before. This force we attacked on the afternoon of the same day, Ramseur demonstrating in front, while Gordon moved across the Monocacy, on the enemy's flank, by a route which had been opened by McCausland's brigade of cavalry in a very gallant manner. The enemy in a very short time was completely routed by Gordon, and left the field in great disorder and retreated in haste on Baltimore.

In this action our entire loss was between six and seven hundred, including the cavalry; but I regret to say Brigadier-General Evans was wounded and some gallant officers killed.

On the morning of the 10th I moved towards Washington, taking the route by Rockville, and then turning to the left to get on the Seventh-street pike. The day was very hot and the roads exceedingly dusty, but we marched thirty miles. On the morning of the 11th we continued the march, but the day was so excessively hot, even at a very early hour in the morning, and the dust so dense, that many of the men fell by the way and it became necessary to slacken our pace. Nevertheless, when we reached the right of the enemy's fortifications the men were almost completely exhausted and not in a condition to make an attack. Skirmishers were thrown out and moved up to the vicinity of the fortifications.

These we found to be very strong and constructed very scientifically. They consist of a circle of enclosed forts, connected by breastworks with ditches, palisades, and abattis in front, and every approach swept by a cross-fire of artillery, including some heavy guns. I determined, at first, to make an assault, but before it could be made it became apparent that the enemy had been strongly reinforced, and we knew that the Sixth corps had arrived from Grant's army, and after consultation

with my division commanders, I became satisfied that the assault, even if successful, would be attended with such great sacrifice as would insure the destruction of my whole force before the victory could have been made available, and if unsuccessful, would necessarily have resulted in the loss of the whole force. I, therefore, reluctantly determined to retire, and as it was evident preparations were making to cut off my retreat, and while troops were gathering around me, I would find it difficult to get supplies, I determined to retire across the Potomac to this county before it became too late. I was led to this determination by the conviction that the loss of my force would have had such a depressing effect upon the country and would so encourage the enemy as to amount to a very serious, if not fatal disaster to our cause.

My infantry force did not exceed 10,000, as Breckenridge's infantry, which, nominally much larger, really did not exceed 2,500 muskets. A considerable part of the cavalry has proved wholly inefficient. Sigel was at Maryland Heights. Hunter was making his way to get in my rear, and Couch was organizing a militia force in Pennsylvania.

If, therefore, I had met a disaster, I could not have got off, and if I had succeeded in the assault, yet my force would have been so crippled that I could not have continued the active operations, so necessary in an expedition like mine. All these considerations conduced to the determination to which I came, and accordingly, after threatening the city all day of the 12th, I retired, after night, and have moved to this place in entire good order and without any loss whatever. Late in the afternoon, of the 12th, the enemy advanced in line of battle against my skirmishers of Rodes's division, and the latter being reinforced, repulsed the enemy three times. When I reached the vicinity of Frederick, General Johnson was sent, with his brigade of cavalry, to cut the Northern Central and the Philadelphia and Baltimore railroads, which he succeeded in doing, destroying very important bridges. The bridges over the Gun Powder creek, on the latter road, two miles in length, having been burnt by Major Gilmer, who was detached for that purpose with the Maryland battalion. He also captured and destroyed two passenger trains, in one of which he found Major-General Franklin, but he subsequently escaped by reason of the carelessness of his guards.

Johnson also burnt a small bridge on the road between Washington and Baltimore, and was on his way to Point Lookout, when my determination to retire, made his recall necessary.

An immense amount of damage has been done the enemy. Our cavalry has brought off a very large number of horses. Over one

thousand have been brought off, and \$220,000 in money was levied and collected in Hagerstown and Frederick, the assessment against the latter being \$200,000, all of which was paid in Federal and Northern money.

I shall rest here a day or two, and shall then move to the valley and drive from Martinsburg a body of cavalry which has returned there, and then send the cavalry to destroy effectually the Baltimore and Ohio railroad westward, and also to destroy the coal mines and furnaces around Cumberland, unless I get different orders. I am sorry I did not succeed in capturing Washington and releasing our prisoners at Point Lookout, but the latter was impracticable after I determined to retire from before Washington. There was intense excitement and alarm in Washington and Baltimore, and all over the North, and my force was very greatly exaggerated, it being reported that you were in command, having left Beauregard at Petersburg.

Washington can never be taken by our troops, unless surprised when without a force to defend it. Please send me orders by telegraph to Winchester.

Respectfully,

J. A. EARLY,

Lieutenant-General.

General R. E. Lee,

Commanding A. N. V.

P. S.—I was compelled to leave about 400 wounded men in Frederick, because they could not be transported.

J. A. EARLY,

Lieutenant-General.

Since writing the above your letter of 11th received. A part of enemy's force has followed up to the other bank of the Potomac, but I am unable to find out whether any infantry has come up. There is no effort to cross.

Hunter has certainly passed Williamsport two or three days ago.

I will start for the valley in the morning. The arrival of the Nineteenth corps in Washington is again reported, and there is a report that a part of Bank's force has arrived, but I do not place much confidence in these reports. I think perhaps the heavy artillery from the Nineteenth corps has come.

J. A. EARLY.

Official.

JNO. BLAIR HOGE, *A. A. G.*

**The Killing of Lieutenant Meigs, of General Sheridan's Staff—Proof
that it was Done in Fair Combat.**

The killing of Lieutenant Meigs, of General Sheridan's staff, and the harsh "retaliatory" measures adopted, excited a good deal of discussion at the time. We are enabled to give the following conclusive proofs that Lieutenant Meigs met the fate of legitimate war, and that General Sheridan's burning of private houses in "retaliation" was cruel, and utterly unjustifiable by any law of civilized warfare, though in perfect keeping with the character of the man who afterwards boasted that he had "made the Shenandoah Valley such a waste that even a crow flying over it would be obliged to carry his rations."

General Early, in his "Memoir of the Last Year of the War," makes this notice of the affair on facts well known to him:

"While Sheridan's forces were near Harrisonburg, and mine were watching them, three of our cavalry scouts, in their uniforms and with arms, got around his lines near a little town called Dayton, and encountered Lieutenant Meigs, a Federal engineer officer, with two soldiers. These parties came upon each other suddenly, and Lieutenant Meigs was ordered to surrender by one of our scouts, to which he replied by shooting and wounding the scout, who in his turn fired and killed the lieutenant. One of the men with Lieutenant Meigs was captured, and the other escaped. For this act Sheridan ordered the town of Dayton to be burned, but for some reason that order was countermanded, and another substituted for burning a large number of private houses in the neighborhood, which was executed, thus inflicting on non-combatants and women and children a most wanton and cruel punishment for a justifiable act of war."

The statement of General Early will be sufficient with all who know his careful accuracy in narrating facts.

But as settling the matter beyond dispute, we are enabled to give the following sworn affidavit of Mr. G. W. Martin, the scout who shot Lieutenant Meigs, together with the statement of Captain A. D. Payne of the testimony of the other two scouts who were with him:

AFFIDAVIT OF G. W. MARTIN.

"WARRENTON, October 6, 1865.

"On the 3d of October, 1864, I was scouting, in company with F. M. Campbell of the same company and regiment as myself (Black-Horse Troop, Fourth Virginia cavalry), and — Shaver, of the First

Virginia cavalry, inside the lines of the Federal army in the county of Rockingham, near the village of Dayton. It was near dark, the sun having about gone down, and the evening cloudy and rainy. We were wearing oil-cloths over our uniforms, so that it was difficult to ascertain to which army we belonged. We discovered riding in the same direction, but behind us, three soldiers, whom we supposed belonged to the Federal army. We were in such a position—so near the camp of the enemy—and they on the only road by which we could escape, and between us and our own troops, that it was a matter of necessity that we should either elude them by passing ourselves as Federal soldiers, or capture or kill them. Holding a hasty consultation with each other we determined to make the attempt to capture them. The three Federal soldiers were riding by file and we abreast. Riding slowly along until the foremost man came up by my side I immediately presented my pistol, which I had drawn under my oil-cloth; each of my companions did the same, dropping back to the side of the man they selected. I ordered my man to surrender; his response, which was an immediate one, was the discharge of his pistol, which he must have had drawn and under his overcoat cape, wounding me severely through the body. I fired almost simultaneously, killing my adversary dead. One of the other men surrendered without resistance, the other sprang from his horse and, under cover of the woods on the right of the road, escaped. I succeeded in avoiding capture with a great deal of difficulty, owing to my wounded condition and the proximity of the enemy.

We had ridden a mile or two before I ascertained whom it was I had shot; I was told by the prisoner whom we captured that it was Lieutenant Meigs, of General Sheridan's staff.

My wound was so severe that I could not be moved from the first place of safety taken for six weeks, and did not return to the service for three or four months—the course of the ball having been diverted by a bone, I was told by my surgeon, alone saved my life.

(Signed,)

G. W. MARTIN.

October 6th, 1865.

Personally appeared before me, a justice of the peace, for the county of Fauquier, and State of Virginia, G. W. Martin, whose name is signed above, and made oath that the above statement is true.

J. G. BECKHAM, J. P.

STATEMENT OF CAPTAIN PAYNE.

G. W. Martin was an enlisted man in my company during the whole period of the war. The high character he always bore, and for which my knowledge of him enables me to vouch, together with the corroborating account of the two men who were with him, and which I have heard from them, assures me of the truth of his statement.

A. D. PAYNE,

Captain Company "H" (or Black-Horse Troop"), Fourth Virginia Cavalry, Wickham's Brigade, Fitz Lee's Division, A. N. V.

Colonel W. C. Wickham's Report of an Engagement near Aldie, 17th of June, 1863.

HEAD-QUARTERS FOURTH VA. CAVALRY,
June 20th, 1863.

Captain J. D. Ferguson, A. A. G. Lee's Brigade :

Captain,—I submit the following report of the part taken by the troops under my command in the engagement near Aldie on the 17th instant.

I was ordered to take my own regiment, the First and Fifth, and Breathed's battery through Middleburg to Aldie, and go into camp there, where I would find the rest of the brigade.

On reaching Dover Mills, I ordered Colonel Rosser to go on to Aldie and select a camp, and whilst the other regiments were watering, received a dispatch from him to the effect that a regiment of the enemy's cavalry was in his front, between him and Aldie, and that he was about to attack them. I at once placed the Fourth regiment in position to cover my left flank on the road from the Snickersville pike, and with the First regiment and two of Breathed's guns went forward to the support of Colonel Rosser, who, I found, had driven the enemy back, but been in turn compelled to give way a little, before a very large force.

A few well directed shot from Breathed's guns checked the advance of the enemy upon this road, but not in time to save the gallant sharpshooters of the Fifth, who had, unfortunately, been pushed rather too far forward on ground where it was impossible for cavalry to aid them.

The enemy, finding themselves foiled in their attempt on this line,

turned their attention to our left, where Colonel Munford, commanding the brigade, met them with the Second and Third regiments, reinforced by the Fourth, and later by the Fifth. For the rest of the evening I held my position with the First and Breathed's guns, driving back their skirmishers whenever they attempted to advance. Captain Litchfield's sharp-shooters were, as they always are, most efficient. Two much praise cannot be awarded to Captain Breathed and his brave men, who handled their guns with the utmost coolness, while their comrades were falling dead under the point-blank range of the enemy's carbines. This position I held until ordered to retire, bringing off all my killed and wounded.

For the part borne by my own regiment, under the command of Captain Newton, who always "acts well his part," I refer to his report.

Suffice it to say, that its conduct gave me entire satisfaction. Its loss was one killed, seven wounded, and nine missing.

Your obedient servant,

WM. C. WICKHAM,
Colonel Fourth Virginia Cavalry.

LIST OF CASUALTIES.

Casualties in the First Virginia cavalry :

Company F—Thomas Lemer, killed.

" D—David A. Fields, wounded.

R. C. Williams, captured.

Company K—J. Rench, wounded in hand.

Lieutenant George Freamer, very slightly in thigh.

(Signed),

GEORGE FREMER, *Adjutant,*
First Virginia Cavalry.

Casualties in Captain Breathed's Battery :

Killed—W. H. Greenwell, J. W. Parker.

Wounded—E. Russell, John Key—G. Terry, slightly.

(Signed),

JAMES BREATHED,
Captain S. H. A.

General D. H. Maury's Report of the Exploits of the Torpedo-Boat St. Patrick.

HEAD-QUARTERS DISTRICT OF THE GULF,
MOBILE, ALA., February 3d, 1865.

General,—I have the honor to report that on the 24th ultimo, Commodore Farrand, C. S. navy, transferred to me the torpedo-boat "St. Patrick," built by a man named Halligan, under a contract with the government. Halligan having shown himself deficient in nerve or capacity to attack the enemy, I removed him from command of the St. Patrick and assigned to her Lieutenant Walker, C. S. navy, a young officer of great gallantry and merit, whom Commodore Farrand kindly placed at my disposal. Mr. Walker diligently applied himself to preparation for immediate action, and although Halligan had removed from the boat several essential parts of her machinery, he was enabled to recover them and get under way on the night of the 27th ultimo. At 1 o'clock, A. M., he struck the enemy's flag-ship Octarora, abaft the wheel-house. The torpedo missed fire. The greatest consternation and confusion were occasioned on the ship, so that the fire of artillery and musketry, which was directed against the St. Patrick, failed to strike her, and she returned with her crew to the protection of our batteries. Some portion of her machinery was damaged during the expedition, but Mr. Walker is confident that he will be ready to go out again by the next dark moon. I take pleasure in reporting to the war department the fine conduct of Lieutenant Walker, and in recommending him, through you, to the favorable notice of the navy department.

I remain, very respectfully, General,

Your obedient servant,

DABNEY H. MAURY,

Major General Commanding.

To General S. Cooper, A. I. G., Richmond, Va.

Battle of Hatcher's Run—Telegram from General Lee.

[Received at Richmond, Va., February 6th, 11 o'clock P. M., 1865, by telegraph from Head-quarters A. N. Va.]

To General S. Cooper, Adjutant- and Inspector-General :

The enemy moved in strong force yesterday to Hatcher's Run. Part of his infantry, with Gregg's cavalry, crossed and proceeded on the Vaughan road—the infantry to Cattail creek, the cavalry to Dinwiddie

Court-house, where its advance encountered a portion of our cavalry and retired. In the afternoon parts of Hill's and Gordon's troops demonstrated against the enemy on the left of Hatcher's Run, near Armstrong's mill. Finding him entrenched, they were withdrawn after dark. During the night the force that had advanced beyond the creek returned to it, and were reported to be recrossing. This morning Pegram's division moved down the right bank of the creek to reconnoiter, when it was vigorously attacked. The battle was obstinately contested several hours, but General Pegram being killed while bravely encouraging his men, and Colonel Hoffman wounded, some confusion occurred and the division was pressed back to its original position. Evan's division, ordered by General Gordon to support Pegram's, charged the enemy and forced him back, but was in turn compelled to retire. Mahone's division arriving, enemy was driven rapidly to his defenses on Hatcher's Run. Our loss is reported to be small, that of the enemy not supposed great.

R. E. LEE, *General.*

Capture of General Scammon.

TELEGRAM FROM GENERAL SAMUEL JONES.

[Received at Richmond, February, 1864, by telegraph from Dublin 15th.]

To General S. Cooper, Adjutant- and Inspector-General:

On the 3d instant Major Nounnan, with a detachment of forty men of the Sixteenth Virginia cavalry, captured the armed steamer, B. C. Lera, at Winfield, Putnam county, Virginia, with a valuable cargo and twenty-nine prisoners, including Brigadier-General E. P. Scammon, commanding forces in Kanawha Valley, a captain and two lieutenants of his staff. General Scammon and two officers of his staff are there now, and will be forwarded to Richmond to-morrow, unless you order otherwise, in charge of Lieutenant Vertigan, the gallant young officer who boarded the boat with only twelve men. Colonel Ferguson, whom I sent with his regiment, the Sixteenth Virginia cavalry, to the lower Kanawha, some weeks since, has made several captures, and rendered valuable service.

(Signed),

SAM. JONES, *Major-General.*

[Official copy of telegram received, and respectfully submitted to the Honorable Secretary of War.]

(Signed),

JNO. WITHERS, *A. A. General.*

LETTER FROM GENERAL JONES.

HEAD-QUARTERS DEPARTMENT WEST VIRGINIA,
DUBLIN, February 15, 1864.

General,—I enclose with this a copy of a letter received this morning from Major Nounnan, of the Sixteenth regiment Virginia cavalry, together with a parole signed by twenty-three enlisted men of the United States army.

Lieutenant Vertigan, of the same regiment, of whom the major speaks in complimentary terms, will start to-morrow for Richmond with Brigadier-General Scammon and the two officers of his staff, Lieutenants Pinckard and Millward.

Major Nounnan and his small party, especially Lieutenant Vertigan, have performed their duty in the most creditable manner.

I sent Colonel Ferguson with his regiment, the Sixteenth Virginia cavalry, to the lower Kanawha, late in December last. He has so far conducted the expedition with judgment and discretion, has captured much of the enemy's property, and a number of prisoners, and diverted the attention of the enemy in that quarter from this part of the country to the protection of their own border.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

SAM. JONES,

Major-General.

Gen. S. Cooper, Adjutant- and Inspector-General C. S. A., Richmond, Va.

LETTER FROM MAJOR NOUNNAN.

LOGAN COUNTY, VA., February 7, 1864.

General,—I left Colonel Ferguson in Wayne county on the 25th ultimo, with indefinite orders and discretionary powers, and moved in the direction of the Kanawha river, along which stream I manœuvred in the counties of Mason and Putnam until the 3d instant.

I entered Winfield, Putnam Court-house, on the morning of the 3d instant, at 3 o'clock, with forty men and found a number of government officials there (whom I failed to secure) and a government steamer, with a strong guard and a piece of artillery, lying upon the opposite side of the river. With great difficulty I secured a small craft, capable only of carrying four men, with which I crossed a small party of twelve men under Lieutenant E. G. Vertigan, who obeyed my

instructions as speedily as possible in cutting the telegraph and assaulting the boat, which surrendered without firing a gun, although having moved several yards from the shore.

I found a valuable cargo on board, consisting chiefly of medical stores and tarpaulin, a lot of arms, &c., and Brigadier-General E. P. Scammon, Captain Wm. G. Pinckard and Lieutenant Frank Millward, of his staff, and Lieutenant William C. Lyon, Twenty-third Ohio volunteers, and twenty-five men—commissioned officers and privates. I secured about twenty horses and some of the most valuable medicine, demolished the telegraph office—instruments, wire, &c.—and moved to the mouth of Big Hurricane, where I burned the boat and cargo of over \$100,000 worth of medicines, destroyed the piece of artillery and a quantity of ammunition. Paroled all the non-commissioned officers and privates, except one, and determined to make my way through with the most valuable prisoners with as much speed as possible. The enemy pressed me heavily at all points in their efforts to recover the prisoners, and compelled me to come to this point.

I herewith send you General Scammon, Captain Pinckard, Lieutenants Millward and Lyon, and Sergeant Thomas McCormick, who refused to take a parole.

I take great pleasure in bringing to your notice the coolness, discretion and courage displayed by Lieutenant Vertigan, as well as the good behavior and daring courage and fortitude of my entire force.

I shall report to Colonel Ferguson, in Wayne county, as speedily as possible, and send the prisoners through from this point with a mounted guard.

I remain, General, with much respect,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed)

JAMES H. NOUNNAN,

Major Commanding detachment Sixteenth Virginia Cavalry.

Major-General Sam. Jones,

Commanding Department West Virginia.

P. S.—I send General Scammon and Lieutenants Millward and Lyon in charge of Lieutenant Vertigan. The rest will be forwarded as soon as I hear from Colonel Ferguson.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

JAMES H. NOUNNAN, *Major, &c.*

Official.

CHARLES STRINGFELLOW, *A. A. General.*

Correspondence of Governor George W. Campbell—Original Letters.

LETTER FROM JAMES MONROE.

WASHINGTON, April 11th, 1818.

Dear Sir,—Mr. Pinkney having obtained his recall from Russia, it becomes necessary to supply his place by an immediate appointment of his successor. The confidence I repose in your abilities and integrity induces me to offer to your acceptance this trust. You will have the goodness to give me as early an answer as in your power.

With great respect and esteem,

I am, dear sir, sincerely yours,

JAMES MONROE.

LETTER FROM ALBERT GALLATIN.

PARIS, September 15th, 1819.

Dear Sir,—I improve the opportunity of our countryman, Mr. Kade, who goes direct to St. Petersburg, to send you a copy of the Acts of last session, transmitted by the Department of State.

Mr. Forsyth has been officially notified that the King of Spain would not ratify our treaty until he had obtained some previous explanations from the government of the United States, for which purpose he intended to send an extraordinary minister to Washington. Mr. Forsyth replied that he was able to give explanations on any point connected with the treaty, and that if it was not ratified within the time prescribed (the 22d of August), it would or might be considered as a nullity by the United States. The Spanish government made a civil answer, but persisted, so that they have in fact refused to ratify. It is understood that the explanations alluded to, relate to two points. The King of Spain had lately made some grants to favorites for immense tracts of land in Florida.

As to the treaty, the United States were to pay to their citizens five millions of dollars for Spanish spoils out of the proceeds of the sales of land in that province; it was insisted on their part that those grants should be annulled. The principle was agreed to, and by one of the articles, all grants subsequent to the — January, 1818, were declared null, under a common understanding that this date embraced all such grants. Subsequent to the ratification of the treaty and prior to Mr. Forsyth's departure from the United States, it was reported that the largest grant, to Duke d'Alazon, was dated two months earlier, and Mr. Forsyth was instructed, in exchanging the ratifications, to put

in a declaration that it was the understanding of both parties that that grant should be considered as null. He was bearer of two letters certifying this declaration to be consistent with the intention of the negotiators, one signed by Mr. Onis, the other by Mr. Hyde de Neuville, who, by order of his government, had acted in the negotiation as a common friend, and in the character of an inofficial mediator. The Spanish government was fully apprised of all these circumstances, that Mr. Forsyth was fully instructed on this point, and that our government would not yield it. It was, therefore, unnecessary to send to Washington for explanation in that respect, and if it was their intention to insist on the validity of the grant, they might as well have refused at once to exchange the ratification on the ground that Mr. Forsyth's declaration was inadmissible.

That government is also well apprised of the determination of ours not to give the explanation they require on the second point. What they want, is, that the United States should engage not to recognize the independence of any of the Spanish colonies. This had already been proposed and peremptorily refused. Our government cannot and will not enter into any obligation in that respect.

It follows that the intended mission will fail, that the treaty is rejected and that Spain must abide by the consequences. What course may be pursued by our government and by Congress is uncertain, and you are as able, at least as myself, to form conjectures on the result. One thing is certain, that the treaty was, in her situation, as advantageous to Spain as she could expect. We paid for the soil of Florida much more than it was worth. The sovereignty was convenient to us and of no use whatever to Spain, Florida being an insulated desert, unconnected with all her other colonies. And we gave in exchange what was of primary importance to her in order to form a barrier between our territory and Mexico. For we had, by the treaty, relinquished our claim to all the country along the Gulf of Mexico, west of the Sabine river; that is to say, to the whole of what the Spaniards called the Province of Texas. And notwithstanding our indubitable right to all the country watered by rivers falling in the Mississippi, we had also agreed that the Red river of the Mississippi should be the boundary, from the meridian of the Sabine river to the 100th degree of longitude west of Greenwich, and that from thence the limit should be due north to the Arkansas, and afterwards up the Arkansas to its source, yielding thereby the whole country south of the Red river, from a very short distance beyond Natchitoches, and a large portion of territory north of the Red river and south of the Arkansas.

I do not believe that Spain will ever again obtain similar terms, and there is but one voice respecting the ignorance and folly which have dictated their late determination. Many persons charge Great Britain with it. She has had, heretofore, no influence over the councils of Spain, and Lord Castlereagh has expressly declared to Mr. Rush, that although England should have preferred that Florida should have remained in the hands of Spain, they not only had not interfered, but foreseeing the consequences of rejection of a treaty actually signed, had advised its ratification.

You may have already received all this information from our government, Mr. Forsyth and Mr. Rush, but reflecting on your remote situation, and thinking that a correct knowledge of the facts might enable you to make a proper impression on the Russian government, that that government is not less friendly to Spain than to us, and that it may be important that they should know beforehand the probable consequences of the conduct of Spain, I have thought that this hasty summary might be acceptable. I must add, and you may rely on the fact, that Onís had acted not only in conformity with his instructions, but had yielded less than they authorized him to do; so that there is a positive breach of good faith on the part of Spain, a circumstance which renders a renewal of negotiations still more difficult.

I remain, with great respect and sincere attachment, dear sir,

Your most obedient servant,

ALBERT GALLATIN.

Excuse my scrawl, I have not time to transcribe.

His Excellency Geo. W. Campbell, St. Petersburg.

FROM COMMODORE McDONOUGH.

UNITED STATES SHIP GUERRIERE,
CROMSTADT, September 27th, 1818.

Sir,—This day being the anniversary of the coronation of the Emperor Alexander, it may be thought that this ship might have paid a compliment to it by salute, but I find the Russian vessels which are draped on the occasion, and which will, in all probability, salute also, have not displayed the flag of the United States among others which they have hoisted; this has determined me not to salute, and I hope my determination in this instance to remain silent is correct.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, sir,

Your obedient servant,

T. McDONOUGH.

Honorable G. W. Campbell, St. Petersburg.

Colonel Baldwin's Interview with Mr. Lincoln—Letter from Colonel J. H. Keatley, of Iowa.

We publish the following letter as confirming the accuracy of Dr. Dabney's interesting report of Colonel John B. Baldwin's account of his interview with Mr. Lincoln.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA, December 18, 1880.

Rev. J. William Jones, D. D.,

Secretary Southern Historical Society, Richmond, Va. :

Dear Sir,—I have just read, in the first volume of the Transactions of your society, Dr. Dabney's paper concerning an interview between Mr. Lincoln and Colonel John Baldwin, of Virginia, in April, 1861. In May, 1865, I was on duty, as a Federal military officer, in Norfolk, and while the United States District Court for the eastern district of Virginia was in session there. I was introduced to Colonel Baldwin at that time, in the clerk's office, by Honorable L. H. Chandler, United States District Attorney, Colonel Baldwin being then in attendance on some business connected with that court, and having also for the first time, after the war, visited Norfolk. I met him again, during the afternoon, at the Atlantic hotel, and he was kind enough to refer to some of the incidents of the contest, and to the causes which occasioned it. In that interview he made substantially the same statement that Dr. Dabney has given in his valuable and interesting paper, but, for reasons that will occur to almost any one, I did not repeat what he said, and did not feel at liberty then to make any publication of his statement, and would not do so now had not others already done so.

Yours respectfully,

JNO. H. KEATLEY.

An Official Paper which was Never Sent.

The following letter explains itself. We should be glad to learn something more concerning the lieutenants who wrote the document quoted :

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA, February 11, 1881.

Dr. J. W. Jones, Secretary Southern Historical Society :

Dear Sir,—In the winter of 1864 and the spring of 1865 I served in the Army of the Potomac, in front of Petersburg, and was present

during the last gallant efforts of the Army of Northern Virginia. Upon reaching the inside of the Confederate works in the vicinity of the point where the Weldon railroad crossed the trenches I saw a bunch of papers, the one corner of which lay in a pool of blood. Near by was also the shattered carriage of a gun, indicating that one of our shells had dismounted it. Everywhere were the signs of a desperate struggle, though the dead and wounded had been removed. I picked up the package of papers, supposing that some poor fellow had dropped them as he fell, and they might lead to a clue. There was nothing of interest except one, a copy of which I give you. I preserved it, but there was no historical society in the South in 1873 with which I was acquainted to which to send it, and therefore that year I placed it among the archives of the Iowa Historical Society for safe keeping, and publication was made of it among the transactions for that year. When I last saw it it had a large blood stain and a number of earth stains from the yellow clay in which I found it. It was written on coarse foolscap paper, in a delicate hand, and evidently had been prepared for transmission through the regular military channels to the War Department at Richmond. The following is the document:

CAMP SIXTY-FIRST ALABAMA REGIMENT,
March 31, 1865.

General,—We have the honor to request of you authority to raise ten companies of colored troops in the vicinity of Montgomery, Ala. We feel confident that this can be done, with the help of influential friends; both of us having many in and around the city.

We are, General, very respectfully,

Your obedient servants,

THOMAS T. GREENE,
First Lieut. and Adj't. Sixty-first Ala. Regt. Inf.

DE WITT DILLARD,
First Lieut. Co. "A" Sixty-first Ala. Regt. Inf.
To General S. Cooper, A. and I. G.

I have always had a personal interest in the fate of these gallant soldiers, and I give you the copy for what it is worth. There is no doubt of the genuineness of the paper, as I picked it up and did not receive it from any second hand.

Yours fraternally,

JOHN H. KEATLEY.

**Reminiscences of the Army of Northern Virginia, or the Boys in Gray,
as I saw them from Harper's Ferry in 1861 to Appomattox Court-
house in 1865.**

By J. WM. JONES.

[*Prefatory Note.*—The readers of our *Papers* will bear witness that the Secretary has not often troubled them with his own writing, preferring that our valuable space should be filled by other pens. As I have been, however, frequently urged by gentlemen, in whose judgment I have great confidence, to publish a series of papers which shall attempt a sketch of army life as I saw it, I have decided to yield to their solicitation, so far, at least, as to present several papers on different phases of the history of our grand old army. It is for others to say how far it may be desirable to continue them. My general design is (while preserving the strictest historic accuracy as to our great campaigns and battles, bringing out especially the great odds against which we fought) to draw a series of pictures of the prominent leaders, and of the private soldiers of that army, showing who they were, what they were, what they did, and what they said on the march, in the camp, the bivouac, the hospital, and on the battlefield.]

PAPER No. 1.

EARLY DAYS OF THE WAR.

It was my proud privilege to follow the fortunes of the Army of Northern Virginia, from Harper's Ferry, in 1861, to Appomattox Court-house, in 1865. Entering the service as "high private in the rear rank," and afterward acting as chaplain in both Stonewall Jackson's and A. P. Hill's corps, I had some peculiar facilities for seeing and knowing what occurred. Personally acquainted with Robert E. Lee, J. E. Johnston, Beauregard, Jackson, Stuart, Ewell, A. P. Hill, Early, Edward Johnson, Rodes, Pender, Heth, Wilcox, Hampton, Fitzhugh Lee, W. H. F. Lee, John B. Gordon, Pegram, J. A. Walker, and a large number of others of our leading officers, I at the same time made it my duty to know thoroughly the unknown private of the rank and file. I marched with him along the weary road; I bivouaced with him in the pelting storm; I shared with him the rough delights of the camp; I joined with him in those delightful services which proved that Jesus was often in the army with a power rarely witnessed at home. I went with him into the leaden and iron hail of battle, and I ministered to him in the loathsome hospital. I saw him in the hour of victory giving a right royal greeting to his loved and honored chief—and I saw him

when he wept bitter tears, upon being "compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources."

It will be for me, therefore, a privilege and a pleasure to recall a few reminiscences of our grand old army, as I saw it, and to give some pen pictures of it, which I trust will be true to life, of interest to old comrades and others, and not devoid of historic value.

I will not dwell upon the details of leaving home—at sundown on the memorable 17th day of April, 1861—in obedience to a telegram from the governor of Virginia, of the ovation along the route to Manassas, Front Royal, Strausburg, and Winchester to Harper's Ferry, nor of the bloodless victory in the capture of the armory, arsenal, and an invaluable quantity of arms, machinery, etc., which were safely sent to Richmond. The world has rarely seen a more splendid body of men than the volunteer companies who composed the troops which captured Harper's Ferry. Among the rank and file were the very flower of our Virginia men, and, perhaps, half of those who afterwards attained the highest rank in the Virginia forces were in the rank and file of those brave fellows who rushed to the frontier at the first tap of the drum.

The gallant gentlemen who at first commanded at Harper's Ferry were totally inexperienced in the art of war, and there was a great deal of confusion in the management of affairs, the camps being filled with wild rumors, and the whole force being frequently turned out on false alarms.

Soon, however, a master hand took the reins—"Major T. J. Jackson," of the Virginia Military Institute, having been commissioned Colonel of the Virginia forces and sent to take command at Harper's Ferry. This promotion was a surprise, and a grief, to people who only knew Jackson as a quiet professor in Lexington.

But Governor Letcher knew the story of his brilliant career in Mexico, and had faith in his soldierly qualities. When his name was presented to the Virginia Convention for confirmation a member rose and asked "who is this Major Jackson?" and the delegate from Rockbridge replied, "He is a man of whom you may be certain that if you tell him to hold a position he will never leave it alive." I remember that we, too, asked when he first got to Harper's Ferry, the last of April, "Who is Colonel Jackson?" but during the month he held the command he showed so clearly that he knew just what he was about that we were almost sorry when we first heard, the last of May, that the command had been turned over to that great strategist, General J. E. Johnston.

Frequent guard and picket duty, almost constant drilling (I remem-

ber one Sunday I had made two appointments to preach, but was on drill seven hours during the day, and was sent on picket that night), and the routine of the camp kept us very busy, and soon brought comparative order out of the chaos that had reigned, so that the "Army of the Shenandoah" which Colonel Jackson turned over to General Johnston was tolerably well armed and equipped, under fair discipline, and full of fight.

As we stood picket on Maryland Heights, or up and down the Potomac, or as we turned out to meet a rumored advance of the enemy, we verily believed that Harper's Ferry was one of the strongholds of the Confederacy and that our force could maintain it against all comers. My company (the "Louisa Blues," Captain H. W. Murray) was one that entered into the organization of the Thirteenth Virginia infantry, which was to make for itself a reputation second to none in the service. Our colonel was A. P. Hill, who had won a fine reputation in the old army, and was one of the most accomplished soldiers with whom I ever came in contact, who was the idol of his men, and who, by his gallantry and skill, steadily rose to the rank of Lieutenant-General, and fell, mourned by the whole South, on that ill-fated day, at Petersburg, which witnessed the breaking of his lines and the virtual fall of the Confederacy.

Our Lieutenant-Colonel was James A. Walker, who would have graduated first in his class at the Virginia Military Institute had he not been expelled for a difficulty with "old Jack." But this difficulty was all forgotten when Jackson witnessed Walker's splendid courage and marked skill in the field; and one of the very strongest recommendations given during the war was Jackson's recommendation for Walker's promotion. He succeeded to the command of the old "Stonewall brigade;" was terribly wounded at Spotsylvania Court-house, but returned to take the command of Early's old division, which he gallantly led to Appomattox Court-house. He is now the able and honored Lieutenant-Governor of Virginia.

Our Major was J. E. B. Terrill, a brilliant graduate of the Virginia Military Institute, whose gallantry and skill won for him the Brigadier's wreath and stars just as he yielded up his brave young life at Bethesda church, in June, 1864.

With such leaders, and the splendid material which composed our regiment, it soon became the pride of its officers and the glory of its humblest private soldier.

It was my privilege, while at Harper's Ferry, to see occasionally Captain Turner Ashby, whose raven locks and soldierly bearing even then.

attracted attention, and whose name had become famous when he fell in June, 1862, as Brigadier-General of cavalry, but gallantly leading an infantry charge.

I saw here also Colonel J. E. B. Stuart, who afterwards became the idol of the army, Colonel E. Kirby Smith, who was to surrender, as General commanding, the trans-Mississippi Department, Major Whiting, who was to win his wreath and stars and imperishable glory for his brave defense of Wilmington, and a number of others who are not unknown to fame.

General Johnston at once won the confidence and enthusiastic admiration of all the troops; but it required all of their love for him to bear with any patience his decision, that so far from being a "stronghold," Harper's Ferry was "a complete man-trap," and should be evacuated as soon as the machinery, &c., could be removed.

On the 13th of June, Colonel A. P. Hill, with his own regiment and the Tenth Virginia, moved back to Winchester, and preparations for the evacuation of Harper's Ferry were begun at once.

To one of Lee's veterans it is very amusing to recall those days of "holiday" soldiering at Harper's Ferry, where we were all quartered in houses, where we drilled in dress uniforms and white gloves, where every private soldier had his trunk, and each company enough baggage for a small wagon train.

But now we were to become sure enough soldiers. On the 14th, Colonel Hill was started (with his own regiment, the Tenth Virginia, and the Third Tennessee) to make a march to Romney, forty-three miles west of Winchester, for the purpose of meeting a reported advance in that direction of his old West Point chum, McClellan. I well remember the scene on the streets of Winchester, as we marched through, amid the waving of handkerchiefs by the ladies and the shouts of the crowd; the hospitality of the good people along the route, who supplied us with buttermilk and "wheat bread;" the sufferings of the men, all unused to marching, who soon filled the ambulances and the wagons; the warm reception we met at Romney by people who hailed us as their "deliverers," and treated us with the utmost kindness; and the pleasure I found in relieving blistered feet by resorting to my boyhood habit of going barefooted.

While at Romney, the Commissary, a young gentleman who had been detailed for the purpose, reported one day that he could find no beef for that day's rations. "Very well," said Colonel Hill, "you can report back to your company. We have no earthly use for a Commissary who, in a country like this, cannot furnish regular rations for the

men." Calling for his horse, he rode out from camp, and was soon seen coming back driving a herd of fine beeves, amid the enthusiastic shouts of the soldiers: "Colonel Hill is the Commissary for us."

On the night of the 18th of June, Colonel Hill sent two companies of the Thirteenth Virginia and two of the Third Tennessee to surprise the Federal garrison and destroy the bridge at New Creek, on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. The expedition was a success, 250 of the enemy were put to flight, and when the detachment returned with two pieces of captured artillery and several stand of colors, each man was a hero in the eyes of his comrades as well as his own, and the rest of us felt deep chagrin that we had not belonged to the chosen band.

It being settled that McClellan would not advance by that route, we were marched back to the neighborhood of Winchester. Colonel Elzey, of the First Maryland regiment, was now put in command of our brigade, which was made to consist of the Thirteenth Virginia, Third Tennessee, Tenth Virginia, and First Maryland, and we had a season of constant drilling, heavy guard duty, and rigid discipline.

On the 21st of July, Colonel Jackson had a sharp skirmish at Falling Waters with the advance of General Patterson's army, in which, with 300 of the Fifth Virginia regiment, and one piece of artillery (commanded by Captain Rev. Dr. Pendleton), he kept back, for some time, two brigades of the enemy, and retired when about to be flanked, bringing off forty-five prisoners and inflicting other loss, with a loss on his part of only two killed and six or eight wounded.

General Johnston at once advanced his whole army to Darkesville, six miles from Martinsburg, where we found Jackson awaiting us, and where, for four days, we remained in line of battle, and, with a force of not quite 9,000, threw down the gaue to General Patterson, with his upwards of 20,000. I mingled freely among the men here, having old college mates in nearly every command, and I never saw men more anxious to fight—being eager to be led to attack the enemy at Martinsburg when it seemed settled he would not attack us.

It was while we were at Darkesville that I first came in personal contact with the afterwards world-renowned "Stonewall" Jackson, who was then a modest Brigadier-General of two days' standing. A colporteur (a friend of mine) had sent me word that he desired permission to enter our lines to distribute Bibles and tracts. With the freedom with which in our army the humblest private could approach the highest officer I at once went to General Jackson for the permit. I have a vivid recollection of how he impressed me. Dressed in a simple Virginia uniform, apparently about thirty-seven years old, six feet

high, medium size, gray eyes that seemed to look through you, light brown hair, and a countenance in which deep benevolence seemed mingled with uncompromising sternness, he impressed me as having about him nothing at all of the "pomp and circumstance of war," but every element which enters into the skillful leader, and the indomitable, energetic soldier who was always ready for the fight. Stating to him my mission, he at once replied in pleasant tones, and with a smile of peculiar sweetness: "Certainly, sir, it will give me great pleasure to grant all such permits. I am glad that you came to me, and I shall be glad to be introduced to the colporteur."

Afterward, introducing my friend, Jackson said to him: "You are more than welcome to my camp, and it will give me great pleasure to help you in your work in every way in my power. I am more anxious than I can express that my men should be, not only good soldiers of their country, but also good soldiers of the Cross." We lingered for some time in an exceedingly pleasant conversation about the religious welfare of the army, and when I turned away, with a very courteous invitation to call on him again, I felt that I had met a man of deep-toned piety, who carried his religion into every affair of life, and who was destined to make his mark in the war.

When, at the expiration of the four days, we were ordered back to Winchester, the murmurs were both loud and deep, and the beautiful order issued by General Johnston was scarce sufficient to allay the dissatisfaction at returning without a fight.

We were then learning our first lessons in war; we became afterwards quite willing to allow our commander to decide when we should fight.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

OUR PRESENT NUMBER will be found, we think, in variety, interest, and historic value, fully up to the high standard of excellence we have fixed for our *Papers*. And we do not mean to allow any deterioration. We have the material now on hand to keep up the interest in our *Papers* for years to come; we are constantly receiving fresh accessions to our material, and we only ask our friends to help us increase our circulation, that we may introduce many contemplated improvements.

THE BANQUET OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY AND NAVY SOCIETY OF MARYLAND, at the Eutaw House, Baltimore, on the evening of the 22d of February, must have been, from the newspaper reports, a brilliant affair, and we deeply regretted that we were, at the last moment prevented, by an imperative engagement, from fulfilling our purpose of accepting a kind invitation to be present on the happy occasion.

It would have been indeed a sweet privilege to mingle with old comrades of the First Maryland regiment, and of other commands, and to have heard the speeches of General Wade Hampton, General W. H. F. Lee, General B. T. Johnson, General D. H. Maury, and others. We rejoice in all of these gatherings of old Confederates, in all of these efforts to keep alive the memories of the brave old days of '61-65.

But we cannot emphasize too earnestly our conviction of the importance of utilizing these occasions in order to put into permanent form, for the use of the future historian, the history of the commands which these gallant gentlemen represent. The day is not distant when the seats of these heroic soldiers at the festive board will be vacant, and the true story of their glorious deeds lost to the world, *unless those who made the history shall tell it as it was, and in such form as that it can be handed down to posterity.* We have been gratified to learn that a full history of the Maryland troops in the Confederate service is now being prepared, and we trust that it will be pressed to completion. Let the Army Associations of other States see to it that their history is also written, and that it is *put in permanent form*—not simply published in some local newspaper—so that future generations may read it. And we would modestly suggest that we know of no more appropriate place for such publications than the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, and that no better way of vindicating the truth of our history can be devised than by giving these *Papers* a hearty support.

A "REBEL" MAJOR-GENERAL as commander of one of the "divisions" of the procession, at the approaching inauguration of President Garfield, has excited the ire of the "Union veterans" in Washington, who have resolved not to march in the procession unless the "outrage" is removed.

General W. T. Sherman, chief marshal, appointed the offending marshal (General C. W. Field), and insists upon retaining him, and it remains to be seen what the "veterans" will do.

For our part we hope the gallant Confederate will relieve the minds of the "veterans" [we should like to know how many of them were real "veterans" and not "bounty jumpers" or "boom proofs"] by declining the honor of being marshal at all, and that "the boys in gray" will make themselves *conspicuously absent* from any such people so long as they are unable to realize that the war closed nearly sixteen years ago.



Vol. IX.

Richmond, Va., March, 1881.

No. 3.

**Operations of the Cavalry in Mississippi, from January to March, 1864.—
Report of General S. D. Lee.**

HEAD-QUARTERS LEE'S CAVALRY,
TUSCALOOSA, ALABAMA, April 18th, 1864.

Colonel,—The following is submitted as my report of the operations of the cavalry under my command during the recent campaign in Mississippi. During the latter part of January the enemy commenced to concentrate a large force at Vicksburg, bringing large reinforcements from Memphis and above, and evacuating the Mississippi and Central railroad. To oppose this force, Jackson's division was in position as follows:

Ross's Texas brigade was guarding the Yazoo river and Mississippi Central railroad, posted at Benton. Starke's Mississippi brigade was at Brownsville, watching the crossings of the Big Black, opposite Vicksburg. Adams's brigade was moved from the vicinity of Natchez to Raymond.

About the 28th of January the enemy commenced their demonstrations up Yazoo river with their boats, and moved their cavalry up towards Mechanicsburg. Their demonstrations continued daily to the

5th of February, and were handsomely met by the gallant Texans under Ross, fighting their gun boats and infantry, and repulsing them on every occasion.

At Liverpool two small regiments and a section of artillery of King's battery, under Lieutenant Moore, repulsed three large regiments of infantry of the enemy, supported by their gun boats. The enemy charged in gallant style, and were repulsed twice; the second time the Texans using their six-shooters at twenty paces. The two regiments were the Sixth and Ninth Texas. The gun boats and transports went down the Yazoo on the 5th, abandoning for a time any attempt to land troops. On the evening of the 3rd of February, while their demonstrations were going on on the Yazoo, the enemy commenced crossing the Big Black rapidly at the railroad bridge and at Messenger's Ferry, six miles above. They advanced towards Clinton on the two roads from the two crossings; and, on the 4th, Adams's and Starke's brigades engaged them, and it was soon discovered, after heavy skirmishing, that there were at least two corps of the enemy, one on each road. Their force was estimated at twenty thousand.

On the 5th, at dawn, the enemy advanced in heavy line of battle on both roads, and it was discovered by their developments, and from prisoners, that their army consisted of McPherson's and Hurlbut's corps, and a brigade of cavalry, numbering in all about twenty-six thousand men. The advance of the enemy was rapid, the open country enabling him to march his force with ease on several roads.

The two brigades were steadily driven back to Jackson, where they arrived about dark.

Too much praise cannot be given officers and men for the gallant manner in which they fought this superior force, every man knowing, by actual observation, the strength of the enemy.

Jackson was occupied by the enemy on the morning of the 6th, my command having passed through the city the previous evening, taking the Canton road, to cover Canton and enable General Loring to cross with his division over Pearl river to Brandon from Canton. Brigadier-General L. W. Ferguson's brigade, which joined me at Clinton on the 4th, took the road from Clinton to Madison Station. On the evening of the 6th, finding the enemy made no advance towards Canton, the four brigades were put in position to cross Pearl river, in case the enemy should do so at Jackson; and a regiment was sent to Brandon to cover that place and watch the crossings at Jackson. Late, on the 7th, I ascertained the enemy were crossing, and, early on the 8th, crossed Pearl river.

Sent Ferguson's brigade to Morton to cover Major-General Loring's front, and ordered Jackson, with his two brigades (Adams's and Starke's), to move on the flank of the enemy at Brandon and Pelahatchee stations; at the same time ordered Ross to abandon the Yazoo country and join his division, as the enemy were moving on Meridian. Jackson's two brigades did their work handsomely, driving in the enemy's foraging parties and compelling them to march on one road. It was impossible to damage the enemy much as he marched in perfect order, his trains being divided between the brigades and kept in close order. On the night of the 9th I received an order, while in rear of the enemy at Pelahatchee Station, from the Lieutenant General to cover the M. and O. R. R. south of Meridian, to enable him to return to Mobile its garrison, which he had withdrawn, as he then believed the enemy would move on Mobile and not on Meridian. On the 11th, four miles south of Newton Station, I met General Ferguson, who had been ordered to the same position as myself by the Lieutenant General, and for the same object. I at once ordered him to the Decatur and Meridian road to place himself in front of the enemy, as it was then evident that he was moving on Meridian and not Mobile. On the 12th, with a part of Adams's brigade, a dash was made on the flank of the enemy at Decatur, disabling a train of about thirty wagons. The infantry of the enemy advanced in line of battle in a few moments after the dash, showing that they marched with every precaution.

The proximity of the infantry of the enemy would not allow the wagons to be brought over. On the 13th an order was received from the Lieutenant-General to cover the M. and O. R. R. above Meridian. At the time of the receipt of this order the position of the enemy and his advance rendered it impossible to comply with the order in time to effect the object desired, and, with Jackson's two brigades, I moved to Chunky Station, and during the night received an order to move to Meridian to cover the retreat of the army from that point to Demopolis. Only one brigade could reach Meridian owing to the rapid advance of the enemy, the other being compelled to make a detour to the right. The enemy occupied Meridian about 3 P. M. on the 14th of February, Starke and Ferguson's brigades skirmishing heavily with them at Meridian. By an order of the Lieutenant-General commanding, on the 14th, I was placed in command of all the cavalry west of Alabama, and at once put myself in communication with Major-General Forrest. In retiring from Meridian my command moved towards Old Marion. On the 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th the enemy engaged himself destroying the railroad north, south and east from Meridian, putting

two divisions of infantry at work in each direction. The roads were destroyed for about twelve miles each way. Attempts were made to stop the work but their heavy force made it of no avail.

Ross's brigade arrived at Doleville on the 16th, and skirmished with the enemy on the 17th, near Old Marion. On the evening of the 17th I received an order from the Lieutenant-General to move with my disposable force to join General Forrest, who reported that the enemy's cavalry force, 8,000 men, were moving on him. On the morning of the 18th the four brigades moved towards Starksville, the point indicated by General Forrest, leaving only Colonel Perrin's Mississippi regiment to cover Demopolis and observe the enemy. The command moved as rapidly as the jaded condition of the horses would admit, and at daylight on the 23d arrived at Line Creek, where General Forrest was on the 22d, and found, much to my surprise and regret, that the enemy had commenced to retreat twenty-four hours previously.

On the 19th, Forrest moved from Starkesville, through West Point, towards Aberdeen, and again retired before the enemy, across the Suckatinchie Creek. The enemy, on reaching West Point, heard of my approach on the 21st, and immediately commenced their retreat. Forrest, on the 22d, in the evening, commenced the pursuit, and caught up with their rear-guard, inflicting severe punishment on them, capturing six pieces of artillery and many prisoners. My command was much disappointed at the result of this action, having anticipated a fight with their own arm of the service and with equal numbers. I had been led to believe from General Forrest's reports that the force of the enemy was superior to our combined commands, and that the difficulty was in avoiding a general engagement till my arrival. Not having received General Forrest's report, I am not able to explain his move on the 19th to fight the enemy, and again retiring before him without concentrating and giving battle with his entire force.

I feel confident, however, that this gallant officer acted with judgment and to the best interests of the service. On the 24th I ordered General Jackson, with his own division and Ferguson's brigade, to move towards Canton and harass General Sherman, who was then retiring from Meridian towards Vicksburg. General Jackson encountered the enemy near Sharon, driving in his foraging parties and hastening his march to Vicksburg. His work was well done, capturing about 20 wagons, and killing and capturing about 200 of the enemy, the last of whose forces recrossed the Big Black on the 4th of March. Brigadier-General Ross, with his brigade of Texans, was sent to the

Yazoo country by Brigadier-General Jackson, and Richardson's brigade of Tennesseans and Forrest's cavalry were sent by my order to Grenada, from Starkesville on the 24th. General Ross, about the 28th of February, while going into camp near Benton, was charged by about 80 negro cavalry from Yazoo City. About an equal number of the Texans charged them, and before they got to Yazoo City (10 miles), 75 of the negroes were caught and killed, as they continued to offer resistance and to run. On the 5th of March, Brigadier-Generals Richardson and Ross, coöperating, attacked Yazoo City, drove the enemy from all the redoubts except one, and took possession of the city, capturing many stores and a few prisoners. The enemy having concentrated in the strongest redoubt, it was not considered prudent to assault it, as it was defended by about 400 infantry and surrounded by a ditch. Generals Ross and Richardson retired from the city about sunset, and the enemy evacuated the place the next day. This was a gallant affair and caused the enemy to withdraw from the Yazoo river. I cannot speak in too high terms of the officers and men of my command. They were in the saddle almost continually from the 1st of February to the 4th of March, undergoing great fatigue and fighting a large army of infantry (for Sherman had only a brigade of cavalry with him), with a gallantry and spirit which cannot be too highly commended. I would especially commend to the favorable notice of the Lieutenant-General commanding, the good conduct and soldierly qualities of Brigadier-General W. H. Jackson, commanding a division, to whose assistance and action much of the credit of the recent campaign is due. Brigadier-Generals Adams and Ross and Ferguson deserve my thanks for their distinguished gallantry on the field and the able management of their commands. Colonel P. B. Starke, commanding brigade, showed skill and gallantry on every occasion, and won my confidence. For the parts taken by the different regiments and for instances of individual gallantry, I refer to the enclosed reports. I will, however, mention a few seeming to deserve especial notice. On the 4th of February, near Bolton's depot, my position was being flanked by a cavalry brigade of the enemy—seeing the danger, and to give time to meet the attack, Major W. H. Bridges, P. A. C. S., was detached, with the two escort companies of General Jackson and myself, numbering about 90 men. That gallant officer, with his select band, attacked the vastly superior force of the enemy with a boldness and daring I have not witnessed before during the war. The advance was checked and many lives saved by the good conduct of that officer and the two companies. I regret to state that in effecting the object

for which he was sent, he received a mortal wound, and is now lost to his country. A more daring spirit has not fallen during the war, nor one who has been more regretted by his comrades. Lieutenant Harvey, commanding scouts of Starke's brigade (40 in number), killed and captured 150 of the enemy, and he has established an enviable reputation for gallantry and efficiency. To the members of my personal staff, I am indebted for their gallantry and efficiency.

I would particularly mention Major William Elliott, Assistant Adjutant-General, and Lieutenants J. D. McFarland, S. M. Underhill and N. S. Farish, Acting Aides. Major G. B. Dyer, C. S., and A. G. Quaite, Quarter-master, performed their duties to my satisfaction. Assistant Surgeon D. W. Boothe, Medical Department, was constantly with me, and, in addition to his regular duties, displayed gallantry in transmitting orders, under fire frequently. The loss of the enemy was about 400 prisoners and 300 killed and wounded. Enclosed are the reports of the General officers of my command, and a list of killed, wounded, &c.

I am, Colonel, yours respectfully,

S. D. LEE, *Major-General.*

Lieutenant-Colonel T. M. Jack, A. A. G., Demopolis, Ala.

The Defence of Battery Gregg—General Lane's Reply to General Harris.

During the war I had no newspaper correspondent at my headquarters, nor did I write anything about my brigade for publication. Since I have "put aside the harness of war and become a quiet and plodding citizen" I have, by request and "for the sake of truth and justice," written a few articles, in which I endeavored to give only such facts as came under my own observation. Now, unasked, I must again obtrude myself "most reluctantly upon the public," as General Harris, in the last No., 1880, of the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, does my old brigade and myself great injustice.

General Harris charges me with having "*remained utterly silent*" for "*fifteen years*" before coming forward to claim "*all the honors*" of the defence of Fort Gregg for my brigade of North Carolinians, to the exclusion of his "*Mississippians and the gallant Louisiana artillerists.*" The facts are these: I, as early as the 10th day of April, 1865, at Appomattox Court-house, in my last official report, stated that a part of my command "retreated to Battery Gregg, which was subsequently

attacked by an immense force, and fell after the most gallant and desperate defence." On the 20th May, 1867, I furnished information about my command to General Lee, at his request, through General Wilcox, and called attention to the fact that "*Harris's brigade* had been given in print *all* the credit of that gallant affair, when the honor really belonged to my brigade, Chew's battery, and Walker's supernumerary artillerists, and not to Harris's brigade"—not meaning, of course, that none of Harris's brigade were in the fort, as a copy of Lieutenant Snow's letter accompanied my statement. I afterwards wrote direct to General Lee, enclosed a copy of my last official report and copies of the letters of Lieutenants Snow, Craige, Howard and Rigler (in all of which it is admitted that some of Harris's brigade took part in the defence), and called his attention to the injustice that had been done my command in the articles that had been published. General Lee acknowledged the receipt of my letter with enclosures, and thanked me specially for the copy of my report. Again, on the 19th September, 1867, in an article which appeared in the *Richmond Dispatch* and *Petersburg Index* in response to a piece claiming that "the *infantry* garrison of Fort Gregg was composed *entirely* of the Mississippi brigade of Harris, Mahone's division," I made the same statement that I did to Generals Lee and Wilcox. Lastly, in the January No., 1877, of the *Southern Historical Society Papers* I reiterate my statement, and give copies of the letters of Lieutenants Snow, Craige, Howard and Rigler—all gallant and meritorious young officers. From this it will be readily seen that I did not wait fifteen years in utter silence, and that I and my Lieutenants do not claim for our brigade "all the honors" of the defence of Fort Gregg. So far from it, we admit that Chew's battery, Walker's supernumerary artillerists, some of Harris's brigade, of Mahone's division, and some of Thomas's brigade were in Fort Gregg, and cheerfully accord to *all* credit for having behaved most gallantly. We deny that "the *infantry* garrison of Fort Gregg was composed *entirely* of the Mississippi brigade of Mahone's division." We deny that the honors of that defence belong *exclusively* to that brigade of Mahone's division. We claim that the largest part of the infantry which so heroically defended that fort was from our brigade of North Carolinians.

General Wilcox, to whom General Lee ordered General Harris to report on that occasion, says that the infantry force in Fort Gregg was "composed of detachments from Thomas's, Lane's and Harris's brigades; the number from Thomas's brigade, as now remembered, being

less than that from either of the other two. The most of Harris's brigade was sent to Battery Whitworth."

I have recently seen General Thomas, who says that some of his men were in Fort Gregg, including his Adjutant General, Captain Norwood, and he authorizes me to state that Harris's brigade of Mahone's division has no right to the exclusive or chief honors of the defence of that fort.

Were it necessary, I could furnish letters upon this subject from Captain E. J. Hale, Jr., and Lieutenant E. B. Meade of my staff, Major Thomas J. Wooten, of the Eighteenth North Carolina, Lieutenant Thomas M. Wiggins, of the Thirty-seventh, and others.

When I made my last official report at Appomattox Court-house, in obedience to General Lee's order, I made no allusion whatever to any other command in Fort Gregg; but after stating that a part of my brigade retreated to that fort, I spoke of the gallant defence in *general terms*. I expected Generals Harris, Thomas and Walker to do the same, and that as we had all done our best for our lost but just cause, we, as old comrades in arms, would, in after years, *brag together*, as we had fought together, and not quarrel about *relative* numbers. Had it not been repeatedly stated that "the *infantry* garrison of Fort Gregg was composed *entirely* of the Mississippi brigade of Harris, Mahone's division," and had not "*all* the honors" of the defence of that fort been repeatedly claimed for that brigade of Mahone's division, I would have remained silent, and would not claim now, as I justly do, that the largest part of that "*infantry* garrison" was composed of brave North Carolinians.

As my winter quarters were a short distance in front of Fort Gregg, and I rode by that fort almost daily, I think I have the right to claim some knowledge of the positions of the detached forts, the interior and exterior lines, the dams, ponds, winter quarters, &c., in that locality.

When my line was broken, on the morning of the 2nd April, I sent Lieutenant Snow, as my staff were absent on duty, to division headquarters, to let General Wilcox know of the disaster, and to inform him that I was gradually falling back. I was opposed to a forward movement, and wanted to abandon the *detached* forts and fall back at once to the interior lines, because I knew, from personal observation, that the works, where my line had been broken, were held by an overwhelming force. I so informed General Wilcox on his arrival at Fort Gregg. He, however, ordered Thomas and myself forward, with instructions to me to occupy Fort Gregg, when I was forced to retire. I

formed immediately *in front* of Fort Gregg, and Thomas formed on my *left*. We drove the enemy beyond the branch, near the house occupied by Mrs. Banks. Harris's brigade came up *afterwards* on my *right*. When the enemy developed his two long, compact lines of battle, and a heavy line of skirmishers, and commenced advancing, I withdrew, and sent an officer at once to Fort Gregg with instructions to let a sufficient number of my men enter the fort to man it, and to order the others to the "Dam" between Fort Gregg and Battery 45.

General Thomas authorizes me to state that he advanced with me; that he was on my left next to the outer line of works; that he witnessed no such fighting by General R. Lindsay Walker and his artillerists as that mentioned in General Walker's letter to General Harris, and that Harris's brigade, of Mahone's division, was *subsequently* on our *right*.

General Wilcox in his article says: "The enemy were seen along our captured lines and on the Plank road. Lane's and Thomas's men were reformed—in all about six hundred—moved forward in good spirits, and recaptured the lines to the vicinity of Boisseau's house, together with the artillery in the different batteries along it. This was reported to General Lee." He further states that Harris's brigade, of Mahone's division, was *afterwards* 'ordered forward a little beyond the Bank's house, with orders not to become engaged with the enemy's line of battle. * * * * The fragments of Thomas's and Lane's brigades were withdrawn. * * * * The lines of battle of the enemy, *imposing from their number and strength*, advanced. Slowly, but steadily, our artillery—that in rear of Harris's brigade—was withdrawn, and the brigade, *after a slight skirmish*, retired.'"

And yet General Harris insists that "there were no troops to his right or left." And, what is still more remarkable, General R. Lindsay Walker in his letter to General Harris, after he had been to see General Mahone, and had read General Mahone's letter to General Harris, claims that he and his artillerists did all the fighting that was done by Thomas's brigade and mine; and he "does not hesitate to say, that the only assistance he received from any source whatever, was from the gallant Mississippi brigade, under General N. H. Harris," of Mahone's division. I wonder if General Walker remembers the conversation which he and I had at Fort Gregg!

It will be seen from this that I withdrew and started for Fort Gregg, in obedience to *positive* orders, before Harris's brigade, of Mahone's division, had its "slight skirmish and retired," and that I was nearer to Fort Gregg than either Harris or Thomas. Who then was most

likely to reach Fort Gregg *first*, the ground between my command and the fort being perfectly clear?

When General Wilcox came to Fort Gregg, after I had occupied it with my men, I told him what I had done, and he *approved* of it in the *presence of my staff*. I then had the fort supplied with cartridges in obedience to General Wilcox's orders. Though the greater part of my brigade was at the "Dam" I did not feel that I had the right to join it without *special* permission, as I had been *ordered* to Fort Gregg *against my wishes and judgment*. After General Wilcox left I held a consultation with my Adjutant-General and Aid, and as we were unanimous in not wishing to remain in the fort I determined to ask permission to leave, and was about to send to General Wilcox when he visited the fort again, on foot, and for the last time. We were then lying against the end of the earth-work, Petersburg side, outside of the palisade. I assigned as my reasons for wanting to leave that I did not wish to be killed or captured in the fort, which would certainly be the case if I remained, and that I thought the proper place for me was at the "Dam" with the larger part of my brigade. Permission was granted, and General Wilcox left without going into the fort. I then sent Captain Hale into the fort to count the men of my command, but he soon returned and informed me that as the different commands were so *mixed up* he could not execute my order without calling my men from the *banquette*, which would endanger too many valuable lives. While inside of the palisade Captain Hale saw several men wounded by splinters from the palisade, and two of the gallant artillerymen shot down in quick succession while attempting to fire one of the two pieces.

Before I left, I saw the artillery withdrawn from the fort in rear of and above Fort Gregg, called by some, Whitworth, and others, Anderson. It was this that caused me to state in my letter to General Wilcox, that Harris's brigade abandoned that fort before Fort Gregg was attacked in force.

After putting Lieutenant Snow in command of that part of my brigade which was in Fort Gregg, Captain Hale and Lieutenant Meade, of my staff, Lieutenant Thomas M. Wiggins, of the Thirty-seventh North Carolina, and I, started for the "Dam" at a dignified quick-step, but the enemy's infantry fire soon made us double-quick, and then forced us to run. We reached the "Dam" in safety, but were driven to the interior line, as stated in my official report.

From the night of April 1st, to the evacuation of Petersburg, I was in a position to know something about the fighting on that part of the

line, and I am satisfied that had General Lee lived to complete his work, he would have done justice to every brigade in Mahone's division, and would not have given to Harris's brigade either the exclusive or chief honor in the defence of Fort Gregg.

My North Carolina brigade, of its own accord, petitioned that I, a Virginian, should be promoted and assigned as its brigade commander, and I would now be false to its heroic dead, as well as to the survivors, were I to withhold facts, when such attempts are made by other commands to appropriate the honors to which it is justly entitled.

JAMES H. LANE.

Battle of Reams's Station—Report of General W. C. Wickham.

HEAD-QUARTERS WICKHAM'S BRIGADE, July 2, 1864.

Major J. D. Ferguson, A. A. G., Fitz Lee's Cavalry Division :

Major,—I have the honor to submit the following report of the part taken by my command in the engagement of June 29, 1864, near Reams's Station :

Upon reaching Carter's house I was ordered to dismount one of my regiments and send it in to the support of General Lomax, who had been ordered to make a flank attack whilst General Mahone attacked in front ; to keep two regiments in hand ready for mounted action, and to put one in rear of our trains to guard them.

The Second Virginia cavalry was dismounted, and supported General Lomax in his attack. This attack was followed by a rout. So soon as the enemy began to fly my two mounted regiments (the Third and Fourth Virginia) were thrown forward in the pursuit, passing the park of the enemy's wagons and caissons that they had fired. I made a detail that saved nineteen of the wagons and one caisson. Crossing Rowanty creek, where the enemy had left their ambulances and wounded, these regiments (the Third in front) soon came upon the rear guard of the enemy, and scattered it in every direction, capturing and bringing-off three pieces of artillery, taking two mountain howitzers, and forcing the enemy to abandon all but one of his guns (which were afterwards taken possession of by General Mahone's men when they came up), capturing, so far as I can learn, all of the wagons and ambulances that they attempted to take with them, and capturing many prisoners, negroes and small arms ; recapturing a considerable number

of our own infantry who had been captured in the morning. The pursuit was pressed on with but trivial opposition until we reached Stony creek, where the enemy (having torn up the bridge) made a stand, but were soon dislodged by General Lomax, with his men dismounted, when the pursuit was again resumed and pressed far into the night.

The next morning, on crossing Nottoway river, we found that the enemy had there abandoned their last gun, which I recovered from the river, into which they had thrown it, and it was brought back with us on our return.

The conduct of my men and officers was in the highest degree creditable to them.

Your obedient servant,

(Signed)

W. C. WICKHAM, *Brigadier General.*

History of the Fourth Kentucky Infantry. Address before the Louisville Branch of the Southern Historical Society.

BY CAPTAIN JOHN H. WELLER.

The Fourth Kentucky regiment of infantry, Confederate States army, was organized about the 1st of September, 1861, at Camp Burnett, Tennessee. Prior to that time, Colonel R. P. Trabue had received authority from the War Department in Richmond to raise a regiment, and had been in correspondence with parties in Kentucky who were recruiting men for the Southern service. Quite a number of small companies had reported with full complement of officers, while the following only brought enough men with them to muster into service and take rank as companies: A, B, C, F, G, H and K. The parts, or smaller companies, were commanded about as follows: Captain Willis S. Roberts, of Scott county; Captain Frank Scott, of McLean county; Captain Ben. I. Monroe, of Frankfort; Captain Thomas Steele, of Woodford; Captain Thomas W. Thompson, of Louisville, and Captain William Blanchard, of Mason county. I think it probable that company H was also made up of two or three parts of companies, commanded respectively by William P. Bramlette, of Nicholas; Joe L. Robertson, of Montgomery, and Captain Hugh Henry, of Bourbon. It seemed for a time that it would be a difficult matter to organize the "pieces" into regular companies, because those who had enlisted in Kentucky were naturally desirous of serving under the officers who had brought them out, and after the expense and danger incident to the recruiting and transportation of the men,

these officers wished to retain their rank and titles. Besides, when bidding adieu to their friends at home, they had pledged themselves to see to the comfort and interests of their sons. Some talked of going to Virginia, others of joining Morgan, while a few declared they would return to Kentucky, rather than be consolidated with other companies. Colonel Trabue was entirely too shrewd a man to allow these objections to disturb him. Once get enough men into camp, and he would very soon organize his regiment. He was possessed of the very tact which was needful on that occasion.

You would see him going quietly about among the officers, suggesting the manner in which the cause would be best served, and making places for disappointed ones, and on the whole fixing things to his entire satisfaction. I am yet unaware of his promises to Company H, or what he told my friend Joe Robertson on that occasion, but my memory is entirely fresh to the fact that after four or five trips to Bowling Green on special duty as Adjutant of a battalion under Captain Nuckols, I found when the balance of the regiment joined us there, that Joe was Adjutant of the command. In making him Adjutant, he had settled Company H and my "hash" at one and the same time. While I was glad to see him advanced to a good place, I could hardly realize the particular benefit that would accrue to me. I went South with Colonel Trabue for the express purpose of taking that place, and took it, and entered into the performance of the duty as such, and of course sought the Colonel to have an understanding about it. I was not long in making up my mind that a boy of nineteen was no match for a veteran of forty.

He seemed as much hurt over the affair as I was, and when I left him I actually felt sorry for him. Company D, however, took me in and kindly cared for me, and my associations with it live bright and fresh in my mind as if it were only yesterday I parted from them.

By relating the above I want you to understand that when Colonel Trabue came across an obstacle in his way he removed it. When the regiment was fully organized it stood thus: R. P. Trabue, formerly of Adair county, Colonel; Andrew R. Hynes, formerly of Bardstown, Lieutenant Colonel (these two were engaged in practicing law in Vicksburg and the South when the war commenced); Thomas B. Monroe, Jr., of Frankfort, Major; Joseph L. Robertson, of Montgomery county, Adjutant; Griff. P. Treobald, of Owen county, A. Q. M. (now of Louisville); George T. Shaw, of Louisville, A. C. S.; Dr. B. T. Marshall, of Green county, Surgeon; Dr. B. B. Scott, of Greenburg, Assistant Surgeon; Company A, Captain Joseph P. Nuckols, of Glasgow;

Company B, Captain James Ingram, of Henderson; Company C, Captain James M. Fitzhenry, of Uniontown; Company D, Captain Willis S. Roberts, of Scott county, which had blended with Captain Scott, of McLean, Scott being made First Lieutenant; Company E, Captain Benjamin I. Monroe, of Frankfort, which blended with Captain Steele, of Woodford, Steel being made First Lieutenant; Company F, Captain John A. Adair, of Green county; Company G, Captain Tandy L. Trice, of Trigg county; Company H, Captain William P. Bramlette, of Nicholas; Company I, Captain Thomas W. Thompson, of Louisville, which blended with Blanchard, of Mason (Blachard sought other service, and Samuel T. Forman, of Mason, was made First Lieutenant); Company K, Captain Joseph A. Millet, of Owensboro. When we were called to the color line we numbered about 1,000 men.

It will be noticed that our regiment was collected from widely divergent portions of the State, and it was true that probably no command in the Confederate service represented so many different types of the true Kentuckian. Bluegrass and hemp lands had met with tobacco and corn, and they were not slow in speaking of their leading products either. Each section had some staple production of which it was proud. And they had their peculiar characteristics, which they clung to as they did to the cause they had espoused. And while it is a fact that each section maintained its distinct originality, under all circumstances, whether in battle or quiet camp, on the toilsome march or competing for prizes on the parade ground, the men were secretly proud of being associated each section with the other. They perfectly exemplified the phrase. "Distinct as the billows, but one as the ocean." For instance, if one of our number visited the families in the neighborhood of our encampments in the far South, he would claim the whole of Kentucky as his own, and talk about how "we raised fine stock, barley, hemp, tobacco, corn, hogs, etc." In camp, however, they were disposed to claim that each represented the garden spot of Kentucky.

The Fourth was one of the best drilled regiments in the army. This was due to the efforts of Major Monroe, who acted as instructor. He formed his officers into a school, assigned them regular lessons, and had regular recitations; besides which we had constant daily squad, company, battalion drill, and guard-mounting. He was very patient and persevering—so much so that before the first battle came off he had us under complete discipline.

Colonel Trabue was not a very thorough tactician, but as a provider for his men, and a never-ceasing thoughtfulness for their comfort and general welfare, I assert positively that he never had an equal. He

was quick to see his rights, and brave to enforce them. While he lived his men had the very best of everything. We would often be in the enjoyment of plenty to eat and wear, while those around us would be suffering. Lieutenant-Colonel Hynes was rather old to be in the war; but he filled his place nobly, all the same. He was beloved by us as boys love their fathers; indeed, he exercised the part of father to many lads who were most too young to venture so far from home. It was thus the old Fourth started on a career that was to make it immortal. Promotion was slow, as we would naturally call it. Officers above you had either to die, resign or be killed, or permanently disabled before an advancement would be made. There was no such thing as general officers saying, on the field of battle or elsewhere: "Lieutenant, you are hereafter a Captain," or "Captain, you are now a Major," &c., &c. You got your promotion as "next" when a vacancy occurred above you, always provided you passed the "Board of Examiners," which was no easy matter, you may be sure.

Nevertheless, by bullets and disease, our field officers changed thus: Trabue, Colonel; Hynes resigned, and Monroe killed at Shiloh, made Nuckols Lieutenant-Colonel, and Ingram, of Company B, transferred to the artillery, and Fitzhenry, of Company C, resigned, made Roberts, of Company D, Major, and then Roberts was killed at Murfreesboro. Monroe, of Company E, being killed at Shiloh at the time Major Monroe, his brother, was killed, made Adair, of Company F, Major. Trabue died after receiving promotion to Brigadier-General in Richmond, which made Nuckols Colonel, Adair Lieutenant-Colonel. Trice, of Company G, losing his sight, resigned. Bramlette, of Company H, killed at Murfreesboro, made Thompson, of Company I, Major.

Lieutenant-Colonel Adair, still suffering from a severe wound received at Shiloh, was compelled to resign on account of it, making Thompson Lieutenant-Colonel, and Millett, of Company K, Major.

Nuckols, who was wounded in every battle, and by continuous suffering from fearful wounds, was retired, making Thompson Colonel. Millett, of Company K, was killed while Major. Bird Rogers, First Lieutenant of Company A (in the beginning) was killed while Major, leaving, when the war closed, Steele and Weller, two junior First Lieutenants (in the beginning), waiting for their commissions as Lieutenant-Colonel and Major.

By the time we were fully organized diseases incident to recruits in camp commenced to attack our men. From one-fourth to a third, and even half, would be on the sick list at once. A great many of our boys died without having fired a gun at the enemy. Thus, when the

battle of Shiloh took place, we did not have quite half the regiment in line, and we lost half of that half in that terrible struggle.

From the very outset the lion-hearted Trabue had endeavored to excite in the men a desire for action, which, added to the pride that they all felt for the cause in which we had enlisted, made every man eager for a "fray."

When one of our number died in hospital about the greatest sympathy that could be expressed for him was, "Poor fellow, he has gone before getting a fire at the Yanks." A large majority of our command was fearful the war would close before we had a battle. I have heard Colonel Trabue often threaten the men who were guilty of irregularities on the march from Burnsville to Shiloh that they should not go in the fight if they did not behave, and it was effective language used in exactly the right place.

Soldiers who by their "crooked ways" were unfortunate enough to be in the "Guard-House," or "under guard" on the march, which is the same thing, begged their Captains to have them released, so they could participate in the coming action. I knew one man of the Fourth, who was teamster to General Breckinridge's head-quarters, but was in duress at this time, who prevailed on the General to the extent of being released only for the battle. His splendid conduct on those two days of blood served to secure his permanent release, and he was never tried for his offence. Our regiment envied the Second for having been at Donelson, and thought General Buckner displayed a great deal of partiality in selecting it to go there. In fact, there was nothing like forgiveness in our natures until after Shiloh. We never turned green with envy after that when we saw other regiments selected for dangerous work. While the Fourth Kentucky behaved equally well on the battle-field in subsequent engagements I am inclined to think that, in view of surrounding circumstances, it deserves more credit for its conduct at Shiloh than anywhere else. We started for the scene of action about sunrise on the 6th of April, 1862. Early spring had touched all nature about us, but the warblers of morn had been frightened away by the rattling, booming sound in the short distance. Now, men, why did we not be more serious, and shake each other by the hand and bid fond adieus? Surely death lurks just beyond that hill and many of our loved ones have only a short time to live.

You are actually marching step by step to eternity. Here are young boys—beardless, rosy cheeked and smiling—who in a very few minutes will make the noblest sacrifice that can be made on earth. Their young, bounding blood will color the brooklets before us, and their lithsome

forms and cherished faces will soon be lying in forgotten graves. Anxious mothers in Kentucky to-day, yearning countrymen at home waiting to hear from the promising lad, it will be some time before you hear the news, and ere that time it will have gone out all over the South, echoed and re-echoed, that the gallant sons you have given to their service have struck a blow that will resound through time, and pierced far beyond the already boasted name of Kentuckians. The contemplation of that morning fires one's soul with a never-ceasing poem. If the Fourth regiment had never advanced a hundred yards after crushing the two lines of troops in front of it, its name would still have been immortal.

It was about 9 o'clock, when by slow manœuvering (for we were in the reserve corps), we passed through a field in a small valley in which Morgan's squadron was drawn up in line. Capt. John Churchill and his men sang "Cheer, boys, cheer," and our boys responded by affectionate salutation or pleasant repartee. Then and there we begot for ourselves a love that lasts as long as our lives. We were Kentuckians far away from home. They had just distinguished themselves, and we felt sure we would soon be flushed with victory. We then filed down the valley into a woody swamp, where we faced toward the enemy, and threw out skirmishers. The First platoon of Company A and the Second platoon of Company D (being from the right and left of regiment) skirmishers advance, the regiment follows, through the camp from which the enemy were driven early in the morning, and then meeting a regiment of Southerners in full retreat, perfectly demoralized, their Colonel trying to rally them. They would sooner die than turn toward the front. In vain our officers and men pleaded with them and threatened to shoot them. Leaving them, and the skirmishers being recalled, we were moved by the left flank into a dense wood, halted and faced to the front.

In a short time the Federals are discovered by Captain (acting Major) Nuckols, forming on our left, a little in front. To conform to their line, we had to change front obliquely to the rear on first company, which we did barely in time to receive a volley from the enemy. We were armed with new Enfield rifles, and used greased cartridges. In a much shorter time than I am reading this the ground in front of us was heaped up with dead men. Our people were also falling fast. But the regiment in our front gave way and was quickly succeeded by another, which was immediately charged, so that when we reached the edge of a field in front of us, only a few of the enemy were discernible, flying "helter-skelter" toward the river. I should have said that we

had no time to throw out skirmishers when the attack commenced. The Federals had out a few, for a group of fours undeployed were lying dead in front of Company D, and not more than thirty yards distant. This is the only instance I can recall where the main lines engaged in pitched battle without skirmishers in front at first.

But probably the most trying ordeal to which we were ever subjected was the passage of that retreating command through our lines, before we became engaged. Few fresh troops ever withstand it. The regiment was highly complimented at the time and often afterwards by experienced soldiers.

We advance across the field just spoken of, and halt, while the right wing of the army came swinging around toward the river, thundering heavily as it drove the enemy into the river. At this point, Governor George W. Johnson, our Provisional Governor of Kentucky, joined Company E, and shouldered a musket. He was killed the next day at his post, like a true patriot and soldier as he was.

We were then moved by the left flank, meeting as we marched, Prentiss's fine brigade coming out as prisoners, almost, if not quite, intact. On again, until we formed a line facing the river. But our victories on that field had ceased. Disaster was to be our fortune the next day. It was now late in the evening, and, after remaining under the fire of the gunboats for a while, we went into the Forty-sixth Ohio's camp and sought rest.

The next morning, after supporting the artillery for a time, General Bragg ordered the Fourth Kentucky and a small part of the Thirty-first Alabama to the right and front to intercept the enemy, who were advancing in force, promising us the support of a brigade or two from some other part of the line. We moved as directed, and found the Federals had stopped behind bags of corn, watching us move on to our position. We marched toward them a short distance, when we lay down and commenced firing. We were fighting Bull Nelson's division, and we numbered about 250 men all told. I think the troops set apart for our support tried to reach us, but it was suicidal to attempt an advance in the face of such a deadly storm of bullets.

This unequal contest was carried on for about twenty minutes, when we fell back, leaving a larger number of us lying dead and dying in the line than we retreated with.

We retired from the field about sundown, weary and sick at heart. If the life of General Albert Sidney Johnston had been spared the result might have been different. At this late day, however, we should not censure the conduct of our commanders, who did the best they

could for us. All were alike interested in the result, and I have no doubt he who commanded us in defeat held the cause as sacred as the illustrious chief who fell the day before.

I will not detain you longer to-night, for it is difficult to write about one of five magnificent regiments which composed the First Kentucky Brigade.

The "Orphan Brigade" made everybody famous who commanded it in battle, John C. Breckinridge, Robert P. Trabue, Roger W. Henson, Ben Hardin Helm, Jo. H. Lewis, names never to be forgotten as long as there is a South for the sun to shine upon; and each time our minds recur to the "Lost Cause" their names grow dearer. The Fourth loved these men as few people are ever loved. And it is not boasting too much to say that they knew greatness when they saw it, and could penetrate shallow pretense quicker than any people I have ever yet seen. Our Brigadiers have all passed away, except one, and have gone to meet a larger number of our comrades than they left behind. The first died surrounded by his friends in Lexington. The second died just as he received a long-deserved promotion. The third fell at the head of his column at Murfreesboro. The fourth was mortally wounded at Chickamauga, and carried to the grave the same sweet smile he had while living. The fifth enjoys a peaceful home in Glasgow, having had honors heaped upon him by his admiring neighbors. It is hard for me to separate the living and the dead when I dwell on the stirring events of the past. Thought is unable to divide the time of their death from the active scenes of our comrades since, and those who fell and those who survive intrude on my mind at the same time. A halo of glory seems to encircle the resting places of the dead, while a no less brilliant accompaniment of honor is clothed upon the living. So great is the number of our loved ones who "have crossed over the river" that I expect that "in the shade of the everlasting trees," enjoying the long sighed for "rest," they are waiting and watching for the remnant to "fall in."

Summer Campaign of 1863—Report of Gen'l. W. E. Jones.

HEAD-QUARTERS JONES'S BRIGADE,
RIXEYVILLE, VA., July 30, 1863.

Major H. B. McClellan, A. A. G., Cavalry Divisions:

Major,—I respectfully report the operations of my command from the 29th of June to the 14th of July. At the date first mentioned the Sixth,

Seventh and Eleventh regiments of Virginia cavalry left Snickersville and joined Brigadier General Robertson at Berryville. The Twelfth Virginia cavalry having been sent to picket towards Harper's Ferry, was left on that duty. The 30th of June a part of this regiment under Lieutenants Harmon and Baylor surprised and captured a cavalry picket of the enemy on Bolivar Heights. They killed one and captured twenty-one, including two officers, with all their arms, horses, and equipments.

White's battalion, which was detached at Brandy Station, has not been reporting its operations.

The three remaining regiments of the brigade accompanied General Robertson by way of Williamsport and Chambersburg, arriving at Cashtown the 3rd of July. Near this point an order from General Lee required a force of cavalry to be sent at once to the vicinity of Fairfield to form a line to the right and rear of our line of battle. In the absence of General Robertson I determined to move my command at once into position, which met with the approbation of the General who returned to camp before I was in motion. About two miles from Fairfield we encountered the Sixth United States regular cavalry *en route* to capture our cavalry division train, which must have fallen an easy prey but for our timely arrival. Many wagons in quest of forage were already in a few hundred yards of the enemy. We met in a lane, both sides of which were of post and rail fences too strong to be broken without the axe. The country is open, the fields small and all the fences of the same character as along the lane. No estimate could be made of the opposing force, but knowing a vigorous assault must put even a small force on a perfect equality with a large one until a wider field could be prepared, I at once ordered the Seventh regiment, which was in front, to charge. Before the enemy could be reached he succeeded in throwing through gates, right and left, carbineers, who poured into our flanks a galling fire. The leading men hesitated, the Seventh regiment halted and retreated, losing more men than a glorious victory would have cost, had the onset been made with vigor and boldness. A failure to rally promptly and renew the fight is a blemish in the bright history of this regiment. Many officers and men formed noble exceptions. In their efforts to renew the fight fell the noble brothers Captain and Lieutenant Shoup, the former desperately wounded, and the latter instantly killed. Lieutenant Simpson, of this regiment, on provost guard duty, was in the thickest of the fight from first to last, capturing many more prisoners than he had men. Captains Kuykendall and Magruder also added to their brilliant and well earned reputations. Fortunately the Seventh had a chance in a day or

so and cleared its reputation. The Sixth Virginia cavalry (Major C. E. Flournoy, commanding), was next ordered to charge, and did its work nobly. Adjutant Allan and others fell at its head, but nothing daunted it passed the skirmishers, assailing and completely routing one of the best United States regiments, just flushed with victory. The fruits were many killed and wounded, among the latter Major Starr, commanding, and one hundred and eighty-four (184) prisoners taken. It is believed in open country a bold charge of cavalry will in all cases whip a line of skirmishers, and such attacks would soon reduce the Federal cavalry to its former relative standing.

The evening of the 4th of July, when it was reported the enemy were advancing in force on the Emmetsburg and Waynesboro road, I saw that General Ewell's train, then on its way to Williamsport, was in danger and asked to go with my command to its protection. I was allowed the Sixth and Seventh regiments and Chew's battery, but the Seventh was afterwards ordered back and Colonel Ferrabee's regiment (Fifty-ninth North Carolina) allowed to take its place, the latter being then on this road. This narrow and difficult way, rendered doubly so by heavy rain just fallen, was so blocked by wagons as to render it wholly impracticable to push ahead the artillery or even the cavalry. With my staff I hastened on to rally all the stragglers of the train to the support of whatever force might be guarding the road. Arriving, I found Captain Emack's company of the Maryland cavalry, with one gun, opposed to a whole division of Federal cavalry with a full battery. He had already been driven back within a few hundred yards of the junction of the roads. Not a half of the long train had passed. Dark had just set in. This brave little band of heroes was, encouraged with the hope of speedy reinforcements, reminded of the importance of their trust and exhorted to fight to the bitter end rather than yield. All my couriers, and all others with fire arms, were ordered to the front, directed to lie on the ground and be sparing of their ammunition. The last charge of grape was expended and the piece sent to the rear. For more than two hours less than fifty men kept many thousands in check and the wagons continued to pass long after the balls were whistling in their midst. Some sixty or seventy of Colonel Farrabee's men had got up and were doing their duty well. The enemy, driven to desperation, resorted to a charge of cavalry that swept everything before it. The led horses, wagons, straggling infantry and camp followers were hurled down the mountain in one confused mass. Ineffectual efforts were made for a rally and resistance but without avail until at the foot of the mountain a few joined Captain Welch's company of the Maryland

cavalry, stationed at this point, and drove back the advance of the enemy. But this mere handful of men had to yield to the increasing numbers of the enemy. My staff and all my couriers having got separated from me and the enemy having the road in my front, I made through the fields and byways for Williamsport to escape or be useful as occasion might require. Arriving early in the morning all was found in confusion. Every one was anxious to cross the river—too much swollen to ford and the only boat available could not exceed seventy trips in twenty-four hours. To deprive all of the hope of what but a small fraction could obtain was deemed the most expedient means of establishing order.

I assumed command and put fifteen or twenty infantry, the only organized men I could see, to guard the boat and stop the crossing. Officers and men appealed to cheerfully took up arms, posting themselves in buildings to resist cavalry attacks. Soon a respectable defence could have been made, and a rash attack would doubtless have been severely punished. Order being restored, the wounded, and wagons with important papers, were allowed to recommence crossing the river. By evening, two regiments of infantry having arrived from Martinsburg, and General Imboden having got in from the direction of Greencastle with his brigade and some twenty-four pieces of artillery, I determined to make my way, with half a dozen men, through the enemy's lines to my command. This was effected with some very narrow escapes, on the night of the 5th and the morning of the 6th. I rejoined my command at Lightersburg and returned with it by way of Smithtown and Covetown and the old Frederick road so as to participate in the attacks on General Kilpatrick at Hagerstown and General Buford at Williamsport that evening. The brilliant charge of the Eleventh Virginia cavalry (Colonel Lomax commanding) is more fully detailed in the enclosed report.

The evening of the 7th the Sixth United States regular cavalry, making a reconnoissance near Funkstown, fell in with the Seventh Virginia cavalry, which availed itself of the opportunity of settling old scores. Sabres were freely used, and soon sixty-six bloody-headed prisoners were marched to the rear, and the road of slumbering wrath was marked here and there by cleft skulls and pierced bodies. The day at Fairfield is fully and nobly avenged. The Sixth United States regular cavalry numbers among the things that were.

Colonel Marshall's report will give more fully the particulars. The report of Colonel Massie will give the particulars of the affair of the 14th instant near Harper's Ferry, in which we captured one Major,

one Lieutenant and twenty-five men, losing Colonel Harman, one Lieutenant and three men. In this campaign my brigade participated in three battles and the affair of Boonsboro. It killed and wounded many of the enemy, and captured over six hundred prisoners.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

W. E. JONES,
Brigadier General Commanding.

Colonel T. L. Rosser's Report of the Fight at Aldie.

HEAD-QUARTERS FIFTH VIRGINIA CAVALRY,
August 4th, 1863.

Captain J. D. Ferguson :

Captain,—The brigade leaving Piedmont, in Loudoun county, on the morning of the 17th of June, I was ordered to withdraw my pickets after the column had passed, and followed in the rear. Marching via Paris and Upperville, I arrived at Dover (near Aldie) about 12 or 1 o'clock, finding the brigade going into camp. I received an order from Colonel Wickham, under whose command I had been temporarily placed, to move down the road and select a camp, make my men comfortable, &c. I consequently did so, and when I was just passing the brigade, I met the pickets running in, and the Yankees were rapidly and closely pursuing them. I caused sabres to be drawn, and charged immediately, at the same time sending the information to the rear to the Colonel commanding. I drove the enemy upon his main body, which was in the town of Aldie. His sharp-shooters got possession of the heights on my left, in the wood and behind the fences, and it was impossible for me to engage him further with the sabre, consequently I deployed my sharp-shooters to the front, under Captain R. B. Boston, and withdrew the regiment beyond the range of the enemy's rifles. As soon as this was done, he charged my skirmishers, who were doing terrible execution in his ranks, endeavoring to dislodge them, but by a countercharge I gave them immediate relief. The enemy now showed considerable force, his flanks extending far beyond mine; on the left, on the Snicker's Gap Pike, his dismounted skirmishers had pressed upon mine until their fighting had become desperate and close. The most of the horses of my dismounted men had been killed, and the enemy seeing that my force was small (the

brigade had not yet gotten up), made a desperate effort to capture them, charging them in flank, right and left. As soon as his intentions were made known, I charged the regiment which was threatening the right, drove them back, and the gallant Boston drove his assailants on the left back in confusion and dismay, after emptying many of their saddles. The enemy brought his artillery into position, but the brigade coming to my support, our own artillery replied briskly and for a moment the fight between the cavalry became less vigorous. Each battery, the enemy's, and our own, firing over my regiment; and having suffered several casualties from the latter, it became necessary for me to move from between the two, which I did promptly, but was compelled to take a position from which I could not support my line of skirmishers so well as before, and the reinforcements sent from the brigade to them taking up a position considerably in their rear; and the remainder of the brigade being engaged on the left, on the Snickers Gap Pike, their condition became very critical. The enemy greatly outnumbering us appeared in force everywhere, and it became apparent that victory was the only means of escape. I ordered Boston to hold his position at all hazards, and nobly and faithfully did he obey. Onset after onset of the enemy he gallantly repulsed, until after the enemy had pressed beyond the left, overwhelmed his support, killed one of his Lieutenants, wounded another, and his Junior Captain, and killed and wounded a third of his men, that he surrendered to overwhelming odds. The enemy gaining some advantage on the left, I moved immediately in that direction, reporting at the same time to Colonel Wickham who was supporting the battery in my rear. I arrived on the heights near Aldie on the Snickers Gap Pike just as the enemy had charged and was pursuing one of our regiments.

I charged with my entire regiment, with a view of cutting the enemy off and capturing him, but as I was discovered he escaped through the fields, with the exception of a squadron, all of which were killed, wounded or captured, with their horses and arms. I then rallied my regiment and moved around the hill with a view of attacking a regiment which had formed on the hill, but as soon as they discovered my intention they began to fall back and were charged by one of our regiments, and we thus got possession of the field. What occurred after this was under the immediate eye of the Colonel commanding, and I deem it unnecessary to relate it. The gallant and heroic manner in which Captain Boston and his men acted in this (one of the most vigorous cavalry fights I was ever engaged in) makes them the pride of their regiment. I regret to say that Lieutenant John S. Ragsdale was

among the killed. Captains Windsor and White, and Lieutenant Hoard were severely wounded. The list of casualties I have submitted to the chief surgeon of brigade. They amounted to fifty-eight killed, wounded and missing.

I am, Captain, most respectfully, your obedient servant,

THOS. L. ROSSER, *Colonel Commanding.*

Field Letters from Head-quarters Second Corps A. N. V.

5:30 P. M., HEAD-QUARTERS FRONT ROYAL,

July 23, 1863.

General,—The enemy is in heavy force. Rodes is in position. They are advancing through Manassas Gap, along the railroad, to get at the pontoon bridges. By what time can you be up? If you can't cross to-night the bridge will be taken up and sent back by way of Cedarville to Strasburg, to go with you, and be put down above where you cross the river.

Send me word by courier—to ride rapidly—by what hour you will be here or whether you go by Strasburg.

I am, General, yours, &c.,

(Signed)

A. S. PENDLETON, *A. A. G.*

General Early.

I will send another courier in an hour.

HEAD-QUARTERS SECOND ARMY CORPS,

August 1, 1863.

General,—Lieutenant-General Ewell directs me to send the following extract from a letter just received from General Lee, and to request that you examine the ground referred to and report as soon as possible: "The engineers report a good line for us to take about one and a half miles from Orange Courthouse, in the direction of the Rapidan, on the hills ranging between the headwaters of the streams flowing into the Pamunky river and of the streams flowing into the Rapidan. He (General Lee) thinks if the enemy advances this way it may be better to draw them back to this position. When you arrive at Orange Courthouse please send out some of your officers (Rodes or Early) to examine this line. He will either take it or that near Cedar Mountain."

I am, General, your obedient servant,

(Signed)

A. S. PENDLETON, *A. A. G.*

General Early.

Extract from Report of Colonel Baldwin, Chief of Ordnance A. N. V.

"Captured and brought off from the field at Gettysburg in the actions of July 1st and 2d, 1863, seven pieces of artillery.

"Left near the battle-field, one 12-pound howitzer and carriage, which was afterwards secured and brought off in a wagon of the reserve ordnance train, the carriage having been destroyed on the field.

"Abandoned on the road near Fairfield, one 12-pound howitzer and carriage and one 6-pound bronze gun and carriage, which were afterwards secured and brought off in wagons, the carriages having been destroyed.

"Number of pieces artillery actually gained, seven.

"Two pieces and carriages lost at Falling Waters not reported to me."

BRISCOE G. BALDWIN,

Lieutenant Colonel and Chief of Ordnance A. N. V.

Ordnance Office, A. N. V., January 19, 1864.

Correspondence of Governor Campbell of Tennessee—Original Letters.

FROM A COMMITTEE OF CITIZENS.

4th January, 1823, at Nashville, Tenn.

Sir,—At a meeting of the committee of the citizens of Nashville, assembled on the 3rd inst., for the purpose of considering of and fixing the mode, best calculated for the celebration of the anniversary of the 8th of January, 1815, it was unanimously

"*Resolved*, That the Honorable George W. Campbell be requested to deliver to General Jackson an appropriate address at one o'clock of that day, and that Captain Bradford be requested to meet the General at the Stone bridge, escort him to town *en militaire* and form his company in the rear of the base of the courthouse during the oration."

We are gratified in communicating to you this resolution extracted from the minutes of the proceedings of the committee of arrangement, and are pleased by the anticipation of your compliance with a request, made in the spirit of deference, and by those who are best taught, to appreciate your exalted capabilities and past public services.

May we be permitted to request an answer to this note, and to assure you with how much cordiality we unite in the sentiment with the com-

mittee of arrangement, whose feelings and opinions we have on this occasion the honor to represent.

We are, most respectfully,

JOSIAH NICHOL, *Chairman of the Committee.*

J. OVERTON, *Secretary of the Committee.*

FROM ANDREW JACKSON.

HERMITAGE, February 14, 1828.

My Dear Sir,—I have just received the letter you had the goodness to write me by Mr. Donelson on the 12th instant, with enclosures, for which I thank you.

The reply you have made Mr. M. is such as I approve, and which I would, had I been present, requested you to have made. Indeed, under existing circumstances, delicacy and propriety would admit of no other. My real friends want no information from me on the subject of internal improvements and manufactories but what my public acts has afforded, and I never gratify my enemies. Was I now to come forth and reiterate my political opinions on these subjects I would be charged with electioneering views for selfish purposes; I cannot do any act that may give rise to such imputations.

Plans have been formed by my enemies, resolutions written and forwarded by men calling themselves a committee appointed for that purpose, to inveigle me into a reply, but still I could not be got out, because my opinions were before the public, and I was convinced my friends could not wish me to reiterate my opinions, for surely no honest man, having the good of his country at heart, believing that I would change my opinions for selfish views, could support me, and I was determined not to furnish food for my enemies to annoy me with.

I thank you kindly for the trouble you have taken. I return you enclosed Mr. Mogomerie's letter.

Mrs. J. joins me in kind salutations to you, your lady, Miss Stodard, and family, and beg leave to remind you of your promise. We will be happy to see you at the Hermitage.

With high consideration and respect I am your friend,

ANDREW JACKSON.

The Hon'ble G. W. Campbell.

FROM JAMES MONROE.

OAK HILL, April 11, 1828.

Dear Sir,—I was much gratified to receive, within a few days past, your letter by Mr. Warner, of St. Petersburg, altho' it was of very ancient date. Entertaining for you a sincere regard, founded on our service together at a very difficult period of public affairs, it affords me a sincere pleasure to find, that after the great lapse of time which has intervened, that a corresponding sentiment still exists on your part.

I send you a copy of my memoir, which relates particularly to my claims, founded on my missions to Europe, but which also gives a sketch of the difficulties I had to encounter in those missions. You will, I am satisfied, take an interest in perusing it.

Mrs. Monroe has been seriously indisposed for more than two months, but is now on the recovery. She, and our daughter Mrs. Hay, desire their best regards to be presented to Mrs. Campbell, respecting whose health, and that of your children, they would be glad to be informed. With sincere regard and best wishes for your health and welfare,

I am, dear sir, y'rs,

JAMES MONROE.

History of Lane's North Carolina Brigade.

By General J. H. LANE.

BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS—REPORT OF GENERAL LANE.

HEAD-QUARTERS LANE'S BRIGADE, September 8, 1864.

Major,—I have the honor to report that on the 5th of May my brigade marched to the left of the Plank road to a point beyond Wilderness Run and near Mr. Tuning's residence, where we were formed in line of battle, with Thomas's brigade on our left, and ordered to advance, with the view of sweeping the enemy from Scales's front. We had moved forward but a short distance when the enemy opened upon our corps of sharpshooters, which had been deployed in advance. This picked body of brave men, under its intrepid commander, Captain John G. Knox, quickly returned their fire with deadly effect, and vigorously charging them succeeded in capturing one hundred and forty-seven prisoners, including eight commissioned officers.

Before the brigade proper could become engaged we were ordered back to the Plank road to the support of Heth's division. On reaching that point, the other brigades of our division (Wilcox's) having already been put into action, General Wilcox ordered us to the right of the road. As the brigade was filing into the woods the enemy's sharpshooters advanced on the left flank and opened fire. I at once ordered Colonel Barbour to deploy his, the Thirty-seventh North Carolina regiment, to the left and parallel to the road to protect our flank. While giving these instructions the rest of the brigade was halted in rear of Scales's by Major Palmer of General A. P. Hill's staff. I was soon after informed by General Hill in person that a part of Scales's brigade had given way, and I was ordered to move forward and re-establish the line, letting my left rest on McGowan's right. After cautioning the Seventh, the left regiment, to be careful not to fire into McGowan, the order for the advance was given, when the brigade, its left being about one hundred yards from the Plank road, moved handsomely forward with their usual battle yell. The advance was necessarily slow, as we had to move through a swamp filled with dense undergrowth and dead fallen trees.

The Thirty-eighth North Carolina regiment of Scales's brigade, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Ashford, took position in our line between the Eighteenth and Twenty-eighth regiments on the right, and assisted us in driving the enemy back and out of the swamp. Our corps of sharpshooters fought on the right with the Eighteenth regiment.

The enemy, reinforced, flanked us on the right, and on attempting to get in our rear, Colonel Barry broke back two of his companies and was soon afterwards forced to change the entire front of his regiment to meet the enemy in that direction. The enemy pressed this regiment so heavily that he was compelled to retire at dark. While these movements were going on, on the right, the Seventh regiment, which was on the left and under the impression that McGowan was in front—none of us at that time were aware that McGowan had withdrawn under orders from General Wilcox—reserved its fire and pressed forward to within seventy-five yards of the enemy, who were massed in strong force on the high ground beyond the swamp. Here a terrible fire was opened upon it, and when it had become hotly engaged, the enemy, under cover of the darkness and dense smoke which had settled in the swamp, threw out a column on our left flank. When this column had gotten within a few paces of the Seventh, it demanded its surrender, and at the same time fired a destructive volley into it, which caused its left flank to fall back in considerable disorder. This exposed condition

of my flanks induced me to order the balance of the brigade back to the high ground in the rear of the swamp; which order was executed with difficulty on account of the darkness and the character of the ground. The Seventh, Eighteenth, Twenty-eighth, and Thirty-third regiments, were all subsequently taken to the rear of Scales's brigade, which occupied a short breastwork that ran diagonally to the road on the right, where we found the Thirty-seventh regiment, to which point Colonel Barbour informs me it had been previously ordered. I then reported to General Wilcox in person, told him of the result of our fight, informed him where my brigade was, and was ordered by him to let it remain in its position, as it would be relieved by Anderson before daylight.

It gives me great pleasure to be able to bear testimony to the gallant bearing of my command in this engagement, and to the cool and unflinching bravery with which both officers and men advanced against a largely superior force, which was constantly reinforced. Nobly did they perform their work, driving the enemy out of the swamp and forcing them to seek shelter behind their temporary breastworks on the dry ground beyond. We were the last troops to become engaged, and without hope of any assistance kept up this unequal contest from about 5 o'clock P. M. until 9, when the threatened envelopment of my whole command induced me to withdraw it to the point already referred to.

While the whole brigade—except the Thirty-seventh regiment which had been detached just before we advanced, and was not actively engaged—fought with so much gallantry, it is due the Twenty-eighth regiment to state that it advanced further than any other part of my command, and occupied for a time a portion of the enemy's entrenchments beyond the swamp. Out of ammunition, the men supplied themselves from the boxes of the dead and wounded, and held this position until dark, when they fell back and reformed on the right of the Thirty-third regiment.

We rested that night, as ordered by General Wilcox, in rear of Scales, with a part of Heth's division in our rear—there were also other troops to the left of the road. Next morning about day it was ascertained that the enemy was advancing, and as we had not been relieved by Anderson's division and no further orders had been received from any one, I endeavored to form my brigade in line of battle perpendicular to the road. Just as I had succeeded in forming the Thirty-third, Eighteenth and Thirty-seventh with one-half of the Thirty-third broken back parallel to the road, the enemy in large force pressed back Scales, and the troops to the left of the road being driven out in disor-

der, the enemy struck our left at the angle formed by the two wings of the Thirty-third regiment. We opposed this force for a short time (the Thirty-third regiment fighting like heroes), but could not long stand the terrible fire on our front and flank. We were forced back in disorder with the other troops and reformed again to the rear. We afterwards occupied a position to the left of the road, and that night connected with Ramseur of Ewell's corps and intrenched. Unfortunate as was the affair of the morning, I can attach no blame whatever to my brigade for anything it did on that occasion. The fight of the day previous, the subsequent gallantry of my command in many hard fought battles, and the great losses it has sustained in this campaign, are sufficient to show that brave men are sometimes forced to turn their back to the foe. If a mistake was made either on the night of the 5th or morning of the 6th, the fault was elsewhere than with my command.

Colonel C. M. Avery, commanding the Thirty-third regiment, was wounded while gallantly passing up and down his lines on the 6th, cheering his men by his presence and urging them to stand firm. He was again wounded in several places while going from the field, and has since died. We also have to mourn the loss of two other brave spirits belonging to the same regiment, Lieutenant A. P. Lyon, Co. B, and J. L. Farrow, Co. H. Colonel Jno. H. Barry is deserving great praise for the manner in which he handled his regiment in protecting our right flank on the 5th. He has shown himself fully competent to fill a more responsible place than that which he now holds. Colonel W. H. A. Speer proved himself a worthy commander of that gallant regiment which occupied for a time a portion of the enemy's intrenchments beyond the swamp. He speaks of Captain F. F. Lovill, Co. A, Acting-Major, and his Adjutant R. S. Folger as having acted "very gallantly throughout" this engagement. Lieutenant-Colonel Wm. Lee Davidson, commanding the Seventh regiment, while gallantly encouraging his men on the left, fell into the hands of the enemy when the flank of his regiment was thrown into confusion. Captain Jno. G. Knox, commanding the corps of sharpshooters, who is one of the bravest of the brave, and to whom we are indebted for much of the efficiency of that fine body of men, also fell into the hands of the enemy on the right. Captain V. V. Richardson, a most reliable officer of oft tried gallantry, and next in command to Captain Knox, fell at the same time severely wounded. Sergeant-Major C. T. Wright, of the Thirty-seventh regiment, a brave and noble boy, lost his life from the wound received on the 6th.

I would be doing great injustice to gallant, accomplished and effi-

cient officers were I not to call special attention to my staff, Captain E. J. Hale, Jr., the Assistant Adjutant-General, and my aid, Lieutenant Oscar Lane, under the hottest fire, frequently rode along the line, encouraging the men, watching our flanks and carrying orders, while Captain E. T. Nicholson, the A. I. G., discharged all his duties most faithfully.

From the night of the 6th, until the afternoon of the 8th, when we commenced moving by the right flank in the direction of Spotsylvania Court-house, we were moved frequently, and made to occupy various points on the line to the left of the plank road, at all of which the men worked with untiring energy, cutting down trees, making abattis, and throwing up entrenchments.

The following is a Tabulated List of our Casualties on the 5th and 6th days of May, with the Names of all the Officers Killed, Wounded and Missing :

	KILLED.		WOUNDED.		MISSING.		TOTAL.		AGGREGATE.
	Officers.	Men.	Officers.	Men.	Officers.	Men.	Officers.	Men.	
Seventh Regiment.....	3	4	61	4	34	8	98	106
Eighteenth Regiment.....	7	3	33	14	3	54	57
Twenty-eighth Regiment.....	14	3	54	1	16	4	84	88
Thirty-third Regiment.....	3	15	5	50	38	8	103	111
Thirty-seventh Regiment.....	1	1	15	36	1	52	53
Grand Total.....	3	40	16	213	5	138	24	391	415

Officers Killed.

Colonel C. M. Avery, Thirty-third; Lieutenant A. P. Lyon, Company B, Thirty-third; Lieutenant J. L. Farrow, Company H, Thirty-third.

Officers Wounded.

Seventh Regiment—Lieutenant Jno. Ballentine, Company E; Lieutenant E. B. Roberts, Company I; Lieutenants W. H. Haywood and A. M. Walker, Company K.

Eighteenth Regiment—Captain V. V. Richardson, Company E; Lieutenant H. Long, Company E; Lieutenant J. D. Currie, Company K.

Twenty-Eighth Regiment—Lieutenant M. J. Endy, Company D; Lieutenant E. S. Edwards, Company G; Lieutenant A. W. Stone, Company E.

Thirty-third Regiment—Captain W. T. Avery, Company I; Lieutenant J. D. Fain, Company, C; Lieutenant J. W. Tate, Company F; Lieutenant W. L. White, Company I; Lieutenant J. G. Rencher, Company K.

Thirty-seventh Regiment—Lieutenant J. W. Cochrane, Company D.

Officers Missing.

Seventh Regiment—Lieutenant-Colonel W. L. Davidson, Captain J. G. Knox, Company A; Captain W. G. McRae, Company C; Lieutenant S. L. Hayman, Company E.

Twenty-eighth Regiment—Lieutenant E. Hurley, Company E.

Respectfully,

JAMES H. LANE.

Major Jos. A. Engelhard, A. A. G., Wilcox's Light Division.

Reminiscences of the Army of Northern Virginia.

BY J. WM. JONES.

PAPER NO. 2.—FIRST MANASSAS AND ITS SEQUEL.

Remaining for some days longer in front of Winchester, and several times called into line of battle on false alarms, the private soldier was forming his own plan of campaign when our great commander received information that Beauregard was being attacked at Manassas, and determined at once to hasten to his relief.

Accordingly, about noon on the 18th of July Johnston left a cordon of Stuart's cavalry to conceal the movement from General Patterson, and put his column in motion for Ashby's Gap and Manassas. As soon as we had gotten about two miles from Winchester there was read to us a ringing battle order from our chief, in which he stated that Beauregard was being attacked at Manassas by a greatly superior force—that this was "a forced march to save the country," and that he expected us to step out bravely, to close up our ranks, and do all that could be required of patriotic soldiers who were fighting for "liberty, home and fireside." I remember how we cheered that order, and the swinging stride with which we set out, as if determined to

make the whole march that night. But it proved a most wearisome and unsatisfactory march—the straggling was fearful—and we only reached Piedmont Station, thirty-four miles from Manassas, in the time in which a year later we could easily have made Manassas Junction. Jackson's brigade being in front reached Piedmont at 8 o'clock in the morning of the 19th, and two hours later took the cars for Manassas. Our brigade did not reach Piedmont until late that night. Incidents of the march were the wading of the Shenandoah—the cheers with which we greeted the announcement that Beauregard had defeated the attack upon him at Bull Run—the frequent raids we made on blackberry patches (a witty surgeon of our brigade remarked that our bill of fare on the march was “three blackberries a day; pick them yourself, and if you got a fourth one it was to be turned over to the commissary)—and the crowds of people who turned out to see us pass and supply us with what food they had. I remember that on reaching Piedmont, late in the night, my regiment was assigned a place of bivouac which was covered with water, and I looked around for some more comfortable quarters until I found in an old-fashioned Virginia chicken-coop a couch where “nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,” soon brought me rest as refreshing as I ever enjoyed on downy pillows.

We were detained at Piedmont until late in the night of the 20th by being unable to obtain transportation. I witnessed here an incident which illustrated the fact that at this date every private in our ranks thought himself as good as the highest officer. While General Kirby Smith was superintending the embarkation of the troops, a private in my company asked him a question, to which the General gave a rough reply, whereupon the soldier straightened himself up and said: “I asked you a civil question, sir, and if you were disposed to act the gentleman you would give me a civil answer.” General Smith at once grasped the hilt of his sword, but the soldier quietly drew his pistol and said: “If you don't put up that sword I'll shoot you.” The private was arrested, but Colonel Hill interceded for him and General Smith generously consented to his release.

I do not know whether it is true, as was currently reported, that one of the engineers proved traitor and caused a collision of two trains, but I know that we had a wearisome night on the crowded cars waiting for the track to be cleared; that we went down Sunday morning very cautiously, expecting the enemy to strike the railroad; that for miles we heard the roar of the battle then progressing; that once we disembarked and formed line of battle on a report that the enemy were advancing on the road, and that we reached Manassas Junction when the

excitement was at its height, and were double-quickened out to the Lewis House, where we arrived just in time to witness the rout of McDowell's grand army, and join in the shouts of victory.

I shall give no description of the battle of Manassas, nor enter into any details as to its results. But it may be well to correct a widely circulated error in reference to the movements of Gen. Kirby Smith, who was represented as stopping the train four miles above the Junction, and marching across the fields to strike the Federal army in flank, and thus decide the fate of the day. Now, as Gen. Smith was that day in command of our brigade (until he was wounded, and Col. Elzey resumed the command), I am prepared to assert in the most positive manner that no such movement was made, but that the brigade was carried on to the Junction, reported to Gen. Johnston, and (with the exception of the Thirteenth Virginia, which was detached), was marched thence to the battle-field, where it arrived at an opportune moment, and, together with Early's brigade, gave the finishing blows of the hard-fought field. I had, until recently, the blanket under which I slept on the battle field that night, and it recalled a thousand reminiscences which I will not here relate.

The next day we were marched to Fairfax Station, and held the advance at that point, picketing on the outposts, and having not a few stirring skirmishes with the enemy. I might fill pages with the details of this outpost service; but I recall only a few incidents.

In the latter part of July, or the first of August, Stuart, with five companies of the First Maryland and five of the Thirteenth Virginia, and several companies of cavalry, captured Mason's, Munson's and Hall's hills, from which we could plainly see the dome of the Capitol at Washington. The day we captured Munson's hill, Major Terrill was sent with a detachment of the Thirteenth on a scout, during which we drove in the enemy's pickets, ate their smoking dinner, and pursued them back until they rallied on their reserve, and our gallant Major thought it would not be prudent to advance further. Accordingly we were moving back to our reserve when we met Stuart. "What is the matter? I hope you are not running from the Yankees," said the "gay cavalier." Major Terrill explained, and Stuart said, "That was all right, but the Maryland boys are coming, and I think we must go back and beat up the quarters of those people." Just then a scout rode up and informed him that the enemy were fully five thousand strong and had five pieces of artillery. (We numbered about five hundred). "Oh, no!" was the laughing reply, "you are romancing. But it does not matter how many they number. We can whip them

anyway; and as for their artillery, the Southern Confederacy needs artillery, and we will just go and take possession of those pieces." Dismounting from his horse after our line of battle was formed, he took a musket and was among the foremost in the charge as we dashed forward and cleared the wood to and beyond the Loudoun and Hampshire Railroad, causing the long roll to beat and the troops to turn out for miles along General McClellan's front.

It was my privilege to see a good deal of Stuart at this period, at his head-quarters, on a red blanket, spread under a pine tree on Munson's hill. His athletic frame indicating that he was a splendid war machine—his lofty forehead, flashing blue eyes, prominent nose, heavy, reddish-brown whiskers and mustache—his beaming countenance and clear, ringing laughter, and his prompt decision, rapid execution and gallant dash, all showed that he was a born leader of men, and pointed him out as a model cavalryman. Those were merry days on the outpost, when we fought for a peach orchard, a tomato patch, or a corn-field, when Stuart would call for volunteers to drive in the enemy's pickets, or amuse himself with having Rosser's artillery "practice" at Professor Lowe's balloon, or sending up a kite with lantern attached, or causing the long roll to beat along McClellan's whole front, by sending up sky-rockets at night from different points.

On the 11th of September, Stuart took 305 men of the Thirteenth Virginia, two companies of his cavalry, and two pieces of Rosser's battery, and advanced on Lewinsville, where, by a skillful handling of his little command, he drove off a force of the enemy consisting of a brigade of infantry, eight pieces of artillery, and a detachment of cavalry. I remember how delighted Stuart was, as he declared, "We have whipped them out of their boots."

He was also chuckling over the following note, which was left for him with a citizen by his old West Point comrade, Griffin:

"DEAR 'BEAUTY,'—I have called to see you, and regret very much that you are '*not in.*' Can't you dine with me at Willard's to-morrow? Keep your 'black horse' off me.

"Your old friend,

"GRIFFIN."

To this note Stuart made the following reply:

"DEAR GRIFFIN,—I heard that you had 'called,' and hastened to see you, but as soon as you saw me coming, you were guilty of the discourtesy of *turning your back on me.* However, you probably hurried

on to Washington to get the dinner ready. I hope to dine at Willard's, if not 'to-morrow,' certainly before long.

"Yours to count on,

"BEAUTY."

Stuart was made a Brigadier-General for his gallantry and skill on the outposts, and wrote Colonel Hill, who was then commanding the brigade, a most complimentary letter concerning the conduct of the Thirteenth Virginia regiment. I recollect that a facetious private in one of our companies (poor fellow, he fell at Gaines's Mill in 1862, bravely doing his duty) remarked in reference to this letter, which was read out on dress parade, "I do not like it at all. It means 'you are good fellows, and there is more bloody work for you to do.' It is preparatory to butting our heads against those stone walls down about Arlington. I would rather exchange our Minnie muskets for old flint-locks, and get no compliments from the Generals, and then, perhaps, we might be sent back to Orange Court-house, to guard the sick and wounded."

I remember one night, two of us were on picket-post in a drenching rain, and had received orders to be especially alert, as the enemy were expected to advance that night. We had constructed very respectable breastworks in a fence-corner, with port-holes for our guns, and were prepared to give a warm reception to any approaching blue-coats. About two o'clock in the morning, the rain still pouring in torrents, my comrade was quietly smoking his pipe, while I was keeping a sharp lookout, when he suddenly called me by name, and said: "I want here and now, in this drenching rain, on the outpost, to lay down a plank in my future political platform. If I live to get through this war, and two candidates are presented for my suffrage, the very first question I mean to ask will be: 'Which one of them fit?' and I mean always to vote for the man who fit. I tell you those able-bodied men who are sleeping in feather beds to-night, while we are standing here in the rain to guard their precious carcasses, must be content to take back seats when we get home."

I gave him my hand there in the dark, and my pledge that I would stand with him on the camp platform.

These frequent movements with cavalry, often requiring long or very rapid marches, made the men begin to speak of the regiment as the "foot cavalry." But the first time I ever heard the sobriquet publicly applied was after the evacuation of Manassas, in March, 1862, while General Ewell was holding with his division the line of the

Rappahannock. Our regiment had been on picket at Bealton Station as a support to Stuart's cavalry, and the enemy were rapidly advancing in large force, when another infantry regiment came down on a train of cars to relieve us. We had just gotten on the train, our friends were rapidly forming line of battle to meet the Federal advance, "Jeb" Stuart was going to the front with his "fighting jacket" on, and our train was slowly moving back, when a battery of the enemy galloped into position, and threw some shell, which shrieked through the air, and exploded uncomfortably near us. Immediately Colonel Walker called out in his clear, ringing tones, "It's all right, boys. The Thirteenth Foot Cavalry are mounted at last, and we will try the speed of our horse-flesh." So saying, he ordered the engineer to increase his speed, and we rushed to the rear amid the shouts of the men, who gave "three cheers for the foot cavalry," and made the woods echo with the camp song,

"If you want to have a good time,
Jine the cavalry."

The whole of Jackson's splendid corps was afterwards called "the foot cavalry;" but I believe that the above was the origin of the sobriquet. My grand old regiment afterwards won imperishable renown as it bore its tattered battle-flag into the very thickest of the fight on many a victorious field, but we never forgot those bright days with Stuart, when we had our "outpost service with the foot cavalry."

Official Statement of the Strength of the Federal Armies During the War.

The Adjutant-General's office at Washington has recently issued a statement of the number of men called for by the President of the United States, and the number furnished by each State and Territory and the District of Columbia, from April 15, 1861, to the close of the war. From this statement we learn that under the call of April 15, 1861, for 75,000 three months' militia, the States furnished 91,816. Under the call of May 3, 1861, (confirmed by act approved August 6, 1861), and under acts of July 22 and 25, 1861, for 500,000 three years' men, 700,680 men were actually furnished, of whom, however, only 657,868 were three years' men; while 15,007 men were furnished in May and June, 1862, by special authority, for three months. Under the call of July, 2, 1862, for 300,000 men for three years, 421,465 were

furnished. Under the call of August 4, 1862, for 300,000 militia for nine months, only 87,588 were furnished. Under the President's proclamation of June 15, 1863, for militia of six months, 16,361 men were furnished. Under the call of October 17, 1863, (which embraces men raised by draft of 1863), and that of February 1, 1864, for 500,000 men for three years, 317,092 men were furnished, while 52,288 paid commutation, making a total of 369,380. Under the call of March 14, 1864, for 200,000 men for three years, 259,515 men were furnished, and 32,678 paid commutation, making a total of 292,193. Between April 23 and July 18, 1864, 113,000 militia for one hundred days were mustered into service. Under the call of July 18, 1864, for 500,000 men (reduced by excess of credits on previous calls), for one, two, three, and four years, 223,044 men were furnished for one year, 8,340 for two years, 153,049 for three years, 730 for four years, and 1,298 paid commutation, making a total of 386,461. Under the call of December 19, 1864, for 300,000 men for one, two, three, and four years, 151,363 were furnished for one year, 5,110 for two years, 54,967 for three years, 312 for four years, and 460 paid commutation, making a total of 212,212.

In addition, 182,257 volunteers and militia were furnished from States not called upon for their quota, 166,848 of whom were for three years, and the balance for periods ranging from 60 days to one year.

The grand aggregate of the foregoing is as follows:

Quotas from all the States and Territories, 2,763,670, on which 2,772,408 were furnished, 86,724 paid commutation, making a total of 2,859,132. This aggregate, reduced to a three years' standard, makes the total number of men 2,320,272. In the foregoing no account has been taken of the fact that some of the States and Territories, to which no quotas were assigned, furnished men, which accounts for the apparent excess, in some instances, of the men furnished over the quota.

The following statement will present, in brief shape, the quotas assigned to States, etc., and the number of men furnished by each, during the war, under the calls already spoken of:

States and Territories.	Total quota.	Men furnished.	Paid commutation.	Total.	Aggregate reduced to a three years' standard.
Maine	73,587	70,107	2,007	72,114	56,776
New Hampshire.....	35,897	33,937	692	34,629	30,849
Vermont	32,074	33,288	1,974	35,262	29,068
Massachusetts.....	139,095	146,730	5,318	152,048	124,104
Rhode Island.....	18,898	23,236	463	23,699	17,866
Connecticut	44,797	55,864	1,515	57,379	50,623
New York.....	507,148	448,850	18,197	467,047	392,270
New Jersey.....	92,820	76,814	4,196	81,010	57,908
Pennsylvania.....	385,369	337,936	28,171	366,107	265,517
Delaware	13,935	12,284	1,386	13,670	10,322
Maryland	70,965	46,638	3,678	50,316	41,275
West Virginia.....	34,463	32,068	32,068	27,714
Dist. of Columbia.....	13,973	16,534	338	16,872	11,506
Ohio.....	306,322	313,180	6,479	319,659	240,514
Indiana	199,788	196,363	784	197,147	153,576
Illinois	244,496	259,092	55	259,147	214,133
Michigan.....	95,007	87,364	2,008	89,372	80,111
Wisconsin	109,080	91,327	5,097	96,424	79,260
Minnesota	26,326	24,020	1,032	25,052	19,693
Iowa	79,521	76,242	67	76,309	68,630
Missouri	122,496	109,111	109,111	86,530
Kentucky.....	100,782	75,760	3,265	79,025	70,832
Kansas	12,931	20,149	2	20,151	18,706
Tennessee	1,560	31,092	31,092	26,394
Arkansas.....	780	8,289	8,289	7,836
North Carolina	1,560	3,156	3,156	3,156
California.....	15,725	15,725	15,725
Nevada	1,080	1,080	1,080
Oregon	1,810	1,810	1,773
Washington Territory.....	964	964	964
Nebraska Territory.....	3,157	3,157	2,175
Colorado Territory.....	4,903	4,903	3,697
Dakota Territory.....	206	206	206
New Mexico Territory.....	6,561	6,561	4,432
Alabama	2,576	2,576	1,611
Florida	1,290	1,290	1,290
Louisiana	5,224	5,224	4,654
Mississippi	545	545	545
Texas	1,965	1,965	1,632
Indian Nation.....	3,530	3,530	3,530
Colored Troops*.....	93,441	93,441	91,789
Total.....	2,763,670	2,772,408	86,724	2,859,132	2,320,272

* Colored troops organized at various stations in the States, embracing all not specifically credited to States, and which cannot be so assigned.

General Lee's Offensive Policy in the Campaign of 1864.

It is a very popular error to speak of General Lee as acting on the defensive in the campaign of 1864, and of his "retreating" before General Grant. The truth is that from the day Grant crossed the Rapidan until (after losing nearly twice as many men as Lee had) he sat down to the siege of Petersburg—a position which he could have occupied at first without firing a gun or losing a man—Lee never made a move except to meet and fight the enemy, and that on the whole campaign he craved nothing so much as "an open field and a fair fight." He again and again expressed himself to that effect, and always said that if the enemy were allowed to besiege Richmond the result would be a mere question of time.

The following letter to one of his corps commanders brings out clearly his views and purposes. If General Grant had not crossed the James and advanced on Petersburg, Lee would have attacked him in his works, and have tried on him the same tactics which proved so successful against McClellan in 1862. Of course no one can now tell certainly what the result would have been, but General Lee and his ragged veterans were confident of a splendid victory. The letter, however, speaks for itself:

HEAD-QUARTERS 12:30 P. M., June, 1864.

General,—I have received your note of 11 A. M. I am glad that you are able to make the disposition of the troops you propose, as it meets my views as expressed in a former note to you. Now that you have your troops in a line I hope you will strengthen it as much as possible, and hold it. I have little fear of your ability to maintain your position if our men do as they generally do. The time has arrived, in my opinion, when something more is necessary than adhering to lines and defensive positions. We shall be obliged to go out and prevent the enemy from selecting such positions as he chooses. If he is allowed to continue that course we shall at last be obliged to take refuge behind the works of Richmond and stand a siege, which would be but a work of time.

We must be prepared to fight him in the field; to prevent his taking positions such as he desires, and I expect the co-operation of all the corps commanders in the course which necessity now will oblige us to pursue.

It is for this purpose that I desire the corps to be kept together, and

as strong as possible, and that our absentees may be brought forward and every attention given to refreshing and preparing the men for battle.

Their arms and ammunition should be looked to and cooked provisions provided ahead.

(Signed)

R. E. LEE, *General*.

P. S.—I am anxious to get recommendations to fill the vacancies in the different commands in your corps.

(Signed)

R. E. L.

Stuart's Last Dispatch.

The following is, so far as we have been able to learn, the last dispatch every sent by the great Confederate cavalryman, J. E. B. Stuart.

Remembering that he was confronting overwhelming odds, and was about to lay down that very evening his noble life, this dispatch, which has never before been in print, will have a sad interest and will be recognized by those who knew him, as having the clarion ring which always characterized the dispatches of this glorious cavalryman; of whom it has been truly said that he never believed he could be whipped, and could never bring himself to acknowledge that he had been defeated:

No. 4.

HEAD-QUARTERS NEAR HALF SINK BRIDGE,

May 11th, 3 o'clock P. M., 1864.

To General Bragg:

General,—The enemy now has the Yellow Tavern and hold the Old Mountain road for some distance above, having formed his column between Fredericksburg railroad and that road. General Gordon is one-and-a-half miles south of Chiles's Tavern, on that road, and informs me that all the enemy's cavalry are massed here, none having gone towards James river. Now, General, if we can make a combined attack on them with Hunton's brigade I cannot see how they can escape. I have attacked once and feel confident of success. They drove our extreme left back a little, but we have been driving their rear and left. As soon as Gordon joins my right I will try them again, and expect to get so as to command the intersection. There is a road, however, coming in just by Delaplaine's, in sight of Yellow Tavern, from which the enemy can move

towards "Meadow bridge," which, however, I hear is burned. I keep my artillery bearing on a dust near Yellow Tavern. The enemy fights entirely as infantry to-day—though yesterday we got in with sabres with good execution. I am glad to report enemy's killed large in proportion.

Most respectfully,

J. E. B. STUART, *Major-General*.

The enemy may yet turn toward James river.

J. E. B. S.

Notes and Queries.

We have determined to open this Department in our *Papers*, where brief comments, notes or queries, concerning men or events, may find a receptacle. We invite contributions from any who may have a question to ask, a brief note, or a pertinent comment, concerning any person or event in Colonial, Revolutionary, Civil, or Confederate History. We do not, of course, promise that we shall be able to answer all queries, or endorse or refute all notes that may be presented; but we will at least give others a chance at them, and will endeavor to make this Department one of interest and historic value.

"DID GRANT RETURN LEE'S SWORD AT APPOMATTOX COURT-HOUSE?"

Poetry, Art, and Romance have combined to paint the "historic scene" of Lee tendering, and Grant magnanimously declining to receive, his sword at Appomattox Court-house; but nothing of the kind occurred.

We published in 1875 (in "Reminiscences, Anecdotes, and Letters of General R. E. Lee") General Lee's own account of the surrender, in which he said, with emphasis, that as he had determined from the beginning of negotiations that officers should retain their side-arms, *he did not violate the terms by tendering General Grant his own sword*. This, of course, settled the question, for the world long since learned to receive implicitly the lightest word of R. E. Lee.

But it has also been recently set at rest by the following correspondence which explains itself:

BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VIRGINIA,

March 11, 1881.

General U. S. Grant, New York:

Sir,—In a friendly discussion between several gentlemen of North-

ern and Southern proclivities as to the "truth of history," a question arose *whether General Lee at the surrender actually tendered, and you received, his sword.*

It was mutually agreed that you should be written to for a decision.

There is no idle curiosity or desire for notoriety in regard to this request, and a reply from you would be highly appreciated.

Very respectfully,

T. D. JEFFRESS.

General Grant replied as follows on the bottom of the same sheet of paper :

General Badeau's book, now in the hands of the printer, will give the exact truth of the matter referred to in this letter. There was no *demand made* for General Lee's sword, and no *tender of it offered.*

U. S. GRANT.

We should be glad of an answer, by some one who can give the information, to the following courteous letter :

CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS., March 16, 1881.

Rev. J. William Jones, Secretary Southern Historical Society :

My Dear Sir,—During the night of the 23d, and morning of the 24th of May, 1864, Hancock's Second corps, Army of the Potomac, was crossing the trestle bridge over the North Anna at Chesterfield, and during that time, more especially after dawn, whenever any considerable number of troops appeared on the bridge, they were the object of immediate attention from a Confederate battery a few hundred yards up the river, in position on the right bank. At times the fire of *three Union batteries* was concentrated upon it, at a distance, I should judge, of not more than six hundred yards, but it, nevertheless, held its ground, being well protected by earthworks. There must have been several hundred rounds of ammunition expended upon it. It was in a portion of the Confederate line then held by Longstreet's corps, at that time commanded by the late General R. H. Anderson.

The object of this communication, Mr. Editor, is to ask its insertion in your valuable Historical Magazine, in the hope that it will meet the eye of some one who can tell me the name of the battery, the kind and

numbers of guns (I think there were but two), the nature of the position, the casualties, and any other facts that may be of interest, which I should like to incorporate in the history of my company soon to be published.

Hoping to hear something authentic touching this matter in your next issue,

I am, sir,

Yours, very truly,

JOHN D. BILLINGS,

Historian, and former member of Tenth Massachusetts Battery, Second Army corps, Army of Potomac.

The failure of General Hooker to cut Jackson's column when moving to his rear at Chancellorsville has been much discussed. The following letter will throw some light on an interesting episode of that great movement:

SAN FRANCISCO, 26th January, 1881,

439 California Street.

General Fitzhugh Lee:

Dear General,—Accident some time ago placed me in possession of a copy of your address of October 29th, 1879, which you ought to have sent me. I take the liberty of calling your attention to the part acted by Captain Moore, of the Fourteenth Tennessee, which I think you would have mentioned, had you known, or not forgotten it.

When the ordnance train of Hill's division was approaching Catherine Furnace (where the road turns abruptly to the left and down hill) the confusion ahead carried me forward, where I found bullets whistling through the wagons. Passing the crest of the hill and riding up to some cavalry, formed some fifty yards off and partially sheltered, I asked the commander (Lieutenant-Colonel Carter, of the Fourth Virginia, if my memory is correct) "why he did not protect the wagons." He told me that the infantry had run out, and that he could do nothing with the force at his command. I told him that there was artillery in the train just back of my ordnance, and that I would run my wagons through the fire, if he would stop the artillery and check the enemy's advance. This was done, two guns placed in position, two shots fired and the men driven from the guns by the minnies of the enemy. At this moment Captain Stanard, A. P. Hill's ordnance officer, rode towards me, calling me, and told me that some infantry refused to "go in" for him, but said that they would accept orders from me. I

found Captain Moore, another Captain (whose name I have forgotten, I am sorry to say), and twenty-eight or thirty men, who had been left on picket in the morning, with orders to follow the brigade as soon as relieved. Captain Moore said that my orders would relieve him, in the eyes of General Archer, for not obeying instructions to follow the brigade without delay, and went in at once and drove back the enemy's skirmishers, relieving the train of all annoyance. Generals Archer and Thomas arrived back with their brigades a few minutes later, but never fired a gun, Captain Moore's brilliant dash having accomplished all needed. If Colonel J. Thompson Brown was in command or firing there I did not know it, and Captain Stanard never mentioned it to me then or afterwards, and when Archer and Thomas came back I was the officer who reported the situation to them, as I think General Thomas, if alive, can confirm. Dear General Archer is dead. *Stanard and Thomas and Moore, I hope, alive and well.

Yours sincerely,

GEORGE LEMMON,

Ex-Ordnance Officer Archer's Brigade.

WE clip the following from a private letter from a gallant Colonel who served in the Federal army, and has written a valuable history of his regiment:

"I take great pleasure in reading *The Southern Historical Society Papers*, and consider them invaluable. They show conclusively the great disparity of numbers, and the bravery and great sacrifices which the Southerners made in battling for their principles and for what they honestly consider were their rights. And I take a just pride, as an American citizen, a descendant on both sides of my parentage, of English stock, who came to this country about 1640, that the Southern army, composed almost entirely of Americans, were able, under the ablest American chieftains, to defeat so often the overwhelming hosts of the North, which were composed largely of foreigners to our soil; in fact, the majority were mercenaries whom large bounties induced to

*Major P. B. Stanard died several years ago at his residence at Goshen depot, Va., and a gallant spirit and high-toned gentleman was thus lost to Virginia.

J. W. J.

enlist, while the stay-at-home patriots whose money bought them, body and boots, to go off and get killed instead of their own precious selves, said, let the war go on. The men that went from principle, as a rule, and who would fight, were those volunteers who sprang to arms at the first, without thought of pay or bounty. What was \$11 per month to the men such as the Zouaves were composed of, many of whom left splendid positions? One of its captains was a retired merchant, worth at least \$300,000. After a time we had every reason to be disgusted, to see how our army was used by the constant interference of vulgar politicians, and the wise men and advisers in Washington—the busy-bodies, who were always handicapping McClellan, and thwarting his plans, because he was a Democrat. Pardon me for this long letter.”

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

RENEWALS AND NEW SUBSCRIBERS have continued to come in; but we can make room on our list for more, and we beg our friends to help us, as many of them have done in the matter. And now would be an excellent time for those of our *Annual* members who propose to become *Life* members to do so.

AN ENDOWMENT for the Southern Historical Society, the principal of which shall be invested, and only the interest used in meeting current expenses, is what some of us have been long thinking of, hoping for, and planning. When we read of the splendid income with which many of the Historical Societies are enabled to carry on their work, and remember what *we* have been enabled to accomplish, while literally “*living from hand to mouth*,” we are stirred up—not to envy our more fortunate brethren, or to covet their goods, but to long for the coming of some friend, or friends, who shall put us on a similar footing, and give us the means of doing satisfactorily the grand work committed to our charge. We have all the time been straitened and embarrassed for lack of the means of properly prosecuting our work, and have constantly seen how we could enlarge our usefulness if we only had the money. But the times have seemed unpropitious for a movement to endow the Society, and we have struggled on, trying to bring our expenditures within the amount of our annual receipts. Our success thus far has been beyond the most sanguine expectations of our friends, and while many similar enterprises have failed, we have lived, and expect to live, even without an endowment. It is clear, however, to any one at all acquainted with our work, that we need, and ought to have, a larger annual income, and that the Society ought to be placed upon a firm financial basis, above the necessity of the rigid economy we are now forced to practice.

We believe that the time has come for a vigorous effort in this direction, and we are maturing certain plans which will test the feasibility of the enterprise.

But, meantime, we submit several questions:

1. Is there not some one of large means and liberal mind who will just endow the Society at once, and be done with it? We see frequent notices of large donations to colleges, charitable institutions, &c., and always rejoice when men or women are wise enough to make such judicious use of their money. But we really do not know of a better investment than that one of our rich men could make than to endow this Society, which, in the years to come, will hand down to posterity the true history of our Southern land—the true story of the deeds of her sons in Colonial, Revolutionary, and Confederate times.

And if some rich man wishes to build for himself a monument “more lasting than brass,” we do not know how he can better do it than by linking his name with this Society, and having it handed down as the patron of this effort to vindicate the name and fame of our people, and preserve for the future historian the material for their history.

Do you know the man to do this for us?

2. Are there not those who will give us handsome sums, on condition that an ample endowment is raised? One friend has offered us \$1,000, on condition that nine others would unite with him and make up *ten thousand* dollars. Who else will respond to this proposition; or who will make other propositions? We would be glad to have any suggestions on this matter. We *must* have an endowment. Who will help?

CAPTAIN POLK's reply to General Ruggles, in reference to the Concentration before Shiloh, came too late for this issue, but will appear next month.

LITERARY NOTICE.

SCRIBNER AND ST. NICHOLAS continue to maintain their high character for literary taste, and interesting and valuable reading.



Vol. IX.

Richmond, Va., April, 1881.

No. 4.

History of Lane's North Carolina Brigade.

By General J. H. LANE.

BATTLE OF SPOTSYLVANIA COURT-HOUSE—REPORT OF GENERAL LANE.

HEAD-QUARTERS LANE'S BRIGADE, September 16th, 1864.

Major,—I have the honor to report that after leaving the Wilderness battle-field on the afternoon of the 8th of May, my brigade marched continuously and rapidly until 2 o'clock on the morning of the 9th. At 6 o'clock A. M. we resumed our march, reached Spotsylvania court-house about 12 M., and at once entrenched on the left of the road leading to Fredericksburg—our right resting on the road. Next day we moved to the left and connected with Johnson's brigade, and subsequently occupied Johnson's position, our right resting at the salient beyond the brick-kiln. That night we moved very rapidly to the support of a part of Ewell's command, but not being needed, we were ordered back to our previous position. On the 11th we were ordered still further to the left. I did not like this position, and seeing that I could get a more commanding one, and at the same time shorten the line and

thereby connect with Steuart's brigade of Johnson's division, I threw four of my regiments forward, abandoning the old line of works with the exception of the part occupied by the Thirty-seventh regiment on the right. The Twenty-eighth formed close upon Steuart in the "Double Sap" which had been thrown up by Johnson's pioneer corps, with its right resting upon a boggy piece of ground. The Eighteenth entrenched itself on an elevated point on the opposite side of this boggy place, with its right resting on a swampy branch. The Seventh and Thirty-third regiments intrenched on the same line between the swampy branch and the left of the Thirty-seventh, the right of the Seventh resting on the Thirty-seventh, and the left of the Thirty-third on the branch. This new line of intrenchments, thrown up and occupied by the Seventh, Thirty-third and Eighteenth regiments, formed an exterior obtuse angle with the line occupied by the Thirty-seventh, and was nearly at right angles to an abandoned arm of the old works, which ran to the rear from the apex of this obtuse angle. I informed Major-General Wilcox of what I had done, and it met with his approval. With Steuart close upon our left and Walker, of Heth's division, on our right, we occupied this position until the following morning.

About daybreak on the morning of the 12th, I was on the left of my line when the enemy penetrated Johnson's front. I ordered the Twenty-eighth regiment to hold its position until I was satisfied that the Yankees had struck Steuart and were making for our rear. I then ordered Colonel Spear to move his regiment by the right flank to the abandoned arm of the old works above referred to, but before I could withdraw this regiment, with the Eighteenth, Thirty-third and Seventh, to the point indicated, the enemy, under cover of the dense fog which prevailed at that time, struck us in the flank and rear, and succeeded in capturing some prisoners from the left of the Twenty-eighth and Eighteenth regiments. The Seventh and Thirty-third withdrew in order and formed as directed on the left of the Thirty-seventh, while the Eighteenth and Twenty-eighth, though thrown into some confusion, came up like brave men and formed on their left. Thus thrown back behind this arm of the old works, we could enfilade the new, which we had just left. In the best of spirits the brigade welcomed the furious assault, which soon followed, with prolonged cheers and death dealing volleys—the unerring rifles of the Thirty-seventh and part of the Seventh thinning the ranks of the enemy in front, while the rest did good execution in rear. It is impossible for me to speak in too high terms of my command in repulsing this terrible attack of the enemy—men could not fight better, nor officers behave more gallantly—the latter

regardless of danger, would frequently pass along the line and cheer the former in their glorious work. We justly claim for this brigade *alone* the honor of not only successfully stemming, but rolling back this "tide of Federal victory which came surging furiously to our right."

As soon as I had changed the front of my brigade, I sent my aid, Lieutenant Oscar Lane, to Major-General Wilcox for reinforcements, as I was afraid the enemy, under cover of the fog, would attempt to turn my left. When Scales's brigade came up just after the enemy had made their last desperate effort to force us from our position, I directed them to form on my left, and while this movement was being executed by that brigade, Doles's brigade of Ewell's corps, moved in line of battle from the woods, and occupied the new works from which my men had driven the enemy. At General Doles's suggestion, I formed my brigade on the right of his, and both moved forward over the intrenchments and abattis into the pine thicket in front, in pursuit of the enemy. I apprised General Wilcox of this movement, and when we had advanced between three hundred and four hundred yards into the thicket, I was ordered by him, through Lieutenant Lindsey, to fall back to the works. Having informed Doles's brigade of this order, and having also sent back to notify the troops in our rear of what we were about to do, I ordered a withdrawal of the brigade by wings. I withdrew the right wing first, and in perfect order; the left then retired under Captain Hale, and in good order, but not until they had poured a few volleys into a body of Yankees immediately in their front. As the works were occupied by other troops on our return, the brigade was formed to the rear, in the woods, and allowed to rest.

After the rain we were ordered to occupy that part of the line between the salient and the brick-kiln, which had previously been held by McGowan. Soon after taking this position, our corps of sharpshooters, under Captain W. T. Nicholson, of the Thirty-seventh regiment, was sent out, in obedience to orders, to reconnoitre the ground in advance of the salient, and were soon actively engaged.

The Seventh and Thirty-third regiments were afterwards sent under Lieutenant-Colonel Cowan, into the oak woods to the right of the salient, to ascertain if the enemy had a line of battle in that direction. They were subsequently instructed to attack the enemy as soon as his position was discovered. Lieutenant-Colonel Cowan ordered four companies—two from the Seventh and two from the Thirty-third—under Captain Thomas G. Williamson, of the Seventh, to precede him as skirmishers. Captain Williamson engaged the enemy's skirmishers, drove them back upon their line of battle and reported the result to

Lieutenant-Colonel Cowan, who was making his arrangements for an attack when I joined him with the balance of the brigade.

I had been ordered to the oak woods near the ice-house by Generals Early and Wilcox, with instructions to face to the front; after the left of my line had gotten well into the woods to advance upon the enemy and try to capture the battery which was planted in the open field beyond the salient, and which had been enfilading that part of our works which we had just left. The main object of this movement, however, as I was informed, was to relieve Ewell's front, which at that time was heavily pressed by the enemy. On reaching Lieutenant-Colonel Cowan, I faced my whole brigade as directed, the regiments being in the following order from right to left: Seventh, Thirty-third, Thirty-seventh, Eighteenth, Twenty-eighth. In this position I threw forward skirmishers before advancing, Captain Williamson, with his four companies, being still on the right flank. Mahone's brigade, under Colonel Weisiger, had formed about one hundred yards in our rear as a support. Just here I received orders from General Early, through one of General Wilcox's couriers (Baily), to advance at once and rapidly. To guard against a flank attack I ordered the Seventh regiment back at right angles to our general line and then had it moved forward, under Captain J. G. Harris, in the direction of Williamson's skirmishers. When I ordered the general advance I notified Colonel Weisiger of the fact through my Adjutant-General, Captain Hale, and requested him to follow us in supporting distance. My men, as usual, moved forward very handsomely and, encouraged by their officers, drove the enemy's sharpshooters out of the oak woods, rushed upon their battery of six guns—four Napoleons and two rifles—which was in the open field, and struck Burnside's assaulting column in flank and rear. Our men commenced yelling too soon and drew upon themselves a terrible fire of canister from four of the guns above referred to. The enemy's artillerists fought with great gallantry, some being shot down while serving their pieces after a part of the battery had fallen into our hands. We also suffered from the fire of two other batteries—one on the right and rear, on the Fredericksburg road, and the other to our right and front. We were in great danger, too, from the fire of our own guns of Walker's artillery when we were fighting the assaulting column. The infantry fire in our rear was for a short time more severe than that in front, as Mahone's brigade poured such a fire into us that Lieutenant-Colonel Cowan and Lieutenant-Colonel McGill had to rush back and ask them not to fire into friends. What induced these brave Virginians to fire upon us I have never been able to learn.

After my brigade captured the battery of six guns, which we were unable to bring off for the want of horses, and because there was no road by which we could bring it off by hand, we turned our whole attention to Burnside's column, which was taken by surprise as it advanced to the assault of the salient. Some part of my brigade became mixed up with the enemy, and for a time there was fighting at close quarters. As soon as we had passed the battery, I sent Captain Hale to request Colonel Weisiger to form his brigade on the right of mine, that we might sweep around to the left and up to our works, and add to the captures already made by my brigade. This message was delivered to Colonel Weisiger when his brigade was in the oak woods between the little stream of water and the crest of the hill that sheltered them from the enemy's fire. My brigade continued to fight the enemy *until the head of the two parallel lines of the enemy, which were coming from Ewell's front, were in skirmishing distance of us*, and as I could see no indications of an intention on the part of Colonel Weisiger to comply with my request, I ordered my command to fall back, which was necessarily done in some confusion, as the lines had been broken in capturing prisoners, and the woods through which they withdrew rendered it almost impossible to preserve anything like a line of battle.

While all four of the regiments of my command that moved upon the battery and Burnside's column behaved nobly, the Thirty-seventh had the best opportunity of displaying its bravery, as it was immediately in front of the four pieces that were turned upon us, and suffered heavily from canister. I have never seen a regiment advance more beautifully than it did in the face of such a murderous fire. The Seventh regiment also behaved very gallantly on our right flank. It there engaged the enemy, and prevented them from getting in our rear, and did not fall back until the rest of the brigade commenced retiring.

The corps of sharp shooters, under Captain W. T. Nicholson, did good service that day, and are deserving much praise.

Among the brave spirits that fell during this hard but glorious day's work were my Aid, Lieutenant Oscar Lane; Captain N. Clark, Company E, Twenty-eighth regiment; Captain H. C. Grady, Company D, Thirty-seventh regiment; Lieutenant E. A. Carter, Company A, Thirty-Seventh regiment; Lieutenant C. T. Haigh, Company B, Thirty-seventh regiment; Lieutenant B. A. Johnston, Company C, Thirty-seventh regiment. Than these none were more attentive to

duty—none more upright in their conduct—none more gallant on the battle field.

Colonel John D. Barry, of the Eighteenth regiment, and Colonel W. H. A. Speer, of the Twenty-eighth, behaved with great coolness in withdrawing their commands while attacked in the morning, and in the flank movement that afternoon seemed determined to offset the loss sustained by their regiments earlier in the day. Colonel W. M. Barbour, of the Thirty-seventh, behaved with his usual gallantry in both engagements, but was unfortunately captured in the latter, after the order had been given for the brigade to fall back. Lieutenant-Colonel R. V. Cowan, commanding the Thirty-third regiment, was conspicuous for his gallantry both in the morning and afternoon; but he particularly distinguished himself in the morning, when, hat in hand, he was constantly running along his line and cheering his men, though himself all the time exposed to a storm of Yankee bullets. Captain J. G. Harris, who has frequently commanded the Seventh regiment, and has been commanding in this campaign ever since the Wilderness fight, has proved himself worthy of a higher position. I was also struck with the bravery displayed by Captain J. R. McAulay, Company I, Seventh regiment, in the morning fight. A brave, Christian officer, he was always to be found at his post ready for any duty that was assigned him, however dangerous and arduous. Lieutenant C. T. Haigh, Company B, Thirty-seventh regiment, was amongst the foremost in the charge upon the battery, and won the admiration of all who saw him.

Again do I beg leave to call attention to my staff. My Aid, Lieutenant Oscar Lane, after behaving very gallantly in the morning, was struck in the afternoon by a shell, and has since died of his wounds. Captain E. J. Hale, Jr., the Assistant Adjutant-General, also behaved well in the forenoon, but had better opportunities of displaying his gallantry in the flank movement in the afternoon, when, by his boldness, he not only escaped capture, but took several prisoners, and sent them safely back to the rear.

I am indebted for my own life to private P. A. Parker, Company D, Thirty-seventh regiment, who killed the Yankee that had leveled his gun and was in the act of firing upon me—the Yankee was not more than ten paces from us at the time. Private Parker is a brave young man, and has shown himself an excellent soldier in camp and on the march, as well as in battle.

In the flank movement my brigade captured three flags and a large number of prisoners—supposed to be about four hundred—notwith-

standing, General Mahone said, in the presence of Lieutenant-Colonel McGill, that afternoon, that "the d—d North Carolinians were deserting his brave Virginians."

First Lieutenant James Grimsley, Company K, Thirty-seventh regiment, with a small squad of men, had the honor of capturing the colors of the Seventeenth Michigan, and about thirty prisoners. Lieutenant Grimsley is a very brave man.

Second Lieutenant O. A. Wiggins, Company E, Thirty-seventh regiment, was captured by the enemy, but by his boldness succeeded in making his escape, and brought off with him the flag of the Fifty-first Pennsylvania regiment and several prisoners.

Private J. H. Wheeler, a brave soldier of Company E, Eighteenth regiment, is entitled to the credit of capturing the battery flag.

Some of the prisoners captured by my brigade were sent to the rear under small guards and others without any guard at all, and there taken charge of by Mahone's brigade and conducted to the Court-house.

As General Mahone claims for his brigade one of the flags and most of the prisoners captured by mine, I deem it my duty, in justice to my own command, to make the following statement: In our advance through the oak woods we encountered nothing but the enemy's skirmishers, except the force on our right flank, which was held in check by the Seventh North Carolina regiment of my brigade until we had fallen back. The battery which we captured and were unable to bring off was in the open field at least one hundred yards from the oak woods, and Burnside's assaulting column, which we fought, advanced upon the salient through an open space and a pine thicket, and as General Mahone's brigade of "brave Virginians" never left the oak woods in which it formed line of battle, it was impossible for it to capture any large number of the enemy, except the unarmed ones sent by us to the rear. I had far better opportunities of witnessing the performance of Mahone's brigade than did General Mahone himself. I was in the oak woods, I was in the open field, and I was also in the pine thicket beyond the opening, and I know that Mahone's brigade did not leave the oak woods, and that it lost a golden opportunity for covering itself with *merited* glory by not forming on my right and sweeping around, as I had requested it to do. When we fell back Captain Hale met with Colonel Weisiger and, *at his request*, conducted him and his brigade out of the oak woods. I never saw General Mahone after he introduced me to Colonel Weisiger and I had taken my command into the woods, but I am told by some of my officers that he

was riding around on horseback in the edge of the woods, near the Fredericksburg road, abusing my brigade generally, and claiming for his own most, if not all, of the prisoners that were brought to the rear, when really his brigade was leaving the woods guided by my Adjutant General, unconscious at the time that they were all to be made such heroes of by their General for having unnecessarily taken charge of the captives of another command.

The following is a Tabulated List of the Casualties on the 12th, with the Names of the Officers Killed, Wounded and Missing.

	KILLED.		WOUNDED.		MISSING.		TOTAL.		AGGREGATE.
	Offi. ers.	Men.	Officers.	Men.	Officers.	Men.	Officers.	Men.	
General Staff.....	1						1		1
Seventh N. C. Regiment.....		11	3	28		4	3	43	46
Eighteenth N. C. Regiment.....		1	1	14	8	133	9	148	157
Twenty-eighth N. C. Regiment...	1	7	1	17	3	97	5	121	126
Thirty-third N. C. Regiment.....		4	2	17		22	2	43	45
Thirty-seventh N. C. Regiment...	4	18	3	30	2	38	9	86	95
Grand Total.....	6	41	10	106	13	294	29	441	470

Officers Killed.

General Staff—Lieutenant Oscar Lane, A. D. C.—mortally wounded.
 Twenty-eighth Regiment—Captain N. Clark, Company E.

Thirty-seventh Regiment—Captain H. C. Grady, Company D; Lieutenant E. A. Carter, Company A; Lieutenant C. T. Haigh, Company B; Lieu-tenant B. A. Johnston, Company C.

Officers Wounded.

Seventh regiment—Adjutant Jno. W. Pearson; Lieutenant J. L. Stafford, Company H; Lieutenant T. P. Molloy, Company D.

Eighteenth regiment—Lieutenant A. McCollenny, Company H.

Twenty-eighth regiment—Lieutenant R. D. Orman, Company B.

Thirty-third regiment—Lieutenant W. F. McEntyre, Company D; Lieutenant I. N. Anderson, Company I.

Thirty-seventh regiment—Acting Ensign R. M. Staley; Captain D. L. Hudson, Company G; E. H. Russell, Company I—on the 10th May.

Officers Missing.

Eighteenth regiment—Captain F. M. Wooten, Company H; Captain T. C. Lewis, Company I; Lieutenant D. S. Bullard, Company A; Lieutenant Neil Townsend, Company D; Lieutenant A. A. Rowland, Company D; Lieutenant G. W. Corbett, Company E; Lieutenant Frank McIntosh, Company F; Lieutenant I. Q. Elkins, Company H.

Twenty-eighth regiment—Captain S. S. Bohannon, Company I; Lieutenant H. C. Andrews, Company G; Lieutenant P. H. Turner, Company K.

Thirty-seventh regiment—Colonel Wm. M. Barbour; Lieutenant I. D. Brown, Company C.

After we had fallen back and reformed that afternoon, we occupied the works to the left of the road near the court-house. From that time until the 21st, we frequently changed our position to the left of the court-house, strengthened old works, built new ones, and sometimes marched to the support of other commands, but were not actively engaged.

The following is a list of our casualties from sharp shooting and shelling from the 13th to the 20th May.

	KILLED.		WOUNDED.		MISSING.		TOTAL.		AGGREGATE.
	Officers.	Men.	Officers.	Men.	Officers.	Men.	Officers.	Men.	
Seventh N. C. Regiment.....
Eighteenth N. C. Regiment.....
Twenty-eighth N. C. Regiment...	1	1	2	2
Thirty-third N. C. Regiment.....	4	4	4
Thirty-seventh N. C. Regiment...	1	1	1
Grand Total.....	1	1	1	4	1	6	7

Officers Wounded.

Thirty-seventh regiment—Captain William T. Nicholson, Company E, on 18th instant.

Action near Spotsylvania Court-house, May 21.—On the after-

noon of the 21st we moved to the right, following Scales's brigade, to a church some distance to the right of the Court-house. Here we turned to the left, marched beyond the works, and formed the Thirty-third, Twenty-eighth, and Thirty-seventh regiments in line of battle in the woods to the left of a small road; the Seventh and Eighteenth, under Colonel Barry, being formed in rear as a support. In obedience to orders, we then advanced through an almost impenetrable abattis, dislodged and drove back a strong line of the enemy's skirmishers, and held their main line of breastworks until after dark, when we were ordered back to the church.

In this charge Lieutenant E. S. Edwards, Company G, Twenty-eighth North Carolina, was killed. Lieutenant Edwards was regarded by Colonel Speer as one of his best officers.

That night we commenced our march in the direction of Ashland.

List of Casualties in the Charge on the 21st May:

	KILLED.		WOUNDED.		MISSING.		TOTAL.		AGGREGATE.
	Officers.	Men.	Officers.	Men.	Officers.	Men.	Officers.	Men.	
Seventh North Carolina Troops,	1	7	8	8
Eighteenth " "	1	3	4	4
Twenty-eighth " "	1	2	1	2	3
Thirty-third " "
Thirty-seventh " "	1	2	1	2	3
Grand Total.....	1	1	1	12	...	3	2	16	18

Officers Killed.

Twenty-eighth regiment—Lieutenant E. S. Edwards, Company G.

Officers Wounded.

Thirty-seventh regiment—Lieutenant O. A. Wiggins, Company E.

Respectfully,

JAMES H. LANE, *Brigadier General.*

Major Joseph A. Engelhard, A. A. G. of Wilcox's Light Division, A. P. Hill's Corps.

General Lee Acknowledges the Receipt of the Captured Flags.

HEAD-QUARTERS A. N. VA., ON BATTLE-FIELD,
May 13, 1864.

Major-General C. M. Wilcox, Commanding Division :

General,—General Lee directs me to acknowledge the receipt of the flags captured by Lane's brigade in its gallant charge of yesterday, and to say that they will be forwarded to the Honorable Secretary of War, with the accompanying note, and the names of the brave captors.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

C. S. VENABLE, A. D. C.

What General Early says about Lane's Brigade at Spotsylvania Courthouse, on the 12th May.—In his "Memoir of the Last Year of the War for Independence," &c., General Early says: "Before daybreak on the morning of the 12th, Wilcox's brigades were returned to him, and at dawn Mahone's division was moved to the right, leaving Wright's brigade of that division to cover the crossing of the Po, on Field's left. On this morning the enemy made a very heavy attack on Ewell's front, and broke the line where it was occupied by Johnson's division. A portion of the attacking force swept along Johnson's line to Wilcox's left, and was checked by a prompt movement on the part of Brigadier-General Lane, who was on that flank. As soon as the firing was heard, General Wilcox sent Thomas's and Scales's brigades to Lane's assistance, and they arrived just as Lane's brigade had repulsed this body of the enemy, and they pursued it for a short distance." * * * *

"Subsequently, on the same day, under orders from General Lee, Lane's brigade of Wilcox's division, and Mahone's own brigade (under Colonel Weisiger) were thrown to the front, for the purpose of moving to the left and attacking the flank of the enemy that had broken Ewell's line, to relieve the pressure on him, and, if possible, recover the part of the line which had been lost. Lane's brigade commenced the movement, and had not proceeded far, when it encountered and attacked, in a piece of woods in front of my line, the Ninth corps, under Burnside, moving up to attack a salient on my front. Lane captured *over three hundred prisoners and three battle flags*, and this attack on the enemy's flank, taking him by surprise, no doubt, contributed materially to his repulse. *Mahone's brigade did not become*

seriously engaged. The attacking column which Lane encountered, got up to within a very short distance of a salient defended by Walker's brigade of Heth's division, under Colonel Mayo, before it was discovered, as there was a pine thicket in front, under cover of which the advance was made. A heavy fire of musketry from Walker's brigade and Thomas's which was on its left, and a fire of artillery from a considerable number of guns on Heth's lines, were opened with tremendous effect upon the attacking column, and it was driven back with heavy loss, leaving its dead in front of our works. This affair took place under the eye of General Lee himself." * * * *

General Lee Compliments the Sharp-Shooters of Lane's Brigade.—It is due the corps of sharp-shooters of my brigade to state that after the flank movement on the 12th of May, General Lee sent for me and told me that he had witnessed the gallantry of these brave men, as well as the cheerfulness with which they had endured the hardships of the day, and that he had such a high appreciation of their services as to make him unwilling to order them forward again, but as they had been thoroughly tried and he wished to make another very important reconnaissance on the Fredericksburg road he would be glad if they would make it for him. I at once told him that however tired they might be I knew they would go wherever he wished them. To which he replied, "I will not send them unless they are willing to go." I went for Captain W. T. Nicholson, at that time commanding them, and introduced him to General Lee, who repeated what he had just said to me. In a few minutes afterwards our sharp-shooters passed General Lee with cheers, and again pushed vigorously to the front.

Sherman's Advance on Meridian—Report of General W. H. Jackson.

HEAD-QUARTERS CAVALRY DIVISION,
BENTON, MISS., March 21, 1864.

Major,—In compliance with orders from the Major-General commanding I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of my command, consisting of three brigades, commanded respectively by Brigadier-Generals Wirt Adams, L. S. Ross, and Colonel P. B. Starke, during the late advance of Sherman's army from Big Black to Meridian and its return to Vicksburg.

The enemy commenced crossing Big Black on the afternoon of the 3d February; were met by Colonel Wood's regiment, Adams's brigade,

near Champion Hill on the morning of the 4th. At the same time Starke's brigade was resisting one corps of the enemy on the Messenger's Ferry road. The entire force of the enemy was about thirty thousand infantry and twelve hundred cavalry. Heavy skirmishing was kept up until the enemy reached Jackson, on the 5th. Ross's Texas brigade had been left on the Yazoo river to defend that country. The behavior of officers and men of Adams's and Starke's brigades in resisting the advance was excellent. On arriving at Jackson my command moved out ten miles on the Canton road, and remained there until the enemy commenced crossing Pearl river, moving in the direction of Brandon. On the 7th February I moved with Starke's brigade to the rear of the enemy, near Brandon; Adams's brigade accompanied Major-General Lee on the flank of the enemy. There was but little opportunity to accomplish anything in the rear, except to skirmish heavily with rear guard, pick up stragglers, &c. The enemy moved in good order, well closed up, with wagon train of each brigade in rear of their respective brigades. At Decatur Woods's and Dumonteil's regiments, Adams's brigade, made a dash on a wagon train and succeeded in killing a number of men and mules, but were compelled to abandon wagons captured, as enemy had force of infantry in front and rear of train. The command fought the enemy at Meridian, where the brigade of General Ross joined my command from the Yazoo country, which it had well protected, having fought three times their number and repulsed enemy on land, the men using their six-shooters, on foot, at the distance of twenty-five paces; at the same time the section of King's Missouri battery, commanded by Lieutenant Moore, drove back the gunboats.

All praise is due the fighting Texans and King's battery, and their gallant leader, General Ross, for their noble defence of the Yazoo country. At Meridian Adams's brigade was assigned temporarily to Ferguson's division.

On the 16th I moved with two brigades towards Columbus, Miss., to reinforce General Forrest, and arrived at Starkesville on the 23d. The raiding party from the north, under General Smith, retired the day before, upon hearing of the approach of Major-General Lee's command. On the 24th, in compliance with orders, I moved my division in pursuit of Sherman's army, on way to Canton. I detached Ross's brigade at Kosciusko to proceed to and protect the Mississippi Central railroad and Yazoo country.

February 27th we reached Sharon, Miss., and Starke's brigade encountered the enemy and fought them in gallant style, capturing a

number of horses, mules and wagons. The enemy were scattered in parties of thirty and forty, foraging and pillaging through the country. I therefore adopted the plan of detaching regiments to operate against them. This succeeded admirably, Colonel Peirson with his regiment (First Mississippi) being very successful—captured a number of the enemy, killed and wounded many, and brought off nine wagons and teams. The officers and men of Croft and King's batteries deserve great praise for their promptness in the execution of orders and gallant behavior in presence of the enemy.

The enemy remained about Canton three days, my command skirmishing with them daily, killing and capturing many, striking principally at their foraging parties, my object being to confine the enemy, as far as possible, to their lines, and prevent, in a great measure, their destruction of the country. In this I was successful. On the 28th, having previously assumed command of Ferguson's division, consisting of his own brigade, commanded by Colonel Earle, and Adams's brigade, I made the following disposition of the command, viz :

Adams's brigade on left flank of enemy, Starke's on right and Ferguson's in rear. In this manner they pursued the enemy to within a short distance of Big Black, capturing fifteen wagons and teams and one hundred and fifty prisoners, killed and wounded numbers, also captured fifty cavalry horses and equipments, notwithstanding the enemy was aware of our presence, and moved in fine order, without straggling. The effect was to confine them closely to the road on which they were moving.

I beg leave to call the attention of Major-General Lee to the part performed by Lieutenant Harvey and his gallant band of forty scouts; he was everywhere doing good service, killed and captured of the enemy four times his own number. His daring coolness and judgment eminently fit him for promotion and much larger command. I commend him to the notice of the Major-General commanding.

The loss in my division during the campaign was two hundred and twenty-five killed, wounded and missing; that of the enemy, about four hundred prisoners, with as many killed, with a large number of mules, horses, wagons, arms and equipments captured.

I am informed by my staff officers, just returned from Vicksburg on a flag of truce, that Federal officers admit a loss of three thousand missing. The number of their killed will never be known, as a great many were killed while out from the main body, plundering and burning houses.

Troops never behaved more gallantly or soldierly than those of my

command during the entire campaign, and I think that everything that could possibly have been done was executed by the command of Major-General Lee.

My thanks are due General Ferguson for his gallantry, energy and prompt compliance with all orders, while temporarily under my command. To my brigade commanders, General Adams, General Ross and Colonel Starke my thanks are especially due for efficiency and zealous discharge of every duty and their noble bearing on the field. Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the heroic spirits who follow them.

I respectfully refer to the detailed reports of the brigade commanders for the losses, captures, &c.

I would call the attention of the Major-General commanding especially to that portion of General Ross's report referring to the capture of Yazoo city, which I consider a perfect success.

My thanks are also due the members of my staff, Captain George Moorman, A. A. G., Captain Thomas B. Sykes, A. I. G., Major W. R. Paul, Q. M., Major A. P. Glover, C. S., Major I. F. Simmons, Paymaster, for gallantry and efficiency on the field.

My aid de camp, Lieutenant James R. Crump, was killed while gallantly leading my escort company in a successful charge against a party of marauding Yankees near Sharon, Mississippi, February 26th, 1864. He was a brave and noble officer.

Very respectfully,

W. H. JACKSON,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

To Major Wm. Elliott, A. A. and I. General.

REPORT OF GENERAL RICHARDSON.

HEAD-QUARTERS WEST TENNESSEE BRIGADE,
BENTON, MISS., March 7th, 1864.

Major,—On the 23rd of February, I received an order from Major-General S. D. Lee, commanding cavalry west of Alabama, to move my brigade to Grenada "for the protection of the public property at that point, and to guard against raids from Yazoo City."

I started from Tampica on the morning of the 24th, and hearing that evening that the enemy was raiding unrestricted over the country between the Yazoo river and the M. C. R. R., from Greenwood to Lexington, I moved rapidly to surprise and chastise him.

I reached Elliott Station on the evening of the 25th, and preparing three days rations, leaving my train except my ambulances, taking only my effective men and horses, then numbering six hundred, and the rifle section of Thrall's battery, I started at noon on the 26th February to Carrollton, hoping that by moving all night, I would be able to pass between a party of negroes led by white officers, then raiding about Black Hawk, and their gunboats and transports at Sidon, and cutting them off from their boats, would be able to capture and destroy them. I marched all night, and next morning learned that these negroes had returned to their boats. I moved on to Sidon on the east bank of the Yazoo river, and finding that the enemy had gone down the river on his boats, I sent scouts to Tchula to find the locality, if in that neighborhood. My scouts reported that eleven transports and three gunboats had proceeded down the river to Vicksburg and that one transport and two gunboats were reported west of Honey Island loading with cotton. My information derived from citizens and our soldiers captured, and who had escaped, showed pretty conclusively that this armada was composed of twelve transports and five gunboats, the Eleventh Illinois infantry, one regiment of negro cavalry, and one regiment of negro infantry, variously estimated at from one to two thousand men. It also appeared that their object was to take cotton, stock, and negroes and corn, and to hold and navigate the Yazoo river for the purpose of drawing from its rich granaries subsistence for the army at Vicksburg. Feeling that the supplies of the Yazoo valley were of great value to the country, I deemed it of vast importance to punish the enemy and drive him, if possible, from this river, that we might preserve its rich abundance of army supplies for the use of the Confederate forces, with which I believed it was designed to hold and occupy this region of country. Accordingly, so soon as I received the information that three boats were west of Honey Island, I moved to Tchula, thence towards the foot of Honey Island; but before I reached this point, my scouts returned from a thorough reconnoissance of Honey Island, reporting that all the boats had descended the river to Vicksburg.

Believing now that the enemy had returned to Vicksburg, I moved from Yazoo Bottom [to rear Lexington], determined to return to Grenada by slow marches, resting my men and horses.

I received now several dispatches from Brigadier-General L. S. Ross, from the vicinity of Benton, indicating the presence of the enemy at Yazoo City. I moved in that direction, and on the evening of the 4th of March formed a junction with him at the Ponds, six miles east

of that city. My effective force was now reduced to five hundred and fifty men, and that of General Ross was about one thousand men. I found General Ross well informed as to the position of the enemy, his works of defence, and the topography of Yazoo City and environs. He made full (as I afterwards saw to be), true, and accurate explanation, giving me the benefit of his valuable information upon these points. He reported to me as the ranking officer, but on account of his superior information as to the defences and approaches of and to Yazoo City, I declined to assume the command, making him my equal in rank, both agreeing to consult and coöperate. At 8 o'clock, A. M., on the 5th of March, we moved from our camp at the Ponds, determined to reconnoitre the enemy's position, and feel of him in force, and, if the opportunity should appear favorable, to capture the city and works.

At 10 o'clock, A. M., we commenced the attack. Colonel Mabry was ordered to attack on the Plank road; Colonel Jones to carry the left central redoubt; Colonel Hawkins to carry the extreme right redoubt. These officers belonged to General Ross's brigade, and their dispositions were made by him.

Acting under General Ross's advice, I placed Captain Thrall's section of artillery on a point about one thousand yards from the right central redoubt, and opened upon it. Captain Thrall soon obtained the range, and his shells seemed to burst right over the works. General Ross now moved on the Plank road to the left, commanding the left wing. Colonel Hawkins, commanding the First Texas Legion, very soon drove the enemy from the extreme right redoubt, and this gave me a much better position for Thrall's section, also opened one of the main roads into the city, exposed the camp of the Eleventh Illinois regiment and the north side of the main redoubt, which it now appeared the enemy intended to hold if possible. General Ross had now captured his two redoubts on the left of the *main* or *right central*, and had placed his section of artillery (Lieutenant Johnson commanding) in a good position at easy range, and was playing it upon the main *central* with good effect. This work was the largest and strongest of all the works; had in it one piece of artillery; was flaunting the United States flag, and now became the special object of our attention. We had now four pieces throwing shells at this work. One of my pieces, however, soon disabled itself by its recoil. I received a message from General Ross, saying that he had thrown the forces of his wing, to-wit: Colonel Mabry's, Colonel Jones's, and the Twelfth Tennessee cavalry, Colonel Neeley commanding, around the east and

south sides of the fort, and the shells which went over the works fell among our own men. I now saw that I could complete the investment of the work, and storm and take the city. I ordered Major Ross, commanding Sixth Texas, to move up a wooded ravine and attack the north side. I ordered Colonel Hawkins, commanding First Texas Legion, to move on the jagged slope of the bluffs, clear it of the enemy, swing on his left, and extend the arc of a circle, formed by Major Ross, to the north and west. I ordered Colonel Thomas Logwood, commanding the Fifteenth Tennessee cavalry, to move through the upper edge of the city, and Major John Thurmond, commanding Fourteenth Tennessee cavalry (Colonel Neeley's right), to move centrally through the city. These officers, and their commands, promptly and gallantly executed these orders, and in twenty minutes we had completed the circle around the main redoubt, and swept the heights above the city, except the main redoubt, and had taken the city by storm, except the tier of buildings fronting the river, under the immediate cover of their two gunboats, in which a number of the enemy had posted themselves, and were firing from the windows of the houses. In driving the enemy from one of these houses, the gallant and accomplished gentleman and soldier, Major J. G. Thurmond, fell dead, shot through the head, leading his regiment, the gallant Fourteenth Tennessee cavalry. He is dead. His deeds place him in the ranks of that honored few whom we delight to recognize as the *bravest* of the *brave*.

Two gunboats now opened their batteries upon us in the city and rained down showers of balls from exploding shrapnells. Captain Thrall now placed in position, on one of the streets, in fifty yards of a brick house occupied by the enemy, his piece, and opened upon it with terrible effect. I held the city for three hours, destroying quartermaster's stores and cotton, not without, however, a continuous struggle with the enemy's sharp-shooters, posted in houses and his gunboats, until the latter were silenced. Colonel Logwood having driven the enemy from the upper part of the city, by gallant and impetuous charges, had wheeled his regiment upon its left and closed the circle of investment, and commanded the sally post of the main central redoubt. About four o'clock in the evening General Ross reported to me, in the city, the progress made against the central redoubt, and the refusal of the enemy to surrender the main redoubt. We concluded that to carry the work by storm would sacrifice too many valuable lives, and was not worth the price. Two boats of re-inforcements were approaching the city; our ammunition was nearly exhausted; we had felt the

enemy heavily; had damaged him very much; it was nearly night; we determined to withdraw.

We captured mules, horses, clothing and ammunition, and seventeen prisoners. The loss of my brigade was thirty-seven killed and wounded; of the two brigades sixty-four. The enemy's loss from all I can gather, must have been over one hundred, though he stated it to citizens at two hundred and forty-three.

The enemy has been compelled to evacuate the city, and it is hoped that he will abandon the idea, heretofore entertained, of opening the Yazoo river, and drawing cotton, negroes, stock and supplies from its rich valley.

The Fourteenth Tennessee cavalry was under my immediate observation, and it gives me great pleasure to commend the gallantry of both men and officers. The Fifteenth Tennessee cavalry and its gallant and dashing Colonel Logwood behaved well—not a man or officer straggling from it to the rear. Its flag bore and now bears ten bullet holes through its folds and one through its staff, as honorable mementoes of the fierce struggle it passed.

I cannot close this report without mentioning, in terms of commendation, the promptness to carry my orders and the gallant bearing throughout the entire day, of Captain W. E. Reneau, Acting-Inspecting General on my staff, and Lieutenant V. B. Waddell, picket officer of my brigade. My Aid De Camp Lieutenant J. T. Joyner and Volunteer Aid J. M. Lucas bore my orders promptly. It gives me great pleasure to commend the gallantry of Brigadier-General L. S. Ross and his entire brigade of Texans. I desire also to commend Captain Thrall and his men and officers for their bravery and good firing on this occasion. The Captain was wounded in the city after it was captured, standing by his piece, by a sharp-shooter of the enemy. Lieutenant C. Adams, my ordnance officer, was also wounded in the city.

I have the honor to be,

R. V. RICHARDSON, *Brigadier-General.*

To Major Holt, A. A. General.

REPORT OF COLONEL P. B. STARKE.

HEAD-QUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE, I. C. D.,
Near Livingstone, Miss., March 13th, 1864.

Captain,—I have the honor to report that at 5 o'clock, A. M., on the 4th ulto., whilst near Brownsville, Miss., I received an order from

General Jackson, directing me to move my brigade to Reynolds Ponds, on the road leading from Queens Hill to Clinton, and to be there by daylight. As soon as the order reached me I moved my command, and took position at the Ponds a little after sun-rise. A short time afterwards I was notified by the pickets at Queens Hill, that the enemy were approaching in force. I threw forward the First Mississippi regiment, and one piece of artillery, under command of Colonel Pinson, of First Mississippi regiment, to Colonel Jos. E. Davis's place, one mile in advance of my position, to force the enemy to develop his strength as far as practicable. A short time after they had taken position the pickets were driven in, and about 10 o'clock they became hotly engaged with him, and after a spirited resistance against his infantry, artillery and cavalry, deployed in line of battle, they were forced to fall back in rear of position taken in the morning, which was held by the Twenty-eighth Mississippi regiment, under Major McBee, Ballentine's regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Maxwell, and Crafts Battery, until the enemy came against them in line of battle, ten to one in number, across an open field, and their skirmishers forced the withdrawal of the battery, and of the Twenty-eighth, which was dismounted, and were being flanked on both sides. I ordered Lieutenant-Colonel Maxwell, with his regiment mounted, to hold the position until those troops were withdrawn, and had taken position in the rear, in the meantime they were exposed to a heavy fire from the artillery and infantry, and a rapid advance of the enemy's whole line. Night coming on I withdrew the command to the Ponds near the Wells's place, and bivouaced for the night, the enemy having halted at Reynolds Ponds. He commenced his advance at daylight the next morning, and attacked my pickets; I ordered forward Lieutenant-Colonel Maxwell, with his regiment to re-inforce them, who became hotly engaged upon arriving on the ground, and were forced back to the position I was occupying at Wells's with the other two regiments and battery. The enemy in heavy force advanced rapidly in line of battle, on this position, and a brisk engagement took place. At this time General Jackson came on the field from the Bolton depot and Clinton road, running parallel with the one I was on, where General Adams with his brigade had been resisting the approach of the other army corps of the enemy, and directed in person the firing of my artillery. The enemy here had pushed on their column on the Bolton and Clinton road, until they became opposite my position, (the roads here converging closely together,) and opened a cross fire upon me from that road. While they were playing on my position with their artillery from the front they were

still advancing, with the same force I had been contending with the day before, with their centre, and deploying their wings forward on the right and left of my position. At this moment I was ordered by General Jackson to withdraw my command two miles east of Clinton, on the Jackson road, and take position there, ordering at the same time my artillery to Clinton.

By the time I had taken this position, the columns of the enemy's force had united at Clinton, where they became engaged with General Adams's brigades. I was then ordered by General Jackson to move my command nearer to Clinton, which was done and held the position, until General Adams's command retired and took position at the tombstone, about one-and-a-half miles in my rear, when I was ordered by General Jackson to withdraw my command, and take position near the breast-works west of Jackson. Apprehending that the enemy might make a flank movement on the road leading from Clinton *via* Mississippi Springs to Jackson, I sent some scouts to ascertain if such was the case; they not reporting, I sent out a company from the Twenty-eighth, under Captain Ratcliff, who reported immediately, that they were advancing on that road in force, with infantry, cavalry and artillery, and were then nearer Jackson (the point we were falling back to) than the position held by our troops. I immediately sent a staff officer to inform General Jackson of the fact, and that I would withdraw my brigade and try to get to Jackson before the enemy and intercept him there, he meeting up with General Lee delivered the message to him; I withdrew the brigade by regiments (my battery not having been ordered back to me at this time) in their regular order to Jackson, when I received an order from General Lee to move my column out on the road leading from Jackson to Canton. Here the roads and streets were much obstructed by large numbers of stragglers and hangers on of the army in their flight. I moved my column to reach the bridge, where the roads leading from Clinton intersects the Canton and Jackson road, supposing the enemy might move in that direction from Clinton, (as they had troops enough to make any move they chose,) and intercept the passage of our trains across the bridge. On reaching Hanging Moss creek, four miles north of Jackson, I came up with General Lee's Quarter-master in charge of all the trains, halted my command, took position, and at this time was joined by General Lee, who informed me that General Ferguson was guarding with his brigade the road leading from Clinton to the bridge, when I bivouaced at this point for the night, and remained for three days until it was discovered that the enemy were crossing Pearl river, at Jackson, in the direction of Meridian.

After crossing Pearl river I was under the immediate command of General Jackson, and was marching in the rear or flank of the enemy for several days, and became again engaged with him near Meridian on the 14th ult. The First Mississippi was placed in line on the road leading from Meridian to Demopolis, and a mounted squadron from the Twenty-eighth Mississippi regiment on right of road near hospital, and skirmished briskly with them at that point, when they fell back to a position in the rear of the Twenty-eighth Mississippi regiment, which was formed in line dismounted. This regiment then engaged them and fell back in rear of Ballentine's regiment, which was formed in line mounted; the enemy in the mean time keeping up a brisk fire from his artillery and infantry.

I then withdrew my brigade and formed it in line on the west side of the railroad, their right resting on it, which position I held until the enemy had advanced in force, when I withdrew my command on the road leading from Meridian to Demopolis and skirmished with him there; when compelled to fall back, did so on the road leading from Meridian towards Lauderdale Springs, and bivouaced for the night at ———. My artillery was not present this day, having been ordered back towards Enterprise by General Jackson, they not being able to keep up with the column, which was moving rapidly towards Meridian, in order to reach that point before the enemy. I remained in the vicinity of Meridian for three days, and then proceeded to Lauderdale Springs *via* Almucha, moving from that point to Starksville *via* Macon to meet the column advancing down the Mobile and Ohio railroad, from Tennessee, under command of Generals Smith and Grierson. Upon arrival at Starksville it was found that they had been driven back by General Forrest.

I was then ordered by General Jackson to move my brigade to the vicinity of Sharon and Canton, *via* Kosciusko, which I did, arriving at Sharon on the 27th ultimo. I saw no more of the enemy until my arrival there, and as their column was marching on the road leading from Ratcliff's Ferry to Canton, which passes within a short distance of this place, my advance guard soon became engaged with him. I sent forward Ballentine's regiment, who commenced skirmishing with him, but a superior force coming up, soon compelled it to fall back, which it did in good order, and I left a squadron of the First Mississippi regiment in the edge of the town to cover its retreat and fell back to a good position about one mile to the rear, where I had placed my artillery (a section of King's battery), and there formed a line of battle. This position I held until dark, when I fell back five miles for water.

and forage. At an early hour next morning I again marched to Sharon, and with Ballentine's regiment and the artillery I took the direct road to Canton, sending Colonel Pinson, with the First Mississippi, off on my right, and Major McBee, with the Twenty-eighth Mississippi regiment on my left, with instructions that when I met and engaged the enemy, they should close in on the flanks. About two miles from Sharon I met the enemy and skirmished with him for some hours, but hearing nothing from the other two regiments, and night coming on, I fell back to Sharon, when I learned that Major McBee had met with a column of the enemy that occupied his whole attention and prevented him from joining me. Colonel Pinson likewise met a large foraging party and engaged them, and after a spirited contest, succeeded in routing them and driving them from their wagons, of which he captured nine with their teams (60 mules) killing and wounding some, and taking fifteen prisoners. I again fell back to my old camp, and on the following morning attacked the enemy at the same place as on the previous day, sending Major McBee on my right to attack his flank if an opportunity offered. This, however, was impossible from the nature of the ground, and the position of the enemy, who now brought up a large force of infantry and artillery, and I was again compelled to fall back before a greatly superior force. The next day being extremely cold and rainy, I could do nothing more than send out scouting parties to watch the movements of the enemy.

On the following day, being the 2d of March, I ascertained that the enemy were leaving Canton, and I pursued them as rapidly as my jaded horses would permit of my doing. General Ferguson being in their immediate rear I took the upper Vernon road from Canton and kept on their flank without coming in contact with them until I came within four miles of Brownsville. Here I determined to attack their train, and disposed my forces accordingly. This was at a point where the road that I was traveling and the one taken by the enemy came within a mile of each other. I sent Major McBee with the Twenty-eighth Mississippi regiment to charge the train as soon as he saw a favorable opportunity, and afterwards ordered Colonel Pinson, with the First Mississippi regiment, to form in his rear and be ready to support him or cover his retreat, as the necessity of the case might determine, at the same time sending Colonel Ballentine with his regiment towards Brownsville, on the road that I had been marching on, to strike them on the flank. Before, however, Major McBee concluded to attack the train the enemy's rear guard, consisting of seven regiments of infantry and three regiments of cavalry, came up and formed a line of battle

and commenced skirmishing with him, and this force being greatly superior to my whole command, and night coming on, I fell back a few miles for water and forage, and early the next day the rear guard of the enemy's column crossed Big Black and I then fell back to this place in obedience to orders.

My whole loss during the different engagements from February 4th to March 4th was as follows: Killed, wounded and missing, 49.

I captured and killed 128 Federal officers and men.

Enclosed you will find Lieutenant Harvey's (commanding my scouts) report of operations during the raid.

There were many instances of personal gallantry in the different skirmishes, but the behavior of both officers and men was marked by such courage and determination in holding every position assigned them, against overwhelming numbers, that I will make no discrimination in this report.

Lieutenant Harvey's report shows that he brought to bear his usual undaunted courage and extraordinary energy and judgment.

I am, Captain, very respectfully,

P. B. STARKE,
Colonel Commanding Brigade.

To George Mormon, Captain and A. A. General.

Battery Gregg—Reply to General N. H. Harris.

By General C. M. WILCOX.

In a contribution to the *Southern Historical Society*, published in the last number of those papers, the writer, General N. H. Harris, regrets what he regards, seemingly, as a necessity, inspired by his love of truth and justice, to appear before the public as a party to the controversy touching the defence of Battery Gregg, April 2nd, 1865. With a natural dislike to controversy, there was, to use his own words, "an additional dislike when such controversy is with any of my former comrades in arms, * * * and, only for the sake of truth and justice, am I willing to disturb the kindly relations that should exist between old comrades."

Is it to be apprehended that friendly relations among former comrades in arms will be disturbed by what may be written about incidents of our late war, when it cannot be questioned that it was in-

spired alone by the love of truth and justice? When disputes arise as to the details of battles fought—and it appears to be inevitable that they should arise—it is to old comrades in arms, who were present and took part in those about which there are differences of opinion, that we must look for information; these are competent to settle satisfactorily all disputed points, and as they cannot come together for that purpose, they are forced to appear in print, to have recourse to the newspapers and periodicals.

I prepared and sent to the Southern Historical Society for publication, a brief outline of such military operations, as I had knowledge of, that occurred in the vicinity of Petersburg during several days preceding the evacuation of that town and Richmond. The defence of Battery Gregg was included in that brief narrative, inaccurate accounts of which I had read in history,* biography,† and newspapers.‡ And as I wrote to correct, in part, the misstatements of others, it was my purpose to be as accurate as the information I had, as to what I was relating, would permit. I had near me at the time my own report of the incidents referred to, and if I was mistaken in any details given, it would give me much pleasure to have them pointed out, to the end that they be corrected, for I would regret exceedingly to find in history, errors that could be justly charged to any delinquency on my part. I must reiterate all that contribution—found in the July (1877) number of these papers—contained, with reference to Battery Gregg. If, however, there be any mistake in what was then written, it may be as to the numbers of those that defended it. I have always believed there were about two hundred; it is possible I may have underestimated, though they were placed there by my order and in my presence. That number of men was, I thought at the time, as many as could conveniently fire over the crest of the work.

General Harris referred by name to those who had written of the attack and defence of Gregg, as well as to the time of, and periodicals in which publications were made, and adds, "I shall now state a few facts from memoranda made in writing in the latter part of the year 1865"; and then gives information as to where his brigade was the night of April 1st, and how and under what orders he reported to me the next morning near the Newman house, on the plank road. Then says, "As I approached I saw that the enemy had broken his (Wilcox) lines in heavy force, and was extending in line of battle across the open fields in direction of the Southside railroad." This quotation

* Swinton's Army of the Potomac.

† Cooke's Life of General Lee.

‡ Vicksburg Times.

may make the impression, whether so designed or not, that the heavy body of the enemy seen by him on his arrival was the same that had broken our lines; if he so believed, he was mistaken.

The lines had been carried by another force about daylight, the Sixth corps, commanded by General Wright, the present Chief Engineer of the army, and near the point crossed by the heavy force seen by him. Our lines once crossed, the most of the hostile forces turned to their left, and swept up the lines to Hatcher's Run, and along that to Burgess' Mill; a less body wheeled to their right and cleared our lines to the vicinity of Battery Gregg. On reaching Gregg, about sun up of April 2nd, I found both it and Battery Whitworth occupied by portions of Lane's and Thomas's brigades and a few artillerymen.

These fragments of brigades were reunited near Gregg, and ordered forward to recover our lost lines. They obeyed promptly, and with spirit, and the lines were regained to within the immediate vicinity of the Boisseau house, near which the force seen by General Harris, marching by flank, crossed them.

General Harris made an extract from my contribution to the Southern Historical Society, and admits that it was substantially correct. It had, in his opinion, only two mistakes: (1.) I had over-estimated the strength of his brigade, taking it to be about five hundred, when in fact it had but four hundred, one hundred having been left behind on the skirmish line near Swift Run. (2.) And I had called a certain house "Barnes's" house, when it should have been "Newman's" house. The extract made by him contained no such name as "Barnes's," but "Banks's" house was used, and correctly. It was four or five hundred yards beyond Battery Gregg, to the left of the plank road going from Petersburg. When Colonel Venable informed me that Harris's brigade would soon report, I replied that I knew it well, that it numbered about five hundred men. The condition of my front was such when it arrived that it was immaterial whether it had that or more than that number. As the question at issue was as to the composition of the little garrison that held Gregg, it would have been well for General Harris to have quoted from my article on that point. I stated that it was composed of detachments from Thomas's, Lane's, and Harris's brigades, and two pieces of artillery, and that there were fewer men from Thomas's than from either of the other two brigades.

With reference to the disposition of his brigade he says he "placed two regiments—the Twelfth and the Sixteenth—by my (Wilcox's) orders in Battery Gregg." He may be correct, but I am inclined to believe that it was a certain number of men I ordered to be detailed

from his brigade for that purpose; this would have been more definite as to numbers. He also says "I rode in front of Battery Gregg and instructed Colonel Duncan to have plenty of ammunition brought into that work;" he was but transmitting my orders, the ammunition had been ordered up before he reached the field; also, "I assumed immediate command of Whitworth, as the larger part of my command occupied it;" this would imply that it was an act of volition on his part, instead of an order from a military superior; he was ordered into Whitworth for the reason he gave, and there being also more artillery in it. Again, he states "he was ordered by General Lee a few minutes after the fall of Gregg to retire from Whitworth," at least he so understood it. He retired from that work by my orders. General Lee would not have sent him such an order without its passing through me, as I was in charge of that part of the field. The order reached General Harris a few minutes after the fall of Gregg, but it was dispatched to him before it was taken, when it was apparent that it must be captured. Having evacuated Whitworth, he "retired to the inner lines running from battery Forty-five to the Appomattox." Our lines did not extend to that river, there was an interval of near one mile between the right and the river; and it was this gap that the troops from the north side of the James river filled up when they arrived.

General Harris refers to what General Lane stated in his communication on the defence of Gregg, and if he quoted him correctly, he (Lane) was wrong, for General Harris did not retire from Whitworth before Gregg was attacked in force, and then by my orders, and after the fall of Gregg; and in battery Gregg was a number of Harris's brigade, that exceeded his (Lane's), if I remember correctly.

Besides his own statement, General Harris gives one signed by a number of officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates of the Twelfth and Sixteenth Mississippi, and by several others not of those regiments. All these say, "We assert that said defence was made by the Twelfth and Sixteenth Mississippi regiments, Harris's brigade and a section of Washington artillery. There may have been a *few* men of other commands, but they were without organization." I do not question the honesty and good faith of this statement; they were simply mistaken. The men of the two brigades (Lane's and Thomas's) that were in Gregg by my orders, had been in service as long as those of Harris's, and were not inferior to them in discipline. They had been engaged early in the morning, had lost heavily in killed, wounded and prisoners, but with ranks sadly thinned, they responded promptly to my orders, and recovered a portion of our lost lines, again to be given.

up, and this time, by my orders, to retire to Gregg and vicinity. General Harris gives a letter from Captain A. K. Jones, who commanded the Twelfth Mississippi in Gregg; in this are several inaccuracies. The writer says: "General Wilcox is wrongfully informed when he says the enemy first got into the works from the rear," &c., &c. I was not informed by others, but saw for myself, and wrote from my own personal observation. I was an eye-witness to the entire struggle, was standing about one hundred and twenty-five yards from Gregg, saw its heroic defense, sent encouraging messages into it three times—the last messenger never returned. The enemy reached the parapet in force at the right end of the palisading across the gorge; here began an unfinished trench, some thirty yards long. It was the purpose to have connected Gregg with Whitworth, but it was never done. On the embankment of this they mounted easily, and from this to the parapet of Gregg, and soon extended nearly around it in force, and poured down a fire upon what was left of the little force inside. It was when I saw this, and that the defence was virtually over, that I dispatched an order to evacuate Whitworth. It is not often we meet with one who can claim exemption from one of the three following fruitful sources of error, misunderstanding, misconception, and lapse of time weakening impressions made upon the memory. Again, this officer says: "The fort (meaning Battery Gregg) was carried about 1 P. M. We had ample time and opportunity to see the result of our defence, for when the guns in Whitworth were opened on Gregg, after it was captured," &c., &c. No one can question the honesty of this statement, and yet it is known, and by no one better than by General Harris, that the guns in Whitworth had been withdrawn early in the action, and that Gregg had fallen before he withdrew from that battery. Gregg was captured before 11 A. M.

There is a letter from Captain R. R. Applewhite also of the Twelfth Mississippi; both he and Captain Jones speak of other men besides those of their brigade being in the battery, but they both say they were without organization; the former says, to be exact, "There may have been good and true men from other commands who aided in the defence." General Mahone was requested, though not present, to write of the defence of the battery. Not being there, he could only repeat what he had heard. Lieutenant-Colonel Owens, Washington artillery, "can't see what General Lane had to do with Gregg," as he had always understood that the fort was held by Mississippians. General Gibbon, of the Union army, was invited to express an opinion as to the composition of the command. He regretted he "could give no information

in regard to the garrison of the fort." It will be seen that General Harris was industrious in beating up evidence—writing to those who were not present, as well as to those of the other side. He could not accept my statement of the case, though present and having control of the whole affair.

I have omitted, unintentionally, up to this point, reference to Brigadier-General R. L. Walker's letter. He was Chief of Artillery of Hill's corps. He writes: "On the morning of the 3d of April, 1865, I was at Rice's salient until about sun up, when it was reported to me that the lines in front of Fort Gregg had been broken." He was not at Rice's salient on April 3d, 1865. He repaired at once to Battery Gregg, a distance, I should think, the way he would have to go, of at least three or four miles. The lines, he says, had been broken, and "directly in front of Gregg they had been held by Lane's brigade." This was not the case; they had been held at and near this battery by Thomas's brigade. He manned the fort with a section of the Washington artillery and two companies organized from the supernumerary artillerymen. "I called on them to go with me to recover the line evacuated by our infantry, or at least so much thereof as had been occupied by two of my batteries, which had been left in the hands of the enemy." Evacuating lines, and leaving guns in the hands of the enemy, convey impressions not complimentary to the infantry that had held them, and these impressions are strengthened when we are informed that "they (supernumerary artillerymen) made a gallant charge, recapturing these batteries, left by the infantry, and bringing them out." Having recovered his batteries left in the hands of the enemy, he then drove back the enemy's skirmish line, &c., &c. "I then fell back to Fort Gregg, and just at this juncture the gallant Mississippians, under the intrepid Harris, came up to my relief." And did General Harris, with his brigade, relieve him and his two companies of supernumerary artillerymen? Up to this time General Walker's memory was clear and distinct, but then, for an instant, it seems to have been a little clouded. "As well as I can remember, a part of Harris's brigade, with my men, then occupied Fort Gregg, while the main body of the brigade went to Fort Alexander,* a few hundred yards to the north and right of Fort Gregg." And now his memory is again clear. "We held our respective positions until I was informed that General Longstreet had come to our relief on the right, when I dispatched my Inspector-General Captain Richard Walke to General Harris informing

* Called by others, more generally, Battery Whitworth.

him of the fact, and suggesting the propriety of falling back to the interior lines, as we had done all we could do. At the same time I sent another officer, whose name I will not mention, to Fort Gregg, with orders to evacuate it." This letter is certainly the most remarkable of any that has appeared in print thus far, connected with battery Gregg, and none can appear in the future that will exceed it in the freedom of its assertions. I believe General Harris ranked General Walker. I know he (Walker) was junior to both Generals Lane and Thomas, to say nothing of myself, and we three were all the time present—myself after about sun up, and within less than one hundred and fifty yards of Gregg, until it fell. And yet this junior officer, according to his own account, exercised supreme command, disposing of the troops to meet the enemy's advance, and ordering them to withdraw when he was informed that our right was reinforced. When I ordered the withdrawal of the troops, I had not been informed of the arrival of reinforcements to fill the gap on our right. I knew the resistance made by our small numbers had been intended to delay the advance of the enemy until they should arrive. I can't say that General Walker was not present near battery Gregg the morning of April 2nd. I certainly have no recollection of seeing him, but I did hear subsequently that he had sent an order to battery Whitworth, which I will refer to before closing this too lengthy account of this small, though brilliant affair.

General Harris makes quotations from four letters written by officers of Lane's brigade, and addressed to their former commander, two of these officers were of the Thirty-third and two of the Thirty-seventh North Carolina regiment. These officers were in Gregg during the fight. The General disposed of their statements very briefly, indulged freely in humor, wit and ridicule—a method practiced by himself, possibly, as a lawyer when seeking to weaken testimony, facts and logic being against him. One of the officers, Lieutenant Snow, Thirty-third North Carolina regiment, says, "After ammunition was exhausted they used rocks," and "for over half an hour." "This *rock* story shows what *weight* this testimony is entitled to, &c., &c.," says the General; the italics are his. He may not be aware of the fact, but this was not the first or only time that *rocks* were used in battle during the war. If he will read the official report of the battle of Second Bull Run, he will see that General A. P. Hill mentions the fact that one of his brigades having exhausted ammunition, used *rocks*. If I remember correctly, there had been either huts or tents in Gregg, and they had chimneys made of brick or stone, or of both of these kinds of material. This officer may have overestimated the time *rocks* were used—not one

man in a thousand—no man can estimate time with exactness whilst under close musket fire. Lieutenant Craige, of same regiment, he seeks to discredit by using severer terms. "The immense and imposing numbers of the enemy had, by comparison with the small number of the garrison, so dwarfed his visual organs, &c., &c." The style of criticism adopted by the General was a matter of taste to be determined alone by his own sense of propriety.

We learn from these letters, written by officers of the Twelfth and Sixteenth Mississippi, and the Thirty-third and Thirty-seventh North Carolina, that there were both Missippians and North Carolinians in battery Gregg, and from those of the latter that there were also some Georgians in it. These officers differ as to the numbers of their respective brigades. At the time it could never have occurred to them that the number of the other would ever be called in question, and they required to give it.

A few more quotations will be made, and from General Harris himself. Among those he cites as having expressed opinions about the Battery Gregg fight, was Captain W. Gordon McCabe, who, in an address delivered before the "Association of the Army of Northern Virginia," and published in the December, 1876, number of the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, in a note, page 301, says, according to General Harris, "that the defense of Battery Gregg April 2d, 1865, had been wrongfully attributed to Harris's Mississippi brigade, and that the defense was made by Lane's brigade." Upon an examination of the number of those papers referred to, I find the note at the bottom of the page does not contain such words, but the following: "The error of attributing this brilliant defense to Harris's brigade alone, doubtless arose from Lieutenant-Colonel Duncan, of that brigade, being the ranking officer in the fort." He did not say the defence was made by Lane's brigade, or that it had been wrongfully attributed to Harris's brigade. But he gave a reason why it had been attributed to Harris's brigade alone, and all must see that it was a good one. Had the ranking officer of that small garrison been of Thomas's brigade, it would have been very naturally believed that the men defending it were Georgians, and had an officer of Lane's brigade ranked it would have been equally inferred that the little garrison was of that brigade.

General Harris, page 480, says: "It is somewhat remarkable that during the long period of fifteen years, when public *prints*, both foreign and American, as well as many eye-witnesses of the day, have accorded the defence of Battery Gregg to the Mississippians and the gallant Louisiana artillerists, that others who at this late date now come forward and

claim *all* the honors of that occasion, *should have remained utterly silent.*" General Harris refers to General Lane's official report, found in the January number, 1877, of the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, and on examining that I find it—the report—is dated April 10, 1865, eight days, and not fifteen years, after the battle. The same number has a letter addressed to myself by General Lane on this subject, dated May 20, 1867, a few days over two years subsequent, and the letters of the four officers of Lane's brigade, before referred to, are dated in June, 1867.

And again, General Harris says, on same page: "Sufficient for me to say that what has appeared heretofore has not been *printed* by any one connected with the brigade, or at their instance; and singularly there has been a great unanimity on the part of foe, friend and stranger in giving the credit of that defence to Harris's brigade." If we examine the February number of the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, referred to by General Harris as containing "A Soldier's Story of the War," by Napier Bartlett, giving an account of the defence of Battery Gregg, we will find, pages 84-5, as follows: "The part taken in defence of Gregg by the Mississippians is thus described in the *Vicksburg Times*: "Fort Gregg was held by the Twelfth and Sixteenth Mississippi regiment, Harris's brigade, numbering about one hundred and fifty muskets, &c., &c," no reference being made to any other infantry as forming a part of the garrison. Napier Bartlett, says General Harris in a letter designed to be an official report, says, "General Wilcox ordered me to take position in front of the enemy, and detain them as long as possible," and then goes into details such as have already been given; but with this very important addition, "preparations were now made by the enemy for the assault; at this time Captain Walke, Adjutant and Inspector General, of General Walker, chief of artillery, came with orders to withdraw the artillery, and against this I most earnestly protested." It was not a time, nor was there any occasion for a protest; General Harris should have declined to receive orders of any kind or from any source, unless they came through me, or were given by the corps commander, or by General Lee in person. He had been ordered to report to me by the commanding General, and I had assigned him to the command of Whitworth, and in it were, besides his brigade, four pieces of artillery. His permitting the artillery to be withdrawn, lessened my ability to carry out the instructions of the commanding General, and his not reporting to me that it had been withdrawn was an aggravation of the offense—its withdrawal without authority. I learned how it had been taken off several days subsequently in conversation with General Harris. "The four guns were withdrawn from Whit-

worth under protest; but the enemy were too close to permit the withdrawal of the guns from Gregg." It was owing to my proximity to that battery, no staff officer could have entered it without my seeing him. It seems not a little strange that General Harris could have supposed such orders could be properly given without my knowledge, and without passing through me. He further says, "it was a glorious struggle; Louisiana represented by the noble artillerists, and Mississippi by her shattered bands, stood side by side together, holding the last regularly fortified line around Petersburg." No reference to any other command but his own brigade and the artillery, and "holding the last regularly fortified line around Petersburg." The line he held was an unfinished line, and was not the last, for he fell back from it to the main Petersburg lines, near a mile in the rear. I have previously expressed an opinion of General Walker's letter; it is certainly the most remarkable of any to be found in all the Battery Gregg literature. One more quotation will be made from it. "The message to General Harris was delivered and he accepted the suggestion." This was for him to retire from Whitworth, but the order never reached Gregg, hence the sacrifice of its gallant defenders. General Walker certainly claims to have been in command. In his letter he does not refer to his most important order, the one to General Harris to withdraw the artillery.

General Walker was not at Battery Gregg about sun up, when I took personal control and direction of the movements of the troops engaged. As soon as the different bodies—very small—of troops could be brought together they were ordered forward, as has already been stated, to recover the lines, and about one mile was regained. I did not see General Walker in this advance. If he was as conspicuous as his letter would make us believe, in the recovery of the artillery, I ought to have seen him. I do not say that he was not present; he may have been; but I do say, what all soldiers know to be true, that I being on the field, he could not have given the orders he claims to have given—his memory, like that of many others, is defective. And his ordering the four guns to be withdrawn from Whitworth, without either my knowledge or consent, was not only an unofficer like, but an unauthorized and thoughtless act, that no one could have believed possible in an officer of intelligence, who had near four years of active field service, and had been present and a participant in many great battles, and who was at the time chief of artillery of a corps of the army of Northern Virginia.

When the guns were withdrawn from Whitworth the huge forces of

the enemy were in the immediate front of our weak lines and in the act of advancing. The guns in these two batteries had the widest possible field of fire, they being in *barbette*; the mutual support and protection designed by the engineers for these two works to give the one to the other was thwarted at the the critical moment by this chief of artillery. It was a well conceived and timely act of General Harris, setting fire to the log-cabin winter quarters of a brigade that covered the front of Whitworth; he thus held the enemy at bay, and during that time the four guns—had they remained—could have delivered a rapid fire of schrapnel and grape upon the flank of the enemy, scarcely four hundred yards distant. It is probable, had this been done, the enemy would have been repulsed, and although Gregg would have been finally captured, yet during the time of preparation for a renewal of the assault the little garrison might have been withdrawn. I was not without hopes, before the engagement had been joined that such would be the result. Knowing General Harris well and esteeming him very highly, I can say he would make no statement he did not believe to be true, and of the errors cited by myself, the most of them are trivial in kind and unimportant, and that they have evidently resulted from writing in haste is shown by the fact that they have been proven to be errors by referring to the very authorities cited by himself. In conclusion, the infantry in Battery Gregg was made up of detachments from Harris's Mississippi brigade, Lane's North Carolina brigade and Thomas's Georgia brigade. There were more men from Harris's than from Lane's, and less from Thomas's than from Lane's. There were in it two pieces of artillery; I never heard until long subsequently from what State they came, and it was my impression there were a few artillerymen armed as infantry. The entire force at the time was believed by me to be about two hundred; it is very probable they were underestimated. Statements made by those in the battery at the time induce me to believe there must have been more than I supposed. Of the little force that defended it so bravely sixty-seven were killed.

C. M. WILCOX.

Washington, February 23, 1881.

The Concentration Before Shiloh—Reply to General Ruggles.

BY CAPTAIN W. M. POLK.

To the Editor of the Southern Historical Society Papers:

Sir,—In the February number of your journal is an article by General Ruggles, purporting to be a reply to one by myself, upon the march

to Shiloh. Instead of being a mere reply, however, it contains a good deal of irrelevant matter, an excuse for which it is difficult to find. One is offered though, which I will notice before going further.

It seems that the General has "reason to assume" that Colonel Wm. Preston Johnston and myself conferred very fully in relation to certain statements touching him (General Ruggles) which appear in the Colonel's Life of Albert Sidney Johnston. Permit me to say that the General is mistaken. My connection with the matter is this: Colonel Johnston wrote asking for any information I might have bearing upon the question of the delay in the concentration. In reply I sent him substantially the article over which the General exhibits such unseemly excitement, viz: that in your December number. I suppose General Ruggles had an opportunity to express himself upon the same subject. If it had but little weight I would not be surprised if the reason should be found in the General's contempt for that essential of the historian, "fact."

My article in your December number was written and published solely to correct certain impressions conveyed by one from General Jordan, in your August number. It never occurred to me that I was saying anything to wound the feelings of General Ruggles. My desire was to show that Polk was not responsible for the delay, as his movement was dependent on that of troops in his front. I had to show when and how those troops moved, but not a single word was written that could be twisted into a reflection upon them. For fear that some one might feel hurt, I even took pains to repudiate every intention of casting blame, claiming that the delay was due to the elements, and quoting General Beauregard in proof. Finally, the quotation from General Polk's official report was made in order to show that if there was an issue, *it was, as General Polk distinctly made it, between General Bragg and General Polk.* The General must, therefore, pardon me if I insist that he keep his place. His issue is with Colonel Johnston and Colonel Munford, who remove the responsibility from General Bragg's shoulders, where General Polk placed it, and put upon his General Ruggles's. I have no desire to follow their example, much preferring to leave the matter as left by the principals. Nor will I, but in order to convince the General that I have every desire to treat him justly, I will go outside my path and endeavor to answer his article.

First, as to the personalities in which the General permits himself to indulge. They are so much out of place, so beneath the occasion, and so utterly unworthy of the gentleman I knew nineteen years ago as General Ruggles, I must be allowed to pass them over. As to the General's statement that no one ever heard of his division being late

till twelve years had passed, permit me to call attention to page 110, Jordan's Life of Forrest, published in 1868. There it is stated that one division of Bragg's corps was late, and as the official reports and correspondence show that Withers was not late, and that Ruggles was, the inference is clear.

We now come to the essential point in the General's "reply." Who was responsible for the delay on the 5th of April, 1862, in the formation of the line of battle?

In my first article, as said, I was disposed to put the blame on the elements, but General Ruggles has shown me in this I erred; from his article I gather that he had a great deal to do with it. For a thorough understanding of the question at issue, some reference to the roads and order of march is first necessary. See map, page 559, Life A. S. Johnston. This involves a repetition of some things said in your December number, but it is unavoidable.

The Bark road was virtually an extension of the Ridge road. This latter, leaving Corinth by the north, gradually by an extended sweep turned east, terminating, as we have said, in the Bark road. Up to a point some two or three miles west of Mickie's Cross-roads and house, it was the Ridge road; from that point to about where the line of battle was formed, some three miles to the east of Mickie's, it was the Bark road. This Ridge or Bark road was crossed nearly at right angles by two roads leading from Monterey north, one the Monterey and Purdy road, crossing some two or three miles west of Mickie's, the other the Monterey and Savannah road, crossing at Mickie's. By the order of march, Hardee and Polk were to follow the Ridge and Bark roads, Bragg was to assemble his corps at Monterey and march one division (Withers's) direct to Mickie's by the Savannah road, while the other (Ruggles's) was to be taken to the same point by following the Purdy road to the crossing of the Bark road, thence taking the latter in rear of Hardee. It was understood that should Polk's column (Clark's division) marching in rear of Hardee, reach this crossing before Ruggles, it was to wait till Ruggles had passed to its front. Hardee was to push on to the point chosen for the line of battle and there form. Bragg was to follow closely and form promptly the second line of battle, while Polk's one division (Clark's), on the Bark road in Ruggles's rear, was to halt at Mickie's.

Such in brief was the order [see page 188, Vol. I, Official Reports Battles C. S. A.; also, page 555 Life Albert Sidney Johnston] (special order No. 8, April 3d, 1862) under which General Ruggles, in common with the troops of which we write, marched out of Corinth.

But was it carried out? Early on the 4th day, after leaving Corinth, Hardee was at Mickie's, Bragg's first division, Withers, not far off, and Polk had reached the Purdy crossing, where he was to find Ruggles filing in behind Hardee. But where was Ruggles? The answer came in a note from General Bragg, dated 10 A. M., at Monterey, saying *Ruggles would not move that way, but would follow Withers on the Savannah road, direct to Mickie's. Polk was, therefore, not to wait, but move at once to Mickie's, where he was to meet the whole of Bragg's corps.*

At the same time Bragg wrote the commanding general, "I reached here, Monterey, at half-past eight, ahead of my rear division, Ruggles's. Bad roads, insufficient transportation, *badly managed*, and the usual delays of a first move of new troops have caused the delay."

Polk then continued his march, reaching Mickie's that afternoon.

From this it is clear that almost at the outset the order of march was disarranged by General Ruggles, and this notwithstanding the fact that he had but two brigades to bring to Monterey, Gibson being already there.

Let us see how the General gets around this point, for it is, and the arrangement of his argument shows that he feels it to be, one of great moment to him.

He does it by stating that special order No. 8, April 3d, the one above referred to, "directed the concentration of the main bodies of the three corps, EXCEPTING ONLY RUGGLES'S DIVISION, at Mickie's or vicinity." And finally, that his division marched there in conformity with orders from General Bragg.

The General must pardon me—but Special Order No. 8 makes no such exception in his favor; for his sake I wish it did, as he evidently had the order before him when he wrote. It is on page 555, Life of Albert Sidney Johnston, a work from which the General freely quotes. Reference to paragraph II will show what it says about Ruggles's division. It is substantially as I state it. We have now brought our statement to the night of the 4th. The movements of the 5th are next in order.

There can be no question as to the position of Hardee's, Polk's and Withers's divisions of Bragg's corps on the morning of the 5th. The first was on the Bark road, east of Mickie's; the second on the same road, west of Mickie's, but at it; the last on the Monterey and Savannah road, with its head at Mickie's, or possibly a short distance east of Mickie's, on the Bark road, between Hardee and Polk. Again, where was Ruggles? General Bragg, in his notes to Generals Johnston and Polk, said he would be behind Withers; but General Ruggles says he

followed Hardee and Polk on the Ridge road to Mickie's, and at night-fall bivouaced at Mickie's, "not diverging materially from their order of march," that is, behind Polk, on the Bark road. (Page 58.) But the General somewhat invalidates this statement further on, for on page 61 he says, in offering a probable explanation of his delay on the 5th: "We may assume that when my division filed into the Bark road, its advance was obstructed by a division of General Polk's reserve corps—he being my senior—which had pressed forward contrary to the order of march." This assumption of the General's would seem to imply that he was not on the Bark road behind Polk, but rather, as we have always believed him to be, behind Withers, on the Monterey and Savannah road. But as this is not essential to the establishing of our position, we will allow the General to be upon either road, or upon both, if he so prefers it.

By 10 A. M., Hardee reached the enemy's out-posts and began to form line. Withers followed closely, to get his last brigade into position by 12. Ruggles was to come next, and form on Withers's left. Polk was to wait at Mickie's till Ruggles had passed, then was to follow and form in his rear. Eleven o'clock came; Hardee and Withers had disappeared in the direction of the line. The way was now clear for General Ruggles.

Where was—but we will not ask that question again. He says he was behind Polk, thus in a position that did not belong to him. The road to the west of Mickie's belonged to Polk, given him by General Ruggles's corps commander, when from Monterey at 10 A. M. the previous day he had written, that Ruggles would move behind Withers, that Polk need not wait, but was to move on to Mickie's.

This idea seems to have occurred to the General, for we find him trying to push Polk beyond Mickie's, on to ground belonging to himself (Ruggles), that is on the Bark road, east of Mickie's, directly in Withers's rear.

First he "suggests" that Clark's division followed Withers closely, then further on he "assumes" that Polk's corps pressed forward contrary to the order of march, taking his place. One would think that the General would realize that suggestions and assumptions are entirely out of place in a question of such a nature. Evidence is the thing that would be of service. I can offer some. I happened to be attached to Clark's division at the time, as junior second lieutenant in Bankhead's battery. At 5 o'clock in the morning I was at Mickie's, quite near the head of the division. There I remained till about 2 P. M., seeing every body of troops that passed between those hours. Our division (Clark's)

did not move east by Mickie's till about 2 P. M. We saw the last of Withers's about 11. Now here was an interval of three hours, and here we have the delay in the formation of the troops of which we write. Now who was responsible? Polk who was in place and under orders, waiting for Ruggles to march to his front, from the Monterey road, where General Bragg said he would be, or Ruggles who was out of place?

We see from Anderson's report [page 271, Official Reports Battles C. S. A., Vol. I] that on the night of the 4th, General Bragg in his tent developed to the division and brigade commanders the plan of battle for the coming day. "By this plan Ruggles was to form on the left of the second line of battle." General Ruggles, therefore, knew positively on the night of the 4th that he had to be in front of Polk, for Polk was a part of the reserve.

He gives us to understand that he struck Clark's rear at 7 A. M. Now much light will be thrown upon this subject if the General will tell us plainly what he was doing from that hour till 3 P. M., when Anderson gives us to understand the division took up its march for the line of battle; or, if he chooses, 12½ P. M., when Munford says he found him in Polk's rear.

Does the General mean to say that he found it impossible to pass Clark's two brigades in all that time—five-and-a-half hours by one statement, eight by the other. If he does, I refer him to Anderson's report, and to the very paragraph in it, which he quotes on page 59. This, with an extract from Mumford, he uses to prove that the troops in his front were Clark's. Anderson says, when he took his place in column, at 3 P. M., marching in the direction of Shiloh, he found the road blocked with brigades, wagons and artillery, almost up to the point where his line was to be formed; yet he passed them in an hour, getting to his point about 4.

He did it by leaving the road, and marching parallel through the woods. Will the General tell us, if this was accomplished in the afternoon, why it could not have been done in the morning. The country around Mickie's was quite as favorable to such a movement as that in the immediate rear of the line. Accepting General Ruggles's statement that he was in rear of Polk on the morning of the 5th, I have to say that, had he moved with the same celerity before 11 A. M., as he seems to have done after 3 P. M., he could have completed his line by 1, Polk his by 2, and the army might have begun the battle that afternoon.

Recapitulating, Mr. Editor, allow me to submit that the evidence establishes—

1st. That General Ruggles disarranged the order of march by not being up in time to take the Purdy road from Monterey.

2nd. He put himself behind Clark's division of Polk's corps, thus out of position.

3d. He remained behind Clark for hours, when his place was in front: thus holding Clark motionless.

4th. When he did move he got his position in an hour, showing that the obstruction in his front was not insurmountable.

5th. He completed his line after four P. M., when he could have completed it by 1 P. M.

Clark's line, as a consequence, was not formed till after 4 P. M., when it might have been formed by 2 P. M.

And now, though somewhat out of place, let me call attention to the march made by the detached division of General Polk's corps, *the only division that was excepted by Special Order No. 8 from the general order of march—Cheatham's*. It marched from its position at Purdy, to the line of battle in one day—Saturday, the 5th—the distance being but little less than that from Corinth to the line—getting into position almost as soon as General Ruggles.

One other point, Mr. Editor, and I have done.

The General would have us think that when one says he (General Ruggles) was responsible for the delay, a reproach is cast upon his troops. This cannot be admitted. The rule, I believe, is, that the commander is responsible for his troops, not the troops for the commander. A good many General officers have tried to reverse it, but I cannot recall that their efforts met with marked success.

No one for a moment supposes that General Ruggles's troops did other than obey his orders. It was my good fortune to see those troops, not only at Shiloh, with General Ruggles, but also at Mumfordsville, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Resaca, New Hope Church, Kenesaw, around Atlanta, at Franklin, Nashville and Spanish Fort, without General Ruggles. I never heard that they disobeyed an order or failed in a duty.

But, Mr. Editor, to end the disagreeable subject, permit me to hand you the following dispatch, penned by General Ruggles's department commander, but two days before he was killed on his line of battle:

"NEAR MARIETTA, GA., June 12th, 1864.

"*Hon. Jas. A. Seddon, Secretary of War:*

"Brigadier-General Ruggles, of the department of Alabama, Missis-

issippi and East Louisiana is, I believe, regarded as one of the best organizers we have in the west. He is now without employment.

"I am not aware that the War Department has made any appointment of an officer to take charge of and organize the reserves of Mississippi and East Louisiana. If no appointment has been made, I desire respectfully to present the name of Brigadier-General Ruggles for that office.

"(Signed),

L. POLK,
"Lieutenant-General."

Had General Polk lived, he intended to make this command well worthy any officer, and General Ruggles (General Ruggles had been under General Polk but a short time) at its head, with the increased rank of Major-General, as General Polk hoped to have it—tardy justice would have been rendered one whom he considered a deserving, gallant officer.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

W. M. POLK.

New York, 288 5th Ave., March 24th, 1881.

Reminiscences of the Army of Northern Virginia.

BY J. WM. JONES.

PAPER NO. 3.—DOWN THE VALLEY AFTER "STONEWALL'S QUARTER-MASTER."

I pass by the scenes of our winter quarters at Manassas, and of the falling back from that line of defence; for although there are many points of interest connected with these events, I can only in these papers touch on a few of the more important movements of our army.

Ewell's division held the line of the Rappahannock, while Johnston fell back to Richmond, and went thence to the Peninsula to support Magruder in the skillful and gallant resistance he had been making to the advance of the overwhelming force of the enemy. The situation at this time was anything but encouraging. The Confederates after the battle of Manassas, had been beguiled into the idea that the war was virtually over—that foreign powers would certainly recognize the Confederacy, and that it was scarcely necessary to make much preparation for another campaign.

I remember meeting, the day after the brilliant affair, near Leesburg

(Ball's Bluff), an officer of high rank, who had just returned from Richmond, and who said to me: "We shall have no more fighting. It is not our policy to advance on the enemy now; they will hardly advance on us, and before spring England and France will recognize the Confederacy, and that will end the war." The time of the enlistment of nearly the whole of the Virginia army expired in the early spring of 1862, and nearly all of the infantry were planning to "jine the cavalry," or to become artillerymen. A number of new companies of cavalry and artillery were formed (on paper), and if these plans had been carried out, the whole army would have been converted into cavalry and artillery. But the disasters at Forts Henry and Donaldson brought us to our senses, the patriotism of the men promptly responded, and most of them enlisted "for the war," while the "conscript law," which was now passed, settled the matter with any one who wavered.

The Thirteenth "Foot Cavalry" had tried in vain to be transferred to Stuart's cavalry, and they now gracefully accepted the situation, enlisted for the war, and entered upon the reorganization by the election of new officers. This fatal defect in the law by which the men were allowed to choose their own officers would have demoralized almost any other troops in the world; but the splendid *morale* of our army, their high intelligence, and their devotion to the cause, brought us safely through this severest ordeal without serious damage. There were, of course, some good officers who were thrown out, and some indifferent ones elected; but on the whole the army was about as well officered as before. In my own regiment the Colonel (J. A. Walker—A. P. Hill had been recently promoted), stated in my presence soon after the election, that if he had had the appointment of company officers, he would have appointed just the ones whom the men had elected.

Stonewall Jackson had been sent to the command of the "Valley District," in October, 1861, and had displayed that wonderful activity which seasoned his men and prepared them for what was to follow. His mid-winter march to Bath, Hancock and Romney; his indignant resignation because he thought the Secretary of War (Mr. Benjamin) had listened to complaints of his subordinates, and undertaken to regulate the internal affairs and movements of his troops without consulting him—and his brilliant fight at Kemstown, which, though in in one sense a defeat, recalled to the valley the column which was marching on Gen. Johnston's flank—are all of deep historic interest, but will be omitted from these sketches, as we had not yet joined the valley army.

It was, indeed, uncertain, whether Ewell would be sent to join Jackson, or be ordered to Richmond, and even after ordered to the valley there was a doubt as to what point we would go, until finally it was decided by our falling back to Gordonsville, and marching thence to Stanardsville, in Green county, where we had for a few days a very delightful camp-ground. On the afternoon of the 30th of April, Ewell entered Swift Run Gap, which Jackson had just left, to fulfill his plan of uniting with Gen. Ed. Johnson, then posted twenty miles west of Staunton, to strike Fremont's advance under Milroy.

Ewell's division at this time, consisted of Gen. R. Taylor's Louisiana brigade, Gen. Trimble's brigade (consisting of the Twenty-first North Carolina, the Twenty-first Georgia, the Sixteenth Mississippi and the Fifteenth Alabama regiments), and Gen. Elzey's brigade (composed of the Thirteenth Virginia, the Tenth Virginia and the First Maryland regiments), and the batteries of artillery which were then attached to each brigade. We had also two regiments of cavalry making our whole force about 7,000 men well equipped, well disciplined, and of splendid *morale*. I had opportunity at this time and subsequently of seeing a good deal of Gen. Ewell, and he impressed me as being every inch a soldier. Plain in his dress, quick (and if need be rough) in his orders, prompt in execution, almost reckless in his courage, and stubborn and unyielding in holding any position assigned him, he was just the man whom Jackson needed, in whom he seemed to have the highest confidence, and to whom he was certainly indebted for much of his splendid success.

I remember being at his quarters one day at Swift Run Gap, as he was sending out a scouting party. The captain who commanded it had received his instructions and was just mounting to ride off when Gen. Ewell called him back and said: "One thing more captain, I wish you to particularly observe: I don't want you to send me any information received from 'reliable citizens.' I only want what you see or positively ascertain yourself." He seemed to appreciate fully the character of the volunteers who composed his command, and the difference between them and the old United States regulars whom he had commanded so long. He remarked to me one day: "There are a great many of these officers who will be held to account after the war is over by the rank and file of the army. Many of these men are our superiors in point of intelligence, wealth and social position, and if an officer fails to appreciate the difference between these men and the rough elements found in the old service, he will rue it when the war is over."

The brigadiers of our division were all men of mark. Gen. Richard

Taylor (son of "Old Rough and Ready") was a gentleman of rare accomplishments and a soldier of such decided ability, that he was destined to rise to the rank of lieutenant general, and give to "Stonewall's Quarter-master,, (Gen. Banks) on his Red River expedition the additional sobriquet of "Dick Taylor's commissary."

Gen. Trimble rose to the rank of Major-General, lost a leg at Gettysburg and gave most untiring service to the cause he came from Maryland to expouse.

Gen. Elzey was also a Marylander who had won a fine reputation in the old army, who had been called by Beauregard at First Manassas, "the Blucher of the day," who became also a Major-General, and who was recognized as an accomplished and gallant soldier.

Besides there were then serving in the division, J. A. Walker, J. E. B. Terrill, Geo. H. Steuart, B. T. Johnson, Hays, York, J. M. Jones, Posey, Cauty and others, who afterwards won the wreath and stars.

While watching Banks, and awaiting Jackson's movements, we luxuriated in the green fields, the beautiful groves the clear streams, the magnificent scenery, and (what was, perhaps, even more appreciated), the delicious milk and elegant apple-butter of the glorious valley.

But we had not long to wait. General Banks retreated down the valley, and took a strong position at Strausburg, while Jackson raised the drooping hopes of the Confederacy by the following characteristic dispatch:

"VALLEY DISTRICT, May 9, 1862.

To General S. Cooper :

God blessed our arms with victory at McDowell yesterday.

T. J. JACKSON, *Major-General.*

After defeating Milroy—Fremont's advance guard—and pursuing him until he was driven out of the range of proposed operations in the valley, he ordered Ewell to move down the Luray valley, while he marched across by Harrisonburg down the main pike to Newmarket, and then over Massanuttin mountain to join Ewell in his advance.

I shall never forget the enthusiasm with which we started on that march. The "Luray Valley" lies between the Blue Ridge and the Massanuttin (a high and precipitous mountain which suddenly rises from the valley opposite Swift Run Gap, and as suddenly terminates near Strausburg, fifty miles below), and is one of the loveliest spots that the sun shines upon. As we moved down this beautiful valley, by the pretty little town of Luray, past many pleasant homes and well-stocked farms, the people received us everywhere with the liveliest

demonstrations of joy, and supplied us abundantly with food of every description. Ewell continued to lead the advance, which was directed on Front Royal, in order to flank Banks's position at Strausburg. The ubiquitous Ashby had pressed his cavalry close up to Strausburg, and had stretched across the main valley a *cordon* of pickets, which completely concealed our movements as we pressed on rapidly towards our objective point. I well remember when Jackson first came to the front of our column. Hearing loud cheering in the rear, which came nearer and nearer, we soon saw that it was Stonewall himself, mounted on that old sorrel which we afterwards came to know so well, and galloping along the column with uncovered head. We, too, at once took up the shout, and gave a hearty greeting to the great captain, who had come to lead us to victory, and the mountains echoed and re-echoed with the glad acclaim.

About two o'clock P. M. on Friday, May 23d, our advance (consisting of the First Maryland and Wheat's Louisiana "Tigers," all under the command of General George H. Stuart) made a dash at the Federal force stationed in Front Royal, which seemed to be taken completely by surprise, but which made a gallant resistance as it was pressed rapidly back over the two forks of the Shenandoah river.

Jackson was always in the forefront—sometimes even in advance of the skirmish line—and manifested the greatest impatience to press forward; at one time directing an aid to "order up every rifled gun and every brigade in the army."

The stubborn fight between the two "First Maryland" regiments (the Confederates under Col. Bradley T. Johnson and the Federals under Col. Kenly); the cavalry charge at Cedarville, five miles from Front Royal, in which Col. Flournoy (under the order of Jackson and in his immediate presence), charged with 250 men four times his numbers, and so completely broke and scattered them, that other Confederate forces coming up, about 700 prisoners, two rifled guns, and large quantities of arms, ammunition and stores were captured; the gallant fight of Col. Ashby, at Bucktown, and the complete turning of the position of the enemy at Strausburg, were all results of these rapid movements which I have not space to describe in detail.

We bivouaced that night just beyond the forks of the Shenandoah, while some of the pickets of our division were advanced to within four miles of Winchester.

Notes and Queries.

"DID GENERAL R. E. LEE DESCEND FROM ROBERT, THE BRUCE KING OF SCOTLAND?"—Professor William Winston Fontaine, in a paper read before the Louisville branch of the Southern Historical Society March 29th, 1881, which we hope before long to find space to publish in full, has shown very conclusively that through the Carters and Spotswoods *our* "King of Men" was descended from the noble King Robert Bruce of Scotland; and that "of the five heroes who particularly distinguished themselves on the glorious field of Bannockburn, in driving back the invader of their beloved country, Lee, through the same channel, was the direct descendant of four—namely: King Robert; Thomas Randolph, Earl of Moray; Walter, the High Steward; and Sir Robert de Keith, Great Marischal of Scotland." Professor Fontaine cites a number of authorities, and deserves great credit for the industry he has shown in bringing out these interesting links in the lineage of our great chief, who was in himself the peer of any Lord, or King, or noble civilian the world ever saw.

"WAS LIEUTENANT MEIGS, OF GENERAL SHERIDAN'S STAFF, KILLED IN FAIR COMBAT?"—The conclusive testimony on this point which we published in our February number was an end to all controversy, and we were not surprised to learn that Quartermaster-General Meigs (with whom we have deeply sympathized as not only losing a gallant son, but believing that he was foully murdered instead of having met a soldier's fate in fair fight) has written to a friend that he is "fully satisfied that this is a correct account of the sad affair."

If General Sheridan had investigated the matter, and enquired of General Early concerning it, instead of receiving the report of the man who ran off and left his officer and his comrade to their fate, the friends of Lieutenant Meigs would have been spared this cruel suspicion, innocent people might have been relieved of the cruel wrong of burning their houses, and the record of General Sheridan have been free from this foul stain.

"WERE THE DAHLGREN PAPERS, AS PUBLISHED IN THE RICHMOND PAPERS, AUTHENTIC, OR WERE THEY FORGERIES?"

We have been carefully collecting the testimony, and shall before long publish the most incontrovertible evidence that the papers published *were* taken from the person of Colonel Dahlgren; that they were not altered in any way, and that the charge of forgery is utterly

groundless, since there was no opportunity to forge them, even if there had been the inclination.

Meantime, as we wish to make our paper so conclusive that it cannot be answered, we beg any of our friends who may have facts bearing on the question to send them forward at once.

"JEB." STUART'S CORRESPONDENCE AT LEWINSVILLE we quoted from a version we had at the time of its occurrence, but we are very much gratified to receive from our friend, Major McClellan, the following exact copy of the original:

"LEXINGTON, KY., 12th April, 1881.

"Rev. J. Wm. Jones:

"My Dear Sir,—In your interesting 'Reminiscences,' published in the last No. of the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, you make mention of some correspondence which passed between General Stuart and some of his old army comrades about the time of the outpost affair near Lewinsville, Virginia, in 1861.

"I happen to have the original document in my possession, and send you herewith a copy.

"Yours, very sincerely,

"H. B. McCLELLAN."

"LEWINSVILLE, September 11th, 1861.

"My Dear Beauty,—I am sorry that circumstances are such that I can't have the pleasure of seeing you, although so near you. Griffin says he would like to have you dine with him at Willard's at 5 o'clock on Saturday next.

"Keep your 'Black Horse' off me if you please."

"Yours, &c.,

"(Signed),

ORLANDO M. POE,
Lt. U. S. Top'l Eng'r."

J. E. B. Stuart, Esq., Commanding cavalry near Fall's Church.

"In care of whoever finds this. Please answer both the note and Griffin's invitation."

Upon the back of this sheet is the following in Stuart's own handwriting:

"I have the honor to report that 'circumstances' were such that they could have seen me if they had stopped to look behind, and I answered both at the canon's mouth. Judging from his speed, Griffin surely left for Washington to hurry up the dinner.

"(Signed),

J. E. B. STUART."

We print the following letter in the hope that some one will be able to send the information desired by the gallant soldier who writes it :

"BOSTON, MASS.

"*Dear Sir*,—Can you inform me, or put me in the way of obtaining the information of the exact position of the extreme right of the Confederate army on the 3rd of June, 1864, with reference to the Shady Grove road and Mechanicsville road? I desire to know what brigade held that extreme right, and just where it was posted. I have the impression it was Cook's brigade of Heth's division, but cannot, upon the Government map, locate the position, owing to the various lines of breastworks indicated on the map. Major Burrage thinks the location was south of the Old Church road; but there are so many references to Shady Grove and Shady Grove road that others think the position was north of Old Church road, nearer the Shady Grove. If possible I would like to ascertain the distance, also, from Bethesda church, and the bearing by compass. If you can without much trouble assist me in determining this point, you will confer a great favor upon

Yours, very truly,

WM. H. HODGKIN.

Rev. J. Wm. Jones, D. D., Richmond, Va.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS, AND RENEWALS of old ones are still earnestly desired, and we again beg our friends to help us in this direction. Speak to your friends, and secure us also reliable canvassers.

THE SECRETARY IS JUST ABOUT TO MAKE A VISIT to Louisville, Columbus Miss., Montgomery Ala., Mobile, and New Orleans, where he hopes to meet many friends of the Society, and especially to secure some efficient canvassers to help on our good work. We beg that our friends will aid us in this matter.

GENERAL E. P. ALEXANDER, late chief of artillery of the 1st corps, now Vice-President of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad; John A. Grant, General Superintendent Memphis & Charleston Railroad; Colonel A. L. Rives, (the distinguished Confederate engineer,) General Manager of the Mobile & Ohio Railroad; and John F. O'Brien, General Superintendent East Tennessee, Virginia & Georgia Railroad, have recently extended to the Secretary warmly appreciated courtesies.



Vol. IX.

Richmond, Va., May, 1881.

No. 5.

The Descent of General Robert Edward Lee from King Robert the Bruce, of Scotland.

BY PROFESSOR WM. WINSTON FONTAINE, OF LOUISVILLE.

[The following paper which was read before the Louisville branch of the Southern Historical Society on March 29th, 1881, has excited great interest and there has been a widely expressed desire that we should publish it in our *Papers*.]

At a Texas State Fair some four or five years since the President of the Confederate States was seen turning, with eyes bedimmed by tears, away from a picture at which he had been silently gazing. Shall we for a moment glance at this picture? It is one of McArdle's splendid battle paintings. On a canvas of five feet by eight is seen one of the wild charges in which the red battle banner of the South was borne on to victory. In the immediate foreground there is a pause in the rush; and the irregular lines to the right and left are sweeping past the magnificent group which arrests our attention. A stalwart veteran, with herculean strength, has just seized a gallant charger by the foam-flecked rein, and is turning the rearing steed back to the rear. The mingling of emotion in the rider's mind is wonderfully depicted. The

true soldier's *gaudium certaminis* is all there, but modified and kept under by the patriot's forgetfulness of self and devotion to duty, which is shown by a certain eager and slightly anxious gaze upon the distance, as if watching approaching re-enforcements. The rider recalls to our minds vivid suggestions of the knightly leaders of the mediæval ages, the recital of whose deeds flushed our cheeks in boyhood. He looks as Charlemagne may have done that summer morning in the good year of our Lord 778, when he heard of the chivalric death of Roland and his whole corps in the gloomy defiles of the Roncesvalles; or as Alfred the Great, of England, that beautiful May morning when leading his troops at Ethandune; or as William the Norman, when he galloped over the green sward of Hastings, through the soft October evening sunshine, leading to the final charge, his chivalry who had struck up the soul-inspiring, three-centuried song of Roland. No—nor more stately was Robert Bruce on the eve of Bannockburn, when he struck down from the saddle Sir Henry de Bohun, than, at the battle of the Wilderness, was Robert Lee, in whose veins coursed the mingled blood of these four above-mentioned heroes of the middle ages.

Recently, while collecting material for writing a biography of Major-General Alexander Spotswood, Governor of Virginia from 1710 to 1723, I discovered that through him Robert Lee, of Virginia, was seventeenth in direct descent from Robert Bruce, of Scotland. Moreover, that of the five heroes who particularly distinguished themselves on the glorious field of Bannockburn, in driving back the invaders of their beloved country, Lee, through the same channel, was the direct descendant of four, namely: King Robert; Thomas Randolph, Earl of Moray; Walter, the High Steward; and Sir Robert de Keith, Great Marischal of Scotland. These facts have never been brought out in any of the biographies of Lee. Indeed, until now, they were unknown to any of the descendants of Governor Spotswood, during the present century. I know this to be the case, for I have often conversed with my paternal grandmother, whose maiden name was Martha Dandridge, a great-granddaughter of Governor Spotswood, on the subject of the ancestry of the Spotswoods. She was quite an antiquary, and knew many of the traditionary tales of the "Knights of the Golden Horse-shoe," besides their romantic ride over the blue mountains of Virginia, down to the cool waters of the silvery Shenandoah. The old lady, with pardonable pride, used to tell us children of her ancestor, the Governor, being on the staff of the Duke of Marlborough, and of his being wounded in the breast at the battle of Blenheim, August 13, 1704; of the Governor's grandfather, Sir Robert Spotswood, of whom

the Earl of Clarendon says: "The Scots put to death several persons of name who had followed the Marquis (of Montrose) and had been taken prisoners, among whom Sir Robert Spotswood was one, a worthy, honest, loyal gentleman, and as wise a man as that nation had at that time (whom the King had made secretary of the State of that Kingdom)."

She once read to me Sir Walter Scott's account of Sir Robert Spotswood's execution; and I well remember how her eyes indignantly flashed, when she came to Sir Robert's calm, but withering reply to the canting Puritan minister, who interrupted his last devotions. With the exception of some dim ancestral traditions of the old border Barons of Spotswood, and more especially of one William Spotswood, a man of great bravery, who accompanied King James IV in his unfortunate expedition into England in 1513, and poured forth his life's blood with his royal master on the fatal field of Flodden, my grandmother's family lore did not extend much beyond Sir Robert's father, Archbishop Spotswood, primate of Scotland, who crowned King Charles I.

To the philosophic student of history, and to him who holds the theory that both mental and physical characteristics are frequently hereditary for many generations, and that sometimes after the lapse of centuries there is an almost *fac-simile* reproduction of some remote ancestor, this Brucean descent of General Lee will be of interest. I shall, therefore, present a genealogical chain connecting General Lee to Duncan, King of Scotland, not a link of which is doubtful, for each is proved by documentary evidence.

It is noticeable that many of the traits of character, such as military talents, pertinacity of purpose, loyalty of soul, and unselfish devotion to native land, so fully developed in General Lee, are seen, more or less distinctly marked, in all his ancestors of whom history has given us a picture.

I.—Buchanan in his "History of Scotland," tells us that Duncan was of a gentle disposition, and gave early indications of his great popularity. In the most difficult times, when he had been appointed Governor of Cumberland by his grandfather, Malcolm II, of Scotland, and, by reason of the Danish troops spread everywhere, he could not obtain access to the King of England, of whom he held his Earldom in fief, yet he faithfully supported the English cause, until the whole of that kingdom being subdued, Canute undertook an expedition against him, and then at last he swore fealty to the Danes upon the same conditions as he had formerly done homage to the English. He was also popular in this that he administered justice with the greatest

equality, and every year visited his provinces to hear the complaints of the poor, and as far as he could prevent it, suffered none of them to be oppressed. But as these virtues procured for him the affection of the good, so they weakened his authority among the lovers of turbulence. Duncan in the seventh year of his reign, was waylaid by Macbeth and killed, but not in the manner as stated by Shakespeare.

Duncan married a daughter of Siward, Earl of Northumberland under Hardicanute and Edward the Confessor. Under the latter reign Siward assisted the Crown in resisting the rebellion of Earl Godwin; and such was the vigor of his movements that Godwin was defeated, and, for a time, obliged to quit the kingdom. After this, Siward gained much reputation by his military operations in Scotland against Macbeth.

Knight thus speaks of him: "This was the Siward of Shakespeare; war-like Siward; old Siward, the protector of his grandson Malcolm, the son of the murdered Duncan, the father of young Siward, who perished on the battlefield where Macbeth fell. 'Where were his wounds?' said the stout old Earl. 'In the front.'—'Then I would wish no better fate.'"

It is stated that when he found himself in the arms of death, he caused his servants to clothe him in complete armor, and sitting erect on his couch, with spear in hand, declared that in that position, the only one worthy of a warrior, he would patiently await the fatal moment. Duncan had two sons by his wife, daughter of Siward. The eldest son,

II.—Malcolm, having defeated Macbeth, was proclaimed King at Scoon, April, 1057. It is stated that, now being established on the throne, a secret conspiracy was formed against his life. The plot being revealed to Malcolm, he invited the chief conspirator to court, and, having engaged him in a familiar conversation, led him to a retired valley. The King being alone with the conspirator, after upbraiding him with the favor conferred upon him, confronted him with a detail of the plot, and added, "Now we are both armed; attack me if you dare, and obtain by your valor, the prize you seek by treachery." The surprised noble threw himself to the ground, and obtained pardon from one not less merciful than brave. Malcolm married Magaret Atheling, the granddaughter of Edmund Ironside, and the daughter of Edward Atheling, by Agatha, daughter of the Emperor Henry II, of Germany. In the year 1068 Edgar Atheling, with his mother and two sisters, privately withdrew from the court of William the Conqueror, and took shipping, with the intention of seeking refuge in Hungary; but the

vessel, by contrary winds, was driven into Frith of Fourth. Miss Strickland writes: "Malcolm Canmore, the young unmarried King of Scotland, who had just regained his dominions, happened to be present when the royal fugitives landed, and was so struck with the beauty of the lady Margaret Atheling, that in a few days, he asked her in marriage of her brother. Edgar joyfully gave the hand of the dowerless Princess to the young and handsome sovereign, who had received the exiled English in the most generous and honorable manner, and whose disinterested affection was sufficient testimony of his disposition. After her marriage, the Saxon Princess became the happy instrument of diffusing the blessings of Christianity throughout her husband's dominions, commencing the work of conversion in the proper place, her own household and court. The influence which her personal charms had, in the first instance, won over the heart of her royal husband, her virtues and mental powers increased and retained to the last hour of Malcolm's existence."

William the Conqueror on being informed of the arrival of the Saxon royal family in Scotland, sent an ambassador to Malcolm demanding that Edgar should be delivered up to him, and threatening war in case of refusal. Malcolm, who considered it both faithless and cruel, to surrender his suppliant, his guest and relation, a man against whom even his foes could allege no crime, into the hands of an enemy, determined to endure every extremity at whatever cost it might be, than basely yield to the demand of William. War was the result of this refusal. The Conqueror regarding the Scottish war as a thing of little importance, sent Roger, a Norman nobleman, against Malcolm. But the King defeated and dispersed this army. Richard, Earl of Gloucester, was then sent with a stronger force, but he was incessantly harrassed by Patrick Dunbar, an ancestor of General Lee, and kept constantly engaged in light skirmishes, so that he accomplished but little. Odo, William's brother, was now sent with a much more powerful body of forces, and committed extensive ravages in Northumberland. But on his return, with an immense booty, he was attacked by Malcolm, who recovered the spoil, besides inflicting considerable slaughter and making many prisoners. The army being recruited, William's eldest son, Robert, an accomplished knight and able general, was placed in command. But he rather repelled the Scots than prosecuted an aggressive war. He entered into a negotiation with the Scottish monarch, which ended in a friendly treaty. External peace was followed by intestine disorders. Malcolm set himself industriously to work, in composing these difficulties and reforming public morals.

In the meantime William Rufus ascended the throne of England. Seeking an occasion of war with the Scots, he surprised the castle of Alnwick, and put the garrison to death; and Malcolm after having in vain demanded restitution, laid siege to the place with a large army. The besieged being reduced to extremity, requested a parley, to treat of surrender; and desired that the King in person would come to receive the keys, which were offered on the point of a spear. Malcolm whilst in the act of accepting them, was treacherously killed. His oldest son, Edward, sprang forward to avenge his father's death, but received a wound, of which he almost instantly expired. Margaret, overwhelmed with grief at the loss of her beloved husband and son, did not long survive the calamity. Thus Malcolm, in 1093, fell, and as Buchanan says: "After having reigned thirty-six years, transmitted to posterity a name stained by no vice, but distinguished by many illustrious virtues. By Margaret he had six sons and two daughters. Their youngest son,

III.—David I, was born in 1080. Shortly after the death of King Malcolm, his brother, Donald Bane, came in possession of the kingdom; and Edgar Atheling caused his sister's children, five sons and two daughters, who were all of immature age, to be brought to him in England. The royal children were carefully educated. Prince David had remained with his sister, Queen Matilda, in England, while his brothers, Edgar and Alexander, successively mounted the Scottish throne. In 1110 he married his cousin Matilda, Countess of Northampton. Her father was "Old Siward's" second son, Waltheof, renowned for his gallant defense of York. Her mother was Judith, niece of William the Conqueror. The Countess brought her husband a son, Henry, in whom the dispositions of both father and mother were early apparent. David on the death of his brother, Alexander I, without children, succeeded to the throne April 27, 1124. By attending the court of so accomplished a Prince as Henry I, he had gained great experience in the art of government. He was immediately called to the difficult task of defending the independence of the Scottish Church against the pretensions of the Archbishop of York, and the prejudice of the Pope. His prudence finally disappointed both. He proved himself an able general in 1130, during the insurrection of Angus, Earl of Moray, who claimed a title to the throne.

King David, in the contest between Stephen, Count of Boulogne, and the Empress Matilda for the crown of England, warmly took the part of his niece. In the various engagements between his troops and the adherents of Stephen, David was generally successful. He lost the

battle of the Standard, fought on the 22d of August, 1138, but the defeat was not decisive, for the Scottish king was almost immediately able to act on the offensive. Buchanan says: "But while all his public measures succeeded according to his desire, he was afflicted with a double distressing family calamity in the early deaths of his wife and only son. Deprived of a consort illustrious by descent, of exquisite beauty and accomplished manners, prematurely cut down in the flower of her age, he cherished such an affectionate remembrance of her when dead, whom he so tenderly loved when alive, that although he survived her upward of twenty years, he remained not only unmarried, but without attaching himself to any other woman. Yet did not the excess of his grief prevent his attending to his public duty either in peace or war. * * * * *

He died, A. D. 1153, on the 24th of May, so dear to all, that his loss appeared to be that of the best of fathers, rather than that of a King. Although his whole life was exemplary beyond anything which history records, yet for a few years before his death, he devoted himself so entirely to preparation for another and a better world, that he gently increased the veneration which his earlier years had inspired. As he equaled the most excellent of the former kings in his warlike achievements, and excelled them in his cultivation of the arts of peace, at last, as if he had ceased to contend with others for pre-eminence in virtue, he endeavored to rival himself; and in this he so succeeded that the utmost ingenuity of the most learned who should attempt to delineate the resemblance of a good King could not be able to conceive one so excellent as David, during his whole life, evinced himself." Lord Hailes, after quoting this last sentence, adds: "This is the sentiment of a historian whose principles are esteemed unfavorable to monarchy—such a sketch by Buchanan is of a greater value than the studied performance of a thousand panegyrists." His only son,

IV.—Henry, Prince Royal of Scotland, and Earl of Huntingdon, was born 1115. At the battle of the Standard, Earl Henry gallantly charged through the English line of battle, and, with the precipitation of youth, attacked their rear guard. In 1139 he married Adama, daughter of William de Warren, Earl of Surry, the son of Gundred, youngest daughter of William the Conqueror, and his wife, Matilda, of Flanders. The mother of Adama was Elizabeth, daughter of Hugh Magnus, Count of Vermandois, second son of King Henry I, of France. Prince Henry, of Scotland, died June 12, 1152. He was one of the most accomplished princes of his time. Buchanan says: "The affection which both the Scots and the English entertained for the young prince

made them consider his death not only as a public loss, but as individually, the greatest private misfortune, for such was the integrity and moderation of his mind, at an age when the effervescence of youth is apt to become licentious, that the rarest and most admirable fruit, was universally expected from so ingenious a disposition, when ripened by experience. Prince Henry left by his wife Adama, three sons and three daughters. His youngest son,

V.—David, Earl of Huntingdon, was born 1144. In 1174 we find him in France serving in the English army under King Henry II, during which time his brother, King William, of Scotland, was taken prisoner by the English. Earl David thereupon, having received a passport, returned to Scotland, and sent ambassadors to England to treat about his brother's release. In 1189 David was present at the coronation of Richard I, and the following year he accompanied this Prince to Syria, where he distinguished himself at the siege of Acre, and in other military operations. He is the Sir Kenneth in Sir Walter Scott's *Talisman*. He died in 1219. He married Maud, daughter of Hugh Kivilioch, Earl of Chester. Their second daughter,

VI.—Isabel, married Robert de Brus, Lord of Annandale, the fourth in descent from Robert de Brus, a noble Norman knight, who distinguished himself on the field of Hastings. Brus died in 1245, and the Lady Isabel, 1251. Their son,

VII.—Robert Bruce, Lord of Annandale, led, in 1264, a body of Scottish auxiliaries to the assistance of King Henry III. On the death of Queen Margaret, in 1290, he claimed the throne of Scotland. He died in 1295, aged eighty-five. In 1244 he married Isabel, daughter of Gilbert de Clare, third Earl of Gloucester. Their eldest son,

VIII.—Robert Bruce, Lord of Annandale, born about 1245, accompanied King Edward I to Palestine in 1269, and was ever after highly regarded by that Prince. In 1271 he married Margaret, sole heiress of the Earl of Carrick, her father, who had fallen in the holy war. The young crusader, Robert Bruce, who is said to have been by far the handsomest Knight of the age, met the fair Countess while hunting on her estate. She courteously invited and almost constrained him to visit her castle, in the near neighborhood. While here a similarity of age, beauty, family and manners easily produced a mutual affection, and they were married. When the King, whose right it was to bestow the young lady in marriage, was informed of the fact he appeared highly offended, but was afterward appeased by the intervention of friends, and Bruce, in right of his Countess, became Earl of Carrick.

Bruce died in 1304. His wife died before October, 1292. Their oldest son,

IX.—Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, was born the 11th of July 1274, and died June 7, 1329. He married first Isabella, eldest daughter of Donald, tenth Earl of Marr. Their daughter,

I.—Marjory, Princess Royal of Scotland, fell into the hands of the English 1306, and was detained a prisoner in charge of Henry Percy till 1314, when she was conducted to Scotland by Walter, the sixth high steward of Scotland, to whom she was married in 1315. She died in March, 1316. Her husband, Walter, born in 1294, brought a noble body of men to the aid of Bruce. In the battle of Bannockburn he and his cousin, Sir James Douglas, commanded the Third division. The same year he was appointed to receive, on the borders, the Queen of King Robert, Marjory, his daughter, and other illustrious Scottish prisoners. On that occasion he formed an attachment for the Princess. He died April 9, 1326. "Had he lived," says an old writer, "he might have equaled Randolph and Douglas; but his course of glory was short." The only child of the Princess Marjory was

II.—Robert Stuart, King of Scotland, born March 2, 1316. In early youth he, in various encounters with the English, gave proof of military powers and devotion to his country. He died April 19, 1390. He married first Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Adam More, of Rowallan. Their fifth daughter,

III.—Catherine, married David Lindsay, first Earl of Crawford, one of the most accomplished knights of the age. He acted the principal part in the tournament at London bridge in May, 1390. Lord Welles, the English Ambassador to Scotland, at a banquet, where the Scots and English were discoursing of warlike deeds, said let words have no place. If you know not the chivalry of Englishmen appoint me a day and place where you list and you shall have experience. Whereupon, Sir David assenting, Lord Welles chose London bridge. Lindsay repaired to London with a gallant train of thirty persons, and on the appointed day appeared in the list against Lord Welles. At the sound of trumpet they, upon their barbed steeds, encountered each other with lances ground square. In this passage Lindsay sat so firmly that, notwithstanding Lord Welles's lance was broken upon his helmet, he stirred not. The spectators cried out that, contrary to the law of arms, Lindsay was bound to the saddle; whereupon he sprung to the ground, and then vaulted to his horse without assistance. In the third course he hurled Lord Welles out of the saddle to the ground. Then dismounting, he supported his adversary, and, with great humanity,

visited him every day till he recovered from the effects of his fall. Lord Crawford died between the years 1407 and 1412. The oldest son of Lord Crawford and the Princess Catherine,

IV.—Alexander Lindsay, second Earl of Crawford, was conspicuous as a statesman and soldier. He married Mariota, daughter and heiress of Sir David Dunbar, of Cockburn, sixth son of George, tenth Earl of Dunbar and March. Sir David Dunbar was the grandson of Lady Agnes, the heroic daughter of Thomas Randolph, Earl of Moray. Of Lady Agnès, history tells us that her husband, the Earl of Dunbar, leaving his castle in her charge during the winter of 1338, the Earl of Salisbury laid siege to it. The Countess performed all the duties of an able commander; animated the garrison by her exhortation, and braved every danger. The English, after a siege of nineteen weeks, retired. Alexander Lindsay, Lord Crawford, fell in the battle of Aberbrothwick January 13, 1446. His third son, by his wife Lady Mariota Dunbar, was

V.—Sir Walter Lindsay, of Beufort and Panbride, who married secondly Isabel, daughter of William, Lord Livingston, and by her had a son,

VI.—Sir David Lindsay, of Edzell and Beufort, who died 1527, and had by his wife Catherine, daughter of Fotheringham, of Powrie, a son,

VII.—Walter Lindsay, who fell at the battle of Flodden, 9th of September, 1513. He married a daughter of the noble family of Erskine, of Dun, a descendant of Sir Robert de Keith, Great Marischal of Scotland, who had command of the horse at Bannockburn. Walter Lindsay's second son,

VIII.—Alexander Lindsay, married a daughter of Barclay, of Mathers. Their son,

IX.—David Lindsay, was Bishop of Ross in 1600. His daughter,

X.—Rachel Lindsay, married John Spottiswoode, who was born 1565. Douglas thus speaks of him: "He became one of the greatest men of the kingdom for knowledge, learning, virtue and merit. He had few equals, and was excelled by none. He was Archbishop of St. Andrews, Lord High Chancellor of Scotland, etc., and in every station in life acquitted himself with dexterity, fidelity and honor, and as the life and transactions of this truly great man are fully recorded in his 'History of the Church of Scotland,' and briefly by Mr. Crawford in his 'Lives of the Officers of the State,' to these we refer the reader."

Archbishop Spottiswoode was descended from an ancient baronial family in the parish of Gordon, in the county of Berwick, being the

son of the Rev. Dr. John Spottiswoode, 1510–1585, “a man of great learning and piety.” In Allibone’s “Directory of Authors” Dr. John Spottiswoode (the father) is given as “a zealous Protestant divine, one of the compilers of the *First Book of Discipline*, and of the *Confessions of Faith*.” Archbishop Spottiswoode, the Lord Chancellor, is esteemed a graceful as well as a strong writer. He died in London 27th of December, 1639, and by the King’s order was most pompously interred in Westminster Abby. His second son,

XI.—Sir Robert Spottiswoode, was Lord President of the College of Justice, and Secretary of Scotland in the time of Charles I, and the author of “The Practicks of the Laws of Scotland.” I have already given Clarendon’s estimate of this learned man. Douglas speaks of him as “a man of extraordinary parts, learning and merit.” Sir Robert was born 1596, and executed for adhering to the royal cause, January 17, 1646. In 1629 he married Bethia, eldest daughter of Sir Alexander Morrison, of Preston Grange, one of the Senators of the College of Justice. The mother of Lady Bethia Spottiswoode, Eleanor Maule, was, through her ancestors, the Maules, Lords Panmure and the Lindsays, Lords Crawford, twelfth in descent from King Robert the Bruce. The third son of Sir Robert Spottiswoode was

XII.—Robert Spottiswoode, who, having studied medicine was appointed physician to the Governor and garrison at Tangiers. He went to that place with the Earl of Middleton, and died there in 1680. He was quite distinguished as a botanist, and in 1673 published a work entitled “Plants Within the Fortifications of Tangiers.” He left by his wife, Catherine, widow Elliott, only one son,

XIII.—Major-General Alexander Spotswood, born at Tangiers, 1676. The Virginian historian, Charles Campbell, a descendant of Governor Spotswood, says: “He was bred in the army from his childhood, served with distinction under the Duke of Marlborough, and in 1710 was appointed Governor of Virginia. Being a master of the military art, he kept the militia under excellent discipline. In 1716 he made the first complete discovery of a passage over the Blue Ridge mountains. He urged upon the British Government the policy of establishing a chain of posts beyond the Alleghanies, from the lakes to the Mississippi, to restrain the encroachments of the French. He reduced to submission the Indian tribes, and, blending humanity with vigor, taught them that while he could chastise their insolence, he commiserated their fate. He took measures to extend the advantages of a Christian education to the Indian children. He was a proficient in mathematics, and well skilled in architecture. He rebuilt the College

of William and Mary. He was styled the Tubal Cain of Virginia, and was, indeed, the pioneer of iron manufacture in North America. Salmon, during the last century, says: "Governor Spotswood improved the colony beyond imagination; his conduct produced wonders, and it was the happiness of Virginia that his administration was of a longer duration than usual, whereby he had an opportunity of putting in practice the prudent schemes he had laid."

Governor Spotswood left in manuscript a historical account of Virginia during his administration, thus affording an unbroken line of five generations of authors bearing the same name, a fact which, as far as I am informed, stands alone in the whole field of literature. Although a Whig in politics, he was a High Churchman, and had high notions of governmental prerogatives; but a long residence in Virginia, and the identity of his interests with those of the Virginians, appear to have greatly changed his views of governmental authority and popular rights. During the year 1724 Governor Spotswood married Ann Butler, daughter of Richard Bryan, Esq., of Westminster. She derived her middle name from James Butler, Duke of Ormond, her relative and godfather. The Governor now resided at Germana. It was here that Colonel William Byrd, of Westover, visited the Governor in 1732. I give the following extract from Colonel Byrd's journal:

"SEPTEMBER 27.—Here I arrived about 3 o'clock, and found only Mrs. Spotswood at home, who received her old acquaintance with many a gracious smile. I was carried into a room elegantly set off with pier glasses, the largest of which came soon after to an odd misfortune. Amongst other favorite animals that cheered this lady's solitude a brace of tame deer ran familiarly about the house, and one of them came to stare at me as a stranger. But, unluckily, seeing his own figure in the glass he made a spring over the tea-table that stood under it and shattered the glass to pieces, and falling back upon the tea-table made a terrible fracas among the china. This exploit was so sudden, and accompanied with such a noise, that it surprised me and perfectly frightened Mrs. Spotswood. But it was worth all the damage to show the moderation and good humor with which she bore this disaster. In the evening the noble Colonel came home from his mines, who saluted me very civilly, and Mrs. Spotswood's sister, Miss Thecky, who had been to meet him *en cavalier*, was so kind, too, as to bid me welcome. We talked over a legend of old stories, supped about nine, and then prattled with the ladies till it was time for a traveler to retire. In the meantime I observed my old friend to be very uxorious, and exceedingly

fond of his children. This was so opposite to the maxims he used to preach up before he was married, that I could not forbear rubbing up the memory of them. But he gave a good-natured turn to his change of sentiments by alleging that whoever brings a poor gentlewoman into so solitary a place, from all her friends and acquaintance, would be ungrateful not to use her and all that belongs to her with all possible tenderness."

In 1739 Spotswood was made Deputy Postmaster-General for the colonies. He promoted Benjamin Franklin to be postmaster for the province of Pennsylvania. Being commissioned Major General, and on the eve of embarking at the head of an expedition fitted out by the English against Carthegena, in South America, Spotswood died at Annapolis, Maryland, June 7, 1740. Governor Spotswood and Ann Butler, his wife, had four children: (1) John, (2) Ann Catherine, (3) Dorathea, (4) Robert.

(1) John married (1745) Mary, daughter of William Dondridge, Esq., of Elson Green, King William, Va., a captain in the British navy.

(3) Dorathea married (1747) Colonel Nathaniel West Dandridge, a full brother of her sister-in-law, Mrs. John Spotswood. Mrs. Dorathea Dandridge died in 1773, in the forty-sixth year of her age.

(4) Robert was a subaltern officer under Washington. In 1756, while with a scouting party, he was killed near Fort du Quesne.

XIV.—Ann Catherine married Colonel Bernard Moore, of Chelsea, King William county, Va., a gentleman seventh in descent from Sir Thomas Moore, of Chelsea, England, the author of *Utopia*. Mrs. Moore was elegant in person and manners. The daughter of a haughty British Governor, she was a strong adherent to the royal government, while her husband and children sympathized with the patriot cause in the revolution. Once, when her husband was absent, upon a sudden alarm of Indians she ordered up all hands, manned and provisioned a boat, and made good her retreat down to West Point. Mrs. Moore died about 1802. Her daughter,

XV.—Ann Butler Moore, married Charles Carter, Esq., of Shirley. Their daughter,

XVI.—Ann Hill Carter, married General Henry Lee—the Light-horse Harry of the Revolution—a descendant, through a long line of distinguished ancestors of Launcelot de Lee, one of William the Conqueror's companions in arms. From this marriage sprung Robert Edward Lee, the illustrious Confederate commander, the seventeenth in descent from King Robert the Bruce, of Scotland. Buchanan thus

writes of the Scottish hero: "Robert Bruce, to express much in a few words, was undoubtedly, in every point of view, a great man, and one to whom, from the heroic ages even to these times, we shall find few comparable in every species of virtue. As he was brave in war, so he was moderate in peace; and although unexpected success and a constant flow of victory, after fortune was satiated, or rather fatigued with his sufferings, elevated him to the most splendid pinnacle of glory, yet he appears to me far more admirable in adversity. What strength of mind did he display when assailed at once by so many misfortunes; he not only was not broken, but not even bent. Whose constancy would it not have shaken to have had a wife captive, four heroic brothers cruelly murdered, his friends afflicted with every species of distress; they who escaped death, robbed and fugitives, and he himself not only stripped of an ample patrimony, but of a kingdom, by the most powerful, active and ablest prince of the age? Yet, beset with all these calamities at once, and reduced to the extremities of want, never did he despair, or do or say anything unworthy of a king. * * * At last, at the close of life, when a grievous distemper was added to the troubles of old age, he retained so much self-possession that he arranged the present state of the kingdom, and provided for the tranquility of his posterity. With justice was his death lamented by his people, not only as that of an upright king, but of a loving father."

With a few slight alterations, this passage written over 300 years ago of Robert Bruce, would seem to have been written only ten years ago of Robert Lee, the greatest soldier and the highest type of the chivalric gentleman of the age in which he lived.

Authorities: Douglas' "Baronage" and "Peerage of Scotland." Buchanan's "History of Scotland." Chalmer's "Caledonia." Anderson's "Royal Genealogies." Hume's and Knight's "Histories of England." Strickland's "Queens of England." Campbell's "History of Virginia."

Some Reminiscences of the Second of April, 1865.

By HON. H. W. BRUCE, of Louisville, Ky.

[The following paper was read by Judge Bruce before the Louisville branch of the Southern Historical Society at a recent meeting.]

On Sunday, the 2d day of April, 1865—a day always sadly to be remembered by every Confederate—I attended the morning services in St. Paul's Episcopal church in Richmond, Va., of which the learned and distinguished Rev. Dr. Minnegerode was then, and is yet, I believe,

the beloved pastor. St. Paul's was the church in which President Davis and his family worshipped during the war between the States—a war waged, as we all believe, by the Northern States against the Southern States of the American Union for the purpose of overthrowing institutions of the latter States and the construction given by most southern and many northern statesmen to the Constitution of the United States. This war commenced many years before hostilities with deadly weapons were inaugurated.

President Davis and his family were in their pew that morning. I saw the church sexton go to that pew in the midst of the services and speak to the President and the President retire from the congregation. I was not feeling very well that morning. I felt that something was going wrong with our cause when I saw the President withdraw; and this, in connection with the indisposition referred to, caused me also to retire from the church. I repaired at once to my lodgings, on Second street, not far from the residence of Dr. Morris, in Linden row, on Franklin street. Dr. Morris—a brother of our friend, Colonel John D. Morris, well-known to most of us present this evening—was President or General Superintendent of the telegraph lines in the Confederate States. Immediately on reaching my lodgings I met a friend, who asked me if I had heard the news. I responded “No; what is it?” He replied: “Dr. Morris’s little daughter was just over here, and said that her father had just come home and stated that General Lee had telegraphed President Davis that the enemy had broken the Confederate lines, that the army would have to retire further South, and Richmond would have to be evacuated.” Our beloved General John C. Breckinridge was then Secretary of War. I proceeded right away to his residence. I did not find him there, but met my colleague in the Confederate Congress, Hon. E. M. Bruce, who had seen the War Secretary; and from Mr. Bruce I learned that the appalling news was literally true. Like others away from home, as well as many citizens of Richmond, I commenced without delay making preparations to leave the place. I packed my clothes and some books and papers in my trunk and a traveling-bag. The trunk I had placed in General Breckinridge’s baggage wagon, and the traveling-bag I carried in my hand. What journeys my trunk took through the Southern States I am not able to describe. Suffice it to say, through the kind offices of my young friend Hannibal Hewitt, then in the employment of the Adams Express Company, it was reclaimed, and safely restored to me in Kentucky about four or five months after I had it placed in the baggage wagon of the Secretary of War at Richmond, and long after he had reached

a foreign country. I must not forget to dispose of my valuable traveling-bag. I clung to it until I reached Greensburg, N. C., where I replaced it, for convenience of horseback transportation, with a pair of old-fashioned saddle-bags, or saddle-pockets, as sometimes called. To these I clung, also, until my return to Richmond in June, where and when, in turn, I replaced them with a more aristocratic species of baggage, to-wit—a black enameled-cloth carpet-sack, to which I held fast until I reached home on the 19th of June. You see I had determined to visit Washington, D. C., and thence, if not hindered, to proceed to my home in Kentucky; and it did not seem to be becoming in an ex-member of the Confederate Congress to be lugging among the *élite* of the Northern States, through some of which I expected to pass, a pair of rusty old saddle-bags. It would have been a reflection upon the Confederate Congress, of which I had been a member, or was then a member, for the term for which I had been last elected had not yet expired; in fact, did not expire until the 18th of February, 1866. Again, such luggage might have attracted attention to my Confederate character, which my retiring disposition forbid my then publicly parading.

The hours I remained in Richmond on that melancholy Sunday, after leaving St. Paul's, were among the saddest of my life. I felt that our cause was then the Lost Cause. Many of the scenes witnessed by me as I went to and fro through the streets of that good old city were heartrending. The bad news had spread with lightning speed all over town. Having spent much of the time during the war in Richmond I had formed many acquaintances among its noble and hospitable citizens; and, am proud to say, some of them had become my dearest friends. The men, generally, were on the street, and large numbers of the ladies stood in the doors and on the steps of their houses, many bathed in tears, making inquiries and giving utterance to woeful disappointment and anguish. Many, many times was I hailed by my acquaintances and friends from their doors as I passed along the streets with inquiries for the news; for my opinion as to the effect of the disaster, and with every variety of expression of disappointment and hopelessness, occasionally, but rarely, a very sanguine one expressing the belief that all was not yet lost, and that we should ultimately succeed in maintaining our rights and independence. The scene, as a whole, was one of bitterest sadness, such as I trust never again to behold; such as, I am sure, I shall never again witness, since such scenes rarely occur in the lifetime of any people. And certainly so grand and patriotic a people cannot deserve more than one visitation of the

character to which I have rather alluded than described, for it baffles all of my powers of portrayal in words. About nightfall I took my seat in a car of the train at the Danville depot preparing to start southward with its sad and disappointed human freight. The President and his Cabinet were on the same train. By this time I had become much exhausted by the fatigues of preparation and visits to attached friends for the purpose of leave-taking, and had almost succumbed to the indifference resulting from irremediable loss and disappointed hopes. My fellow-passengers, both male and female, in the crowded car were very much in the same plight. I never knew so little conversation indulged by so large a number of acquaintances together, for we were nearly all acquainted with each other, and, I may say, fellow fugitives driven by the same great calamity and wrong. Very few words were interchanged. Sleep soon overcame most of us. This, I well remember, was my case, for I dropped to sleep before the train started from Richmond and was not aware of its departure when it left. I slept quite soundly nearly all the night through. I believe we did not leave Richmond until pretty late in the night, and when day broke in on us the morning of April 3d we were somewhere in the neighborhood of Burkeville Junction, probably between that place and Roanoke. We stopped at every station on the way, crowds thronging to the train at each to make inquiries, for the bad news in this case preserved its proverbial reputation for fast traveling. Everybody sought to see, shake hands with and speak to the President, who maintained all the way a bold front, gave no evidence by word or appearance of despair, but spoke all along encouragingly to the people.

We reached Danville, on the southern border of Virginia, late in the afternoon of the 3d. The telegraph had, of course, conveyed full intelligence to that little city, and our arrival was anticipated. Its hospitable and noble citizens met us at the depot with carriages and other vehicles of conveyance, and we were conveyed, not to public hotels, but to private residences of the generous citizens of Danville.

The President, I remember, was provided for at the hospitable mansion of Major Sutherland. I had the singular good fortune to fall into the kind hands and home of Mr. Witcher Kean, who, and his most excellent wife, were as noble specimens of Virginia hospitality and large-heartedness as one could ever wish to meet. I can never forget those true-hearted people. Among my many companions under Mr. Kean's hospitable roof, I cannot refrain from mentioning one who belonged to my own profession. I mean the Hon. James D. Halyburton. He had been a United States District Judge for the Eastern district of

Virginia, and in his judicial capacity had for years before the war, been wont to sit in the United States Circuit Court, with that great Judge, and pure Magistrate, Chief Justice Taney, about whom Judge Halyburton talked much to me, dwelling upon Chief Justice Taney's grand character, with delight and veneration. The venerable Halyburton, at the commencement of the war, without counting the cost, but with pure and lofty patriotism, adhered to his own country and people, resigned his United States Judgeship, and was appointed to a similar office by the Confederate Government. He was a Judge of spotless purity, proved patriotism and great learning, and a most entertaining and accomplished gentleman. Like Judges in the South generally, he was financially poor, and he was then old. But, true, to his Government, as to every civil and social duty, he was following his Government, which had not yet surrendered, nor been entirely overthrown. He accompanied us, I believe, no further South, for having received at Danville the crushing intelligence of what had transpired at Appomattox C. H. on the 9th, the last spark of hope was extinguished in every breast, and the venerable Judge returned to Richmond soon after to terminate an earthly career full of honors and toils, I am sorry to say, in a condition of destitution. I give this as only one of the many sad and cruel results of that most unjust war. This is not the place to argue that question, but I can not refrain from observing that a war more unjust in our estimation, was never waged by one people against another, than that waged by the Northern States and portions of the border States against the Southern. They had no just cause of war against us, and the war they waged against us was, as we think, a flagrant violation of the most cherished and fundamental principles of American institutions.

Receiving at Danville the melancholy intelligence of the overthrow of that grand and noble soldier, General Lee, at Appomattox, all intelligent persons perceived that our cause was finally subverted, and that the conquest for which the war had been waged was virtually accomplished. I then felt more sensibly than ever before the force of the conviction to which I had given utterance in a public speech made in the court-house at Louisville on the fall of Fort Sumter, that the election of Mr. Lincoln upon the principles which elevated him to power, although not in legal form, was practically a repeal of the Constitution of the United States. Its full restoration to recognition is scarcely yet completed. From Danville we journeyed on by rail until we reached Greensboro, N. C. Here it was understood that Johnston was soon to capitulate—which he did. Here was the last I saw of Presi-

dent Davis, until I met him some years afterwards in Louisville; for I got back to Louisville, Kentucky, from Greensboro, North Carolina, by this circuitous rout, to-wit: From Greensboro to Charlotte N. C. on horseback, camping out at night on account of the large number in our party; from Charlotte to Chester S. C, by rail, carrying our horses on the cars; from Chester *via* Newberry, where I bought a horse for \$7,000, to Augusta, Georgia, on horseback, before reaching which we were met by the horrible intelligence of the assassination of President Lincoln; stopping at the Planters' House, where I first paid \$50, then \$100, and before I left only \$2.50 a day for board, and where I ordered of a merchant tailor a pair of cassimere pantaloons, for which I paid him \$1,000; from Augusta again on horseback to Halifax county, Virginia, passing through South Carolina—where I ate of the first and only piece of kid I ever saw served upon a table as diet—and while passing through which an old lady told me she understood that Mr. Lincoln was in a stage with his wife going to the theatre when he was killed; from Halifax county, where I gave my horse away, to which county I had come directly from the generous home of my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Kean, in Pittsylvania, with whom I had spent about ten days, and bidding adieu to my dear friends, the Barksdales, I proceeded by rail to Richmond, from Richmond by steamboat to Baltimore, thence by rail to Washington city, thence by rail to Cincinnati, and thence by a steamboat, commanded by the unfortunate Captain Godman, to Louisville, where I landed on the morning of the 19th of June, 1865, about two and a half months after the evacuation of Richmond, and nearly four years after I had left home to take part with my own people in resisting wrongful and unjust aggression, that people having made a gallant and heroic defense, but having been compelled to succumb to the overwhelming numbers and power of the Northern people, aided, as the latter were, by pretty much all the European nations; thus concluding a long, devastating and cruel war, for which, in my opinion, the North was wholly responsible, which saddled upon the people of this country a gigantic national debt, which for generations unborn will probably not be paid, making the people to groan under such burthens of taxation as were never before known in this country, introducing such all-pervading corrupt practices in the administration of the General Government as appalled the civilized world, and clothing the political party in office with such vast powers as to make it impossible for the people to install in office a President of their own choice after they had elected him.

**Dedication of the Tomb of the Army of Northern Virginia Association
and Unveiling of the Statue of Stonewall Jackson at New Orleans.**

It was our privilege to be present on this memorable 10th of May, 1881, in New Orleans, and while we have not space for a full report, we must make a brief record of this grand historic occasion.

The Louisiana Division, Army Northern Virginia Association, with a zeal and enterprising liberality worthy of all praise, had completed their tomb, which has vaults capable of receiving twenty-five hundred of their dead comrades, mounted upon it the statue of their old commander, Stonewall Jackson, and invited Mrs. Jackson and Miss Julia, President Davis, General Fitz. Lee, their comrades of the Army of Tennessee Association, the Lee Association of Mobile, and a number of others, to be present on the occasion.

Accordingly, on the afternoon of the 10th, a crowd numbering from twelve to fifteen thousand assembled in the beautiful Metairie Cemetery. The vast throng occupying the comfortable seats, arranged amphitheatre style, or standing in the open space, the beautiful granite shaft decorated with Confederate flags and floral designs of most exquisite taste and beauty, the "Guard of Honor," composed of nineteen disabled veterans of the Army of Northern Virginia, the clouds in the distance hanging like the smoke of battle, and the muttering thunder, which recalled the sound of artillery, all conspired to make a picture not easily forgotten. But when at the appointed hour Mrs. Jackson and Miss Julia, President Davis, and General Lee appeared on the platform and the statue was unveiled, amid the beating of drums and the cheers of the multitude, the scene presented was one far beyond our poor powers of description.

THE MONUMENT AND STATUE

are of granite, and in design and execution reflect the highest credit on the taste of the committee and the skill of the artist, Perelli.

The monument rises fifty feet above the ground. The shaft rests on a handsome base and is very graceful in its proportions, and on reverse sides are the following simple and appropriate inscriptions:

"ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, LOUISIANA DIVISION," and "FROM
MANASSAS TO APPOMATTOX, 1861 TO 1865."

The statue itself is eight feet nine inches high, and the remark of an old soldier present, as the veil was drawn aside, but echoed the uni-

versal verdict of those familiar with the form and features of the great chieftain: "That is old 'Stonewall,' as I used to see him."

The likeness is excellent, the form and posture well nigh perfect, while the old cadet cap, tilted on the nose, the cavalry boots, the uniform coat, the spurs, the sabre—all of the details of the man and his dress—combine to give not an *ideal* Jackson of the artist's fancy, but the veritable "old Stonewall," whom we used to see standing on some roadside, along which his veterans were hurrying into line of battle. Indeed we could almost see him turn suddenly away, mount his old raw-boned sorrel, and gallop to the advance skirmish line amid the enthusiastic cheers of the "Foot Cavalry." But, no! as on the night before the battle of First Manassas he declined to have sentries posted, (saying, "Let the weary fellows sleep, and I will guard the camp to-night,") and through the weary hours of the night stood "lone sentinel of that band of sleeping heroes"—so now let that granite figure stand to guard "the bivouac of the dead," and the dust of heroes who sleep beneath that mound.

It will not be improper to add, as a matter of deep interest to all, that Mrs. Jackson and Miss Julia are both delighted with the statue, and Mrs. Jackson pronounces it a very fine likeness.

After prayer by Rev. Father D. Hubert, the veteran Chaplain, the tomb and statue were presented by Captain W. R. Lyman, Chairman of the Committee, and received by Colonel J. B. Richardson, President of the Louisiana Division, Army of Northern Virginia, in brief speeches, which we give in full:

REMARKS OF CAPTAIN LYMAN.

Mr. President and Members of the Army of Northern Virginia:

In the execution of the trust which you committed to us as a committee from your body to erect a monument and tomb to the memory of Stonewall Jackson and his men, we are here to-day to show you the result of our work, and ask your acceptance of it and our discharge as a committee.

Perhaps it may be well, as in this vast audience there are many who have come to manhood's estate since the war, to set forth the character and objects of the Association which we represent here to-day.

Some time in 1874 the survivors of the Army of Northern Virginia, who had fought under Lee and Jackson, organized an association which should be commemorative and non-political in character. A few months after the organization of that Virginia Association, a branch

division was organized in the State of Louisiana, which we have named the Association of the Army of Northern Virginia, Louisiana Division.

This occurred in September, 1875. Since that time we have had three presidents—Major E. D. Willett, the first, Governor Frank Nicholls, the second, and Major J. B. Richardson, the third. Our objects, like those of our brethren in Virginia, are purely benevolent, historical, and non-political. Any man whose record is clear as a soldier in the Army of Northern Virginia is welcome to our ranks, whatever be his present political feeling. We have been very careful to exclude those applicants whose records were not clear to the end of the war.

The Army of Tennessee has organized a similar association of the members of that army.

During the epidemic of 1878, it will be remembered by most of you, the Army of Northern Virginia cared for its members whenever they were found sick, cared for their families, and buried their dead. But we felt always the necessity for a proper receptacle where we could put our honored braves away. To-day we are able to dedicate that tomb and monument. From its outer appearance many persons may not realize the fact that underneath it we can place the bodies of 2,500 men. We have ample room for the remains of our dead who sleep in Virginia.

I deem it my duty to say to the association that to the Metairie Association we owe much. They gave to us, as a donation, this ground, and have assisted us in every way. The plan of the monument, out of many presented, was that brought to us by Mr. Charles Orleans, agent for the Kinsdale Granite Company. To his perseverance we owe much of our success. The statue is the work of that master of his art, Perelli.

Now, sir, it remains for me to say to you what my committee as a whole would express to the members of the association. At the first meeting of the committee we resolved that no living man's name should be placed on the monument, and we make this request, that no name of living man shall be placed on it. The simple inscription, "Army of Northern Virginia, Louisiana Division," tells its own story. If you wish more look on the other side of the die—there is the whole story: "From Manassas to Appomattox, 1861-1865."

REMARKS OF PRESIDENT JOHN B. RICHARDSON.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Tomb Committee:

On behalf of the members of the Louisiana Division, Army of North-

ern Virginia, it becomes my pleasing duty to accept from your hands this handsome tomb and sculptured shaft, designed to perpetuate the memory of those who fought and fell for the Lost Cause, and at the same time a fitting place of rest for those who must soon follow.

Most of your old comrades are scattered over the battle fields of Virginia, from Manassas to Appomattox, sleeping quietly on its mountains and in its valleys. Some you left on the banks of the James river, the Chickahominy, the Rappahannock, the Shenandoah and the Potomac; many in places long since forgotten, with nothing left to mark the spot, except perhaps, in some lonely place in that beautiful valley of the Shenandoah, under the shadow of the Blue Ridge, Nature's kind hand may have planted in spring time a lily, pure and white as angel's hands, which stands as a sentinel drinking dew from heaven, and bowing its head in grief at night to kiss the spot, and with the first greeting of the morning sun, leaves its dew-drop tears on the unknown soldier's grave.

You have nobly performed the task assigned you by your companions in arms, and this grand mausoleum, surmounted by that life-like statue of our immortal commander, is now the mute witness of your untiring labors.

When we shall have run our course in life, and our bodies lie mouldering in mother earth, beneath the shadows of this noble monument, our children, and our children's children will revisit this sacred spot to learn a new lesson of patriotism from those who offered up their lives, a precious sacrifice, on Freedom's bleeding altar.

Strangers from other lands will pause here and recall the scenes of that memorable struggle of four years, in which you bore so prominent a part.

The first rays of the morning sunlight, and the last gleam of evening will linger around yon silent, solitary sentinel, and in the still, quiet watches of the night, when the pale moon's beams fall upon the dreamless sleepers here, the spirit of the great Stonewall, loosened for a while from the prison-house of the faithful departed, will wander forth to guard the noble band of martyrs who are slumbering here in peace. Yes, comrades—

The dead shall guard the dead,
While the living o'er them weep;
And the men whom Lee and Stonewall led,
The hearts that once together bled,
Shall here together sleep.

Mr. Edward Marks then read in fine style a beautiful and appropriate poem, written for the occasion by *Mary Ashley Townsend*. We propose at some future day to give it in full to our readers.

And then followed the oration of the day, for which service the committee had been fortunate in securing *General Fitzhugh Lee*, of *Virginia*.

General Lee was received with enthusiastic cheers, was frequently interrupted with applause, and delivered in admirable style, an eloquent and most appropriate address. We regret that our space will not allow us to publish the address in full, or to give now even extracts from its finest passages.

When General Lee took his seat, amidst thundering applause, there were loud and persistent calls for President Davis. When he arose, the scene witnessed was indeed inspiring. Men flung their hats around their heads, and cheered wildly, the women waved their handkerchiefs, and as with clear, ringing voice and graceful gesture he delivered his gem of a little speech, he was again and again interrupted with an enthusiastic applause, which showed that he is not only still "a Master of assemblies," but has a warm place in the affections of the people.

As imperfect reports of Mr. Davis's speech were published at the time, and as several of our Southern papers have, strange as it may seem, criticised severely his utterances, we are fortunate in being able to give the following *verbatim* report:

REMARKS OF MR. DAVIS.

Friends, Countrymen, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I am thrice happy in the circumstances under which you have called upon me. The eloquent and beautiful address to which you have listened has been so full in its recital as to require no addition.

Again, the speaker saw all, and was a large part of that which he described, giving a life and vigor to his narration, which could not be attained by one who only, at second-hand, knew of the events.

Your honored guest and orator, General Fitzhugh Lee, rode with Stuart in his perilous campaigns, shared his toils and dangers, took part in his victories, and became the worthy successor of that immortal chieftain. When the Army of Northern Virginia made its last march to Appomattox Court-house, a numerous foe hovering on his flanks and rear, "little Fitz" was there with the remnant of his cavalry to do and

dare, and, if need be, die for Dixie. How vain it would be for any one to add to what has been said by such a witness.

Again, and lastly, Jackson's character and conduct so filled the measure of his glory that no encomium could increase or adorn it. When he came from the academic shades of the Virginia Military Institute, who could have foreseen the height of military fame to which the quiet professor would reach. He rose with the brilliancy of a meteor over the blood-stained fields of the Potomac, but shone with the steady light of the orb of day, a light around which no evening shadows gathered, but grew brighter and brighter the longer it shone. It is not alone by us that his merit has been recognized.

In Europe, so far as I had opportunity to learn, he was regarded as the great hero of our war, and appreciative men in England have contributed the bronze statue to him, the first and only one which they have given to one of our soldiers. The column which stands before me, crowned with a statue of enduring stone, which you have reared to commemorate his services and virtues, is a fit tribute from you, and teaches a useful lesson to posterity, because it is erected not to perpetuate the story of his military prowess merely, but also, and perhaps even more, to record his pure patriotism, his piety and private worth. No place could have been more appropriate than this for such a testimonial, for the fame of Jackson is closely identified with the heroic history of Louisiana.

In the beginning of the war the Confederate States were wanting in all the material needful for its prosecution, and there was nothing which it was more difficult to supply than field batteries. Then the Washington Artillery came full-armed to fill that want. From the first battle of Manassas, where Jackson won his sobriquet of Stonewall, in the East and in the West, the guns of the Washington Artillery were heard wherever battles were fought. In the ever memorable campaign of the Shenandoah, where Jackson, with the swoop of the eagle, attacked the divided columns of the enemy, and, beating them in succession, drove his vast host from our soil, the sons of Louisiana were a staff on which he securely leaned.

At Port Republic, a battle as noticeable for the strategy which preceded it as for the daring and resolution by which it was characterized, Jackson in making the disposition of his forces, assigned an important duty to the Louisiana brigade commanded by General Dick Taylor. This was to gain a position on the mountain side above the enemy's most effective battery and descend to attack him in flank and reverse. After Taylor had put his troops in motion, he went to receive from

Jackson his final orders. He found him in front of his line of battle which had just been forced back. Shot and shell were hissing and bursting around him, and there he sat motionless on his old campaigner, a horse as steady under fire as his master, the bridle-reins were hanging loosely, and Jackson was wrapt in prayer. He had done all which his human foresight could devise, and now was confiding himself, his compatriots and his cause, to the God of the righteous.

Taylor's brigade was marching in rear of the column, and Jackson seeing the enemy advance in force where there was none to check him, directed Taylor to form line of battle for resistance. Taylor said this was done, though at fearful cost, and added, "This brigade would, if ordered, have formed line to stop a herd of elephants." I will not, at this late hour, longer detain you.

Jackson died confident of the righteousness of his country's cause, and never doubting its final success. With the same conviction I live to-day, and reverently bowing to the wisdom of Him whose decrees I may not understand, I still feel that the Confederacy ought to have succeeded because it was founded in truth and justice.

In one sentence may be comprised the substance of all I could say—Jackson gave his whole heart to his country, and his country gave its whole heart to Jackson.

At the close of Mr. Davis's speech, the benediction was pronounced by Father Hubert. Many crowded forward to see the President, General Lee, and the wife and daughter of our great commander, and at twilight the vast crowd were wending their way back to the city.

Of what followed in the several succeeding days—the ovation given to Mrs. Jackson and Miss Julia, and General Lee, the drives, the reception, the superb dinners, the various entertainments, the lavish kindness of everybody—we have not space to speak. But we must say that Captain Charles Minnigerode, late of Richmond, who served on General Fitz. Lee's staff during the war, took naturally to his old vocation in serving General Lee, and also extended his kindness to us—that we received appreciated courtesies from General Beauregard, Dr. Jos. Jones, the first secretary of our Society, and others—and that the following committee were untiring in their efforts to entertain their guests, and to make the whole affair a grand success:

Tomb Committee: W. R. Lyman, I. L. Lyons, L. A. Adam, F. A. Ober, J. H. Murray, J. B. Sinnot, J. B. Richardson, Jos. Buckner, D. R. Calder, E. D. Willett.

We were most reluctantly compelled to tear ourselves away, (for it

did really seem that "the Confederates had re-captured New Orleans," and it was indeed pleasant to linger there,) but it was with a full purpose to go again and tarry longer.

Origin of the Banner of the "Lone Star," and the Coat of Arms of Texas.

By JOHN C. BUTLER, Macon, Ga.

To the honor of one of the fairest daughters of Georgia is the State of Texas indebted for its peculiarly appropriate Coat of Arms—The Lone Star. The sympathies of many Southern cities were aroused in behalf of Texas in her struggle against Mexico for independence as a separate Republic. The cries of our fellow-citizens of Texas, calling for help against the advancing and overwhelming forces of Santa Anna, the tyrant and oppressor, reached Georgia early in November, 1835. A public meeting of the citizens of Macon was held on November the 12th, and was addressed by several distinguished gentlemen in advocacy of the claims of Texas upon the people of the United States for aid in their struggle for independence. Among the speakers on this occasion was Lieutenant Hugh McLeod, who had just returned from the United States Military Academy at West Point. He made a soul-stirring appeal, pledging himself "to resign his commission and embark as a volunteer." He said "that Texas needed soldiers, and not resolutions; that we should tender her our persons and our arms on the contested field, and that these would best express our sympathies in her behalf." Mr. William Ward, of Macon, proposed to organize a company of infantry to enlist in the army of Texas, whereupon thirty-two men came forward and enrolled their names as volunteers. The citizens, before the meeting adjourned, subscribed \$3,150 to the equipment and other expenses of the company.

As the company passed through Knoxville and Columbus, Ga., more recruits were enrolled.

At Knoxville Miss Joanna E. Troutman (late Mrs. Vinson, of Crawford county, and daughter of the late venerable Hiram B. Troutman, of Macon, Ga.,) made a handsome banner of white silk, with a single blue star of azure upon it, and sent it to Lieutenant McLeod, to present to the company at Columbus.

The following is a copy of the letter acknowledging the receipt of the banner:

"COLUMBUS, GA., Nov. 23d, 1835.

"Miss Joanna:

"Colonel Ward brought your handsome and appropriate flag as a present to the Georgia Volunteers in the cause of 'Texas and Liberty.' I was fearful, from the shortness of the time, that you would not be able to finish it as tastefully as you would wish; but I assure you, without an emotion of flattery, that it is *beautiful*, and with us its value is enhanced by the recollection of the *donor*.

"I thank you for the honor of being made the medium of presentation to the company, and if they are what every true Georgian ought to be, your flag shall yet wave over fields of Victory in defiance of Despotism. I hope the proud day may soon arrive, and while your star presides none can doubt of success.

"Very respectfully, your friend,

(Signed)

"HUGH McLEOD."

This patriotic banner was the first one ever made in Crawford county, and was, in the history of the rising Republic of Texas, renowned as being the first flag of the "Lone Star" that was unfurled upon its soil.

Having secured the enlistment of more volunteers, Ward proceeded to Texas, where they organized according to regulations, as they were not permitted to organize in the limits of the United States. A battalion of three companies was formed, consisting in all of one hundred and twenty muskets. After several successful engagements with the Mexicans, they joined the command of Colonel Fannin, and formed a regiment by the election of Fannin, Colonel, and Ward, Lieutenant-Colonel. The regiment numbered four hundred and fifty men, and was stationed at Fort Goliad. After the massacre of the heroic Americans at Alamo, which was the Thermopylæ of Texas, Santa Anna dispatched General Urrea, with a large force, towards the Mission of Refugio. Colonel Fannin, hearing of the advance of the Mexicans upon that unprotected point, sent Captain King, with thirty-six men, to remove some families resident there to a place of safety. King, after a successful skirmish with some Mexican cavalry, was surrounded by a large force and compelled to surrender. Six hours after, he and his men were shot, by the command of Urrea. No tidings having arrived from King, Fannin dispatched a larger detachment, consisting of Colonel Ward's original battalion, towards Refugio. This battalion, under Ward, fought two bloody battles with the enemy, in

the first of which he was victorious. The Mexicans were reinforced to the extent of fourteen hundred men, and intercepted Ward as he retired to the church at Refugio. Breastworks were made by the battalion, of pews, gravestones, fences, etc., and the fire of the enemy resisted for two days.

The ammunition of the battalion was exhausted on the third day of the battle, when Ward was compelled to capitulate, signing the regular articles according to the rules of war. It was stipulated that the prisoners would be returned to the United States in eight days.

The Mexicans were again reinforced, and advanced upon Goliad, taking their prisoners with them. Colonel Fannin had become near about exhausted in provisions and ammunition. His command was reduced to two hundred and twenty-six men, and no tidings received from Colonel Ward. He, therefore, concluded to destroy the fort and cut his way through to General Houston's army, one hundred and thirty miles distant on the Colorado river. On the 18th of March, 1836, he evacuated the fort and commenced a retreat. In the afternoon of the same day he was met by the Mexican cavalry, and a large force of infantry. Forming his little band into a hollow square he resisted all the charges of the enemy until night. The loss of the Mexicans was six hundred, and that of the Texans sixty-seven. On the following morning General Urrea received a reinforcement of five hundred fresh troops with a supply of artillery. A surrender became unavoidable, a white flag was hoisted by the Texans, and terms of capitulation were agreed upon by both Mexican and Texan commanders. The terms provided that Fannin and his men should be marched to Fort Goliad and treated as prisoners of war; that the volunteers from the United States should be sent to New Orleans at the expense of the Mexican government; and that private property, and side arms of officers, should be respected and restored.

Notwithstanding the terms of capitulation, the Texan army was deprived of every article of defense, even to their pocket-knives, and served with an allowance of food hardly sufficient to support life. At this time Ward's battalion was joined to the other prisoners, amounting in all to four hundred men. After being detained a week, orders were received from Santa Anna for the execution of all of the prisoners. On the morning of the 27th of March this horrible outrage was consummated. The prisoners, under a strong Mexican guard, were marched out in four divisions. The guard was stationed upon each side of the road, and as the prisoners proceeded in file, a fire of musketry was opened upon them, and those who escaped the bullets were cut down

by the sabres of the cavalry. But four men escaped who belonged to the Georgia battalion, and eight of their other comrades in the regiment.

While these events were occurring, a general convention of delegates assembled at Washington, on the Brazos, to consider the question whether Texas should continue to struggle for a Republican government of her own. On the 2nd of March the convention unanimously adopted a declaration of independence; and, on the 17th of the same month, a constitution was adopted, and executive officers appointed to perform the duties of the government until the first election under the constitution.

On the morning of the 21st of April, the Texan army, numbering but seven hundred and eighty-three effective men, under General Houston, confronted the Mexican army, numbering one thousand six hundred men on the San Jacinto river. With the exception of two pieces of cannon, not a gun was fired by the Texans until they were within musket range of the enemy's lines, when the war-cry, "*Remember the Alamo and Goliad*" was raised. Such was the suddenness and fury of the Texans, that the Mexicans, under Santa Anna, threw down their arms and fled in confusion from the incessant shower of bullets that fell upon them, while the Texan cavalry, under Colonel Mirabeau B. Lamar, pursued the fugitives, cutting them down by hundreds. Of their one thousand six hundred men the enemy lost in killed six hundred and thirty, wounded two hundred and eight, while seven hundred and eight were made prisoners. On the day following the battle Santa Anna was captured, disguised in common apparel, with his camp equipage and valuable silver service. The glorious effect of this battle gave to Texas peace, and the rank of an independent Republic among the nations of the earth.

When Ward's battalion arrived in Texas, early in January, 1836, bearing the banner of the "Lone Star" the Texan army had just hoisted their first flag, which consisted of a plain white field with a red sword upon it, held in a soldier's hand. After the independence of Texas and her recognition as a Republic, an interesting account of the origin of the "Lone Star State," as applied to the young Republic, was published by a gallant officer in the *Galveston News*, as follows:

"The flag of the Lone Star that was first unfurled in Texas was that borne by the Georgia battalion, commanded by the late Lieutenant-Colonel Ward, who, with almost his entire command, was massacred at Goliad in the spring of 1836, in what is known as 'Fannin's Mas-

sacre,' he being next in command to the lamented Colonel James W. Fannin.

"The flag was presented to Colonel Ward's command, after they passed through Knoxville, Crawford county, Georgia, by the fairest daughter of the State—the beautiful, gifted and highly accomplished Miss Joanna E. Troutman.

"It was made of plain white silk, bearing an azure star of five points on either side. On one side was the inscription, in rich but chaste colors, 'LIBERTY OR DEATH!' and on the other the patriotic Latin motto, '*Ubi Libertas habitat, ibi nostra patria est.*'

"The flag was first unfurled at Velasco on the 8th of January, 1836, and proudly floated to the breeze from the same liberty-pole with the first 'Flag of Independence,' which had just been brought from Goliad by the valorous Captain William Brown, who subsequently performed such daring and effective service in the navy of Texas.

"There is something singularly romantic in the history of these two flags. The 'Flag of Independence' came from Goliad, where it was first hoisted, just in time to be flung to the breeze from the same staff with the beautiful 'Banner of the Single Star,' on the occasion of its being first unfurled in Texas.

"Proudly they floated together. The crimson-dyed sword, in fearful aspect, grasped in a sinewy hand, waved boldly over the placid star as it reposed on its broad field of virgin white, as if to emblemize the chivalric vow of a gallant knight-errant to his lady love, 'Thee will I protect, wherever thou goest.'

"What became of the 'Flag of Independence,' we know not; but the beautiful star of azure was borne by Colonel Fannin's regiment to Goliad, and there gracefully floated from the same tall staff which first bore the blood-red sword that waved over, as if to protect it at Velasco. On the 8th of March, 1836, an express arrived at Goliad, from Washington, on the Brazos, officially announcing that the Convention then in session had formally made solemn declaration that Texas was no longer a Mexican province, but a *free and independent Republic* within itself. On the receipt of this thrilling, this glorious intelligence, the greatest demonstrations of joy were made at the fort—loud and spirit-stirring strains of martial and patriotic music, from 'trumpet, fife and drum,' resounded through the 'ancient confines of the fortress,' and the shadowy aisles of the venerable chapel of *La Bahia*. Amid the roar of artillery, the beautiful 'Banner of the Lone Star' was hoisted to the top of the identical flag-staff which first bore the broad

ensign of that political independence, the glad tidings of the declaration of which, by a general convention of the people's representatives there assembled, had just been received. It proudly streamed over the hoary ramparts and time shattered battlements of the antiquated fortress of *La Bahia*, until the last rays of the setting sun were casting their 'lessening light' against the gay turrets of the old chapel. Just as the 'sunset gun' thundered forth its hoarse announcement of departing day, the usual attempt to 'lower the colors' was being made, when, by some unlucky mishap, the beautiful silken banner entangled in the halyards, and was torn into pieces. Only a small fragment remained adjusted to the flag-staff, and when Colonel Fannin evacuated Goliad to join General Houston, in accordance with received orders, the last remnant of the first 'Flag of the Lone Star' was still fluttering at the top of the staff from which first floated the "Flag of Independence."

At the defeat and capture of Santa Anna at the battle of San Jacinto the silver service of the wily commander was also captured, and some of the trophies of the victory, consisting of his massive spoons, forks, etc., were forwarded by General Rusk to Miss Troutman "in token of the regard she had inspired in the hearts of the stern, scarred patriots of the revolution as they gazed upon the virgin ground and lone blue star of the flag she had wrought, and which had led on many of their brave compatriots to death, themselves to victory."

On the meeting of the first Congress the flag of the Lone Star was adopted as the flag of the republic, and the seals of office were required to have the "Star" upon them, which then became the Coat-of-Arms of Texas.

A public recognition of the first flag of the Lone Star as having been brought to Texas by Ward's battalion from Georgia was made by General Memucan Hunt, the first minister from the Republic of Texas to the United States.

In February, 1845, a bill in favor of the annexation of Texas passed the United States Congress and was signed by the President. On the 4th of July following a convention assembled at Austin, the Texan capital, and assented to the terms proposed by the United States. A State Government was immediately formed, and henceforth the history of Texas is merged in that of the United States.

Campaign of General E. Kirby Smith in Kentucky, in 1862.

BY PAUL F. HAMMOND.

Prefatory Note.—This narrative was written in the spring of 1863, a few months after the return of the Confederate armies to Tennessee, more for the purpose of recording the facts, while they were fresh in my memory, than from any view of publishing, then or thereafter. It may contain reflections and speculations which will seem novel, curious, and perhaps absurd, to the reader of to-day, especially in the light of subsequent events; and doubtless there are many crudities which one, ambitious for the reputation of a fine writer, would not willingly submit to public criticism. But it may be that those very reflections which appear the least reasonable to the reader who was not familiar, from personal experience, with the tone of thought and feeling, the hopes and fears and aspirations of the soldiers and citizens of the Southern Confederacy, will serve, in some measure, to give the truest pictures of the South under the old régime, and were I to undertake to re-write the narrative, the temptation might prove too strong, I fear, to fashion some of its features more in accordance with results, or to sacrifice historical accuracy to the prevailing sentiments of the times. I am hardly anything of a Bourbon, and certainly have no wish to be classed with those of whom it has been said, "*Ils n'ont rien appris, ils n'ont rien oublié*," (they learn nothing, they forget nothing). But I have never learned that the South was not absolutely right in maintaining the sovereignty of the States, though it would be an error to assert it now, and Bourbon folly to seek to make it a living issue. I have never learned that the South had not a perfect right to defend her property in slaves, nor forgotten that she was less responsible for the institution, and especially for its chief evils, than the North or England; but, as it had to go, we have all learned that it is better gone. I have not learned that the South could have refused, with manliness, to accept the war which was forced upon her, or that she did anything, in its inception, in its conduct, or after its conclusion, which could tarnish the escutcheon of a brave, noble, and enlightened people.

I have learned that the results of the war have practically made of the United States one Nation, but I have not forgotten that, within that nationality we can struggle, and ought to struggle for the rights of the States as against Centralism, and for government of the people for the people, against the domination of the few.

Worse than confiscation, prison or rope, which could only reach a limited number, the South, under the reconstruction laws, was subjected to the most humiliating conditions of a conquered people, and, but for her pluck and patience, would have been destroyed; nevertheless, we have all learned, and all believe, that now, as an integral part of this great country, we all owe the same loyalty to the American nation that we owed, primarily, to the States. And so, notwithstanding little expressions that may ruffle sectional pride, and others that might indicate, if uttered now, the fatherhood of that *bête noir* of the Stalwarts, Bourbonism, with this explanation, begging forgiveness for its apparent egotism, I will add this little contribution to the historical records of the war as it was written nearly two decades ago, with only such corrections of its careless execution as a proper respect for Mr. Lindlay Murray, and the printer, may impose.

PAPER No. I.

I do not propose to write a history of the Confederate campaign in Kentucky, but to give a true and faithful narrative of those events of which I was an eye witness, or which came to my knowledge on unquestionable authority. My very friendly acquaintance with Dr. L. A. Smith, the Medical Director of the Army of East Tennessee, and sometimes called the "brains of the army"—in whose rare sagacity and judgment General Kirby Smith placed the greatest trust; General John Pegram, the Chief Assistant Adjutant General on the staff of Kirby Smith—one of the noblest and gentlest gentlemen it was ever my good fortune to know; and Colonel Wm. G. Brent, also an Assistant Adjutant General on the staff, and a man of very decided talents and the highest courage—and the confidence they reposed in me, gave me the opportunity to know and to understand, not only the actual movements of that portion of the army, (and it was the largest portion,) which General Smith led into Kentucky, but the causes which produced them and the objects sought, and, thus enables me to make the narrative of the achievements of this wing of the army, and its chiefs, an almost absolute historic verity.

But with the history of that part of the campaign, conducted under the immediate direction of General Bragg, the situation is altogether different. Not only have I no accurate knowledge in detail of many of the movements of his troops before the armies were united, but although General Bragg has since been bitterly assailed in the public press, and defended with an equally partizan zeal, no one, it is probable, outside

of his own military family, and the president, perhaps, comprehends satisfactorily the motives which influenced him at some of the most important periods of the campaign—notably, for instance, in permitting, without a battle, the escape of Buell and his army from Bowling Green.

It is then with General Kirby Smith's campaign that I shall mainly deal.

Through the kind offices of a gentleman, lately the chief of General Smith's staff, but then prostrated by a terribly broken limb, and, much to his mortification, so utterly disabled as to be unable to take part in the impending movements, I received an invitation to act as a volunteer on that staff.

I had seen some service with the army of Mississippi upon the staff of General John C. Breckinridge.

Depleted by disease, caused mainly by the want of water, which a little foresight should have provided, that army, as it is well known, was forced to retreat in the latter days of June, 1862, from Corinth all the way to Tupelo, and it was generally understood that no serious operations were likely to transpire in that quarter during the ensuing summer. "The greatest necessity of a soldier," said Napoleon to O'Meara, "is water," of which a true history of the Confederate army at Corinth would furnish a sad and disastrous illustration.

Delayed by a severe attack of fever, I did not reach Knoxville until the 15th of August. General Smith had already left to place himself at the head of the column, which was toiling at slow pace, but with indefatigable energy and in glorious spirits through the difficult, and by the enemy considered, for artillery at least, impracticable pass of Big Creek Gap, a few miles westward of the old road over the mountains at Cumberland Gap. Not a little annoyed at the prospect of the long and lonesome ride before me, to overtake General Smith, I was relieved when Colonel Brent, of Virginia, for some months a member of General Bragg's staff, but lately assigned to duty with General Smith, called at my room and proposed to join me. Like myself, he had reached Knoxville only that day. The proposition was of course joyfully accepted.

The officers left in charge of the post persuaded us to remain in Knoxville until an escort could be provided. Bushwhackers, native born white men of East Tennessee and Southeastern Kentucky, as savage and relentless, and nearly as ignorant, as any redskin of romance or of history, infested the country, waylaid the roads, and from mountain side and behind rock or bush shot down the unfortunates who,

journeying by themselves or in small parties, wore the Confederate gray, and dispatched the wounded, without mercy, in the name of patriotism and the Union.

We left Knoxville with an escort of four cavalymen, but finding, when a few miles from town, that they were unprovided with rations for themselves or horses, we sent them back. At this time we gave but little credence to the stories told us of bushwhackers; much less than they deserved, as our experience taught us a few days later. We stopped that night with a Mr. J., one of the few Confederates in this section; but, notwithstanding his southern proclivities, I saw here, for the first time in my life, a practical exhibition of the social equality of the races. We breakfasted early with Mr. J. alone, and recalled to the room a few moments after we had finished, I found my yellow man, Harry, enjoying his meal at the table with our hostess and her children, to all appearance a carefully tended guest. We encountered at this house a singular character in the person of a Mr. W——, of Georgia. Mr. or General W——, as he was called, was an old man, large, fat and shabbily dressed, but an expression of humor and good nature saved his countenance from being repulsive, while his broad forehead and firmly set jaws gave token of courage, accompanied by no ordinary amount of sagacity. He was both scout and spy on his own responsibility. Notwithstanding his age and obesity he had the previous spring travelled from Knoxville to Louisville on foot, evading or deceiving the enemy, and bringing back valuable information. He had been through the enemy's camps at Cumberland Gap and gained accurate information of their numbers, positions, fortifications, batteries, &c., &c., all of which he immediately communicated to the military authorities at Knoxville. He was now on his way to Kentucky—still on foot. We met him a few days afterwards at Barbourville, where he was sent back on some errand to Knoxville by General Smith, and again, six weeks later, at Lexington. Having concluded his business at Knoxville he started for Lexington with a company of cavalry, which was attacked at Big Creek Gap and all the men, with the exception of two or three, either killed or captured. W—— was among the number who escaped, and, still afoot, the first to bring the news of the disaster to Lexington. For his services he would receive no remuneration, although they were really valuable, and exceedingly difficult and dangerous. He represented himself as already rich—the owner of a large cotton plantation in Mississippi, and another in Georgia—and doing his work neither for fame nor money, but solely to gratify his own peculiar tastes. Altogether old Mr. W—— was a very

mysterious character, much used, but, whether justly or not, much less trusted.

The next day we rode forty miles, crossed the Cumberland Mountains at Big Creek Gap, after night, and halted in the valley between there and Pine Mountain, at the house of an Union man. With great difficulty we procured a few ears of corn for our horses, and a cup of milk and crust of corn-bread for ourselves. Spreading our blankets in the piazza of the rickety old house we were soon asleep. At 3 A. M. Brig.-General Davis aroused us with the information that General Heth, a few miles ahead, expected an attack at daylight. We mounted and pushed forward, and a little after sunrise reached Heth's headquarters beyond Pine Mountain. General Smith, with six thousand men, had followed the road leading up Powells' Valley, some thirty miles to the right, while General Heth, with three thousand men, pursued the more direct route, which leads by Boston to Barboursville, at which point the columns were to unite. Informing General Heth of our anxiety to reach General Smith, especially as Colonel Brent bore dispatches from General Bragg, he advised us to remain with him. He expected to join General Smith in a short time, and being now in the enemy's country, and a very ferocious enemy too, it was imprudent for small parties to separate themselves from the main column.

Here we half seized, our necessities demanding, and half purchased a peck of shelled corn for our horses, and a few cold crusts of bread, and a half cup of milk, which divided between us, our hungry stomachs received with great pleasure, if not entire satisfaction. When we returned to the yard Heth had left, and his troops were filing into the road. Saddling our horses quickly, we galloped forward, and continually informed in reply to our enquiries, that the general was ahead, we passed the entire column without finding him. Still, however, supposing him ahead, and certainly that the advance of the army was covered by the cavalry, we pressed on, until, unwittingly, we had passed for some distance, Heth, cavalry and all.

A little way over the Kentucky line the road leads through a broad, shallow, and very clear mill-stream, with high, precipitous banks, and into a lane, with a corn field on one side and an old unplanted field upon the other. A man was approaching down the lane, with a musket in hand. He seemed somewhat disconcerted when he saw us, moving from side to side of the road, throwing an occasional glance backward, and twisting the gun nervously upon his shoulder, but still approaching. We halted him when he came up, and the following conversation ensued:

"Have any Confederate cavalry passed this way?"

"Confedrit? What's Confedrit? I don't know what that is."

"Have any Yankee cavalry been about here lately?"

"Wall, stranger, you've got me agen. I don't know as if I've seen any Yankee. I don't know what Yankee is, neither."

We thought the man was pretending ignorance for some purpose of deception, but we found afterwards that, in common with all the intensely ignorant people of this region, he really did not know what Yankee or Confederate meant, though they knew well enough what was meant by Union and Disunion, and used those terms alone to designate the opposing forces. But to return:

"Do you know that there is a war going on—that people in this country are fighting?"

"Oh, yes; I hearn tell of that."

"Well, who are fighting, and what are they fighting about?"

"I guess they're fighten about the Union. Some men want to break up the Union, and they're the dis-Union men."

"What are the people about here? Are they Union men, or dis-Union?"

"I reckon it would be pretty hard to find a dis-Union man about in these parts now. There was a few, but they're all left. Yes, the people here are pretty much all Union men; that's so."

"What are you?"

"Me? I'm nothin'; jes a poor man, who don't do nobody no harm. All the folks knows that. And I hope nobody won't do me none, neither."

For some little time we had seen a number of men, in blue Kentucky jeans, the common dress of the people, moving to and fro across the mouth of the lane, beyond us, and something more than a hundred yards distant.

"Who are those men," we enquired, "moving about yonder, at the end of the lane?"

"I don't know. Boston's right 'round that turn in the road. Thar's a 'lection thar to-day. I guess that's people a going thar."

"Where did you get that gun?" we asked, changing the subject abruptly. "That is a new Springfield musket, and must belong to the United States government?"

"It arn't mine," came the answer quickly, with a slight tremor of voice; "a Union soldier jes left it at my house, and asked me to take care of it for him till he comed back."

"Aha! and you couldn't take good enough care of it by leaving it in your house, so you brought it along with you?"

"Wall, you see I was a coming to mill anyhow, and sometimes I see lot of 'pattridges' along of this lane, and I thought I'd fetch the gun along and kill one for my old woman who's sorter ailen."

"Look here, my friend, we rather think you're a bushwhacker, and so are those men over there," pointing to the end of the lane.

"Oh! no, no, sir; thar arn't no bushwhackers about here; thar never was. They're all over on the Sandy. The folks about here are all peaceable folks. Thar arn't no danger for you to go right on to Boston."

"Well, come along with us."

Our suspicions were excited, and marching him before us, we retraced our steps to the creek, where we found a squad of twenty men slaking their thirst, and filling canteens from the cold, clear water. A soldier took the fellow's musket, and, drawing the "pattridge" load, it proved to be ball and buck, and nine similar cartridges were found in his pockets.

Still under the impression that General Heth and the cavalry were surely ahead, we recrossed the creek and resumed our journey, but had passed little more than one half the lane when thirty or forty men, some afoot and others on horseback, drew up in line across the mouth of it. At this menacing movement we halted, when they called to us, in loud voice, to know if we were Union men. Colonel Brent replied promptly, "No; who are you?" "Come on; all right," they replied. Brent was in favor of going on, but to this I very decidedly demurred. I was convinced that their intentions were hostile, and that we could only advance at the imminent peril of our lives. Turning to Harry (my servant), Brent said, "Gallop back to the creek, and tell those men to come to our assistance as quickly as possible." I felt sure that the men at the head of the lane would fire as soon as the soldiers appeared above the creek, and was watching alternately in each direction. But the rascals saw our men before we did. A little puff of white smoke floated upward, and a ball struck in the road in front of us, and ricocheted over our heads. I dismounted, and sat down upon the trunk of a fallen tree, making myself as small as possible. Brent advanced a few paces, when a close bullet frightened his horse, which plunged wildly, and in endeavouring to dismount Brent was thrown to the ground. We were woefully bad off, in the way of arms, for soldiers in this predicament. Brent had only his sabre, and I an old straight sword, in silver scabbard, which had hardly done anything more than

militia duty in South Carolina, and a little ivory-handled pistol, the property of my wife.

The firing was rapid, the balls striking in the road before and about us, and humming over our heads with a sound by no means pleasant. But the soldiers soon coming up Brent deployed them as skirmishers, under cover of some low apple bushes, and they returned the fire, when the fellows at the end of the lane soon retired, firing random shots as they climbed the side of the mountain. We thought the affair over and congratulated ourselves upon our narrow escape. But at this moment about a hundred men of the same regiment who, hearing the firing, came running down the lane were fired upon from the field to our right and a little to the rear, and the assailants sprang from their hiding places and ran for the creek. One was killed and three wounded, and, the cavalry coming up, twenty-seven captured. Even now the affair was not completely ended, for before we reached Boston, almost in the edge of the village, three men fired upon the cavalry from the shelter of an old house by the roadside and, running out, attempted to escape through the fields to the mountains beyond. We came up in time to see the chase, which was a little exciting. Throwing their guns away, with coats and hats off and hair streaming in the wind, the men ran, as they believed, for life, while fifty cavalymen in close pursuit made the air ring with their "wild halloo."

A curious, but at the time, not amusing illustration was given in this little affair of the ignorance of some of our volunteer officers, when first engaged in actual warfare.

This Georgia regiment, which had helped us out of our difficulties, was a magnificent body of men, but had been mustered into service within a few weeks only, and were now on their first campaign. Their colonel, a brave man, who afterwards made an excellent officer, was a county lawyer and politician, and had been elected far more on account of his personal popularity than for any acquaintance with the art of war. When his men came running down the lane, as thick and disorderly as a drove of cattle, confined within the fences, but keen for the fray, Brent, a veteran who had seen much service, said to him, "Colonel, form your men in line of battle, throw out skirmishes and skirmish that piece of woods, we do not know what is concealed there, this may be a serious movement on the part of the enemy." "No, no, sir, I will not risk my men in that way," the Colonel answered. "Why," said Brent, "that is the way to save your men, if the enemy have a field piece they will rake you fore and aft down this lane." But the Colonel would not "risk" his men, while a discharge of grape

or canister, or a round shot ploughing through the living mass, would have sent us, sensibly, skirmishing to the rear at a pace which would have done more credit to the thews in our legs than the Colonel's prudence did to his knowledge of tactics.

Our prisoners were taken to Boston, made to take the oath of allegiance, a mere farce, and released. Guerrillas of the worst type, traitors and assassins all, as these people were, still it was not intended to do them any harm. They are very poor, and inconceivably ignorant. What little fatuous light they have comes from the wandering Yankees who trade among them, but leave for more civilized regions as soon as they have made a little money. The men, with few exceptions, had taken to the mountains; the terrified women and children shut themselves up in their houses. It was some time before they could be assured of their safety. It was hoped to make them friendly by treating them with kindness, but this utterly failed. They continued to hide in the mountains, firing upon small parties, or single men, whenever the opportunity offered; and when we returned from Kentucky they were more hostile than ever. Inalienably wedded to the Union, they hate us more bitterly than the worst abolitionists.

Boston is a dirty little village, of some twenty houses, hemmed in on all sides by the mountains. We remained there two days, when, hearing that General Smith was in Barboursville, we joined Major Thomas, who was on his way there with a drove of beef cattle.

Along the route the houses were closed and the occupants gone. Generally, if we stopped a few moments at a cabin, a woman would come from her hiding place in the corn patch, and tell us that her husband, or father, or brothers, as the case might be, had gone to visit his relations on the Big Sandy. Never before, we felt quite confident, had there been so much of this visiting.

The second day we reached Barboursville, without accident or adventure, and reported to General Kirby Smith.

Reminiscences of the Army of Northern Virginia.

BY J. WM. JONES.

PAPER No. 4.—CAPTURE OF WINCHESTER AND ROUT OF BANKS'S ARMY.

We were now on the flank, and would soon be in the rear of General Banks, whose army numbered about 18,000, while ours numbered about 16,000. But he was equally on *our* flank, and could, by a bold move-

ment on Front Royal, have recaptured his stores and prisoners, and planted himself in our rear. Whether this would have been a wise thing for him to do is another question, and he does not seem to have long hesitated as to "entering the lists" (as he expresses it in his report) "for a race to the Potomac." General Ewell, with Trimble's brigade and some cavalry, was sent on the morning of Saturday, May 24th, by the direct road to Winchester, while Jackson moved his main body across to Middletown, on the main "Valley Pike."

Coming in sight of Middletown, Jackson saw that the pike was filled with a rapidly retreating column, and immediately he ordered Captain Poague, of the famous Rockbridge artillery, to open on the moving mass, while General Dick Taylor was ordered to charge with his splendid Louisiana brigade. The best troops find a sudden attack on them while retreating in column a severe test, and these broke in wildest confusion, the main body hurrying on towards Winchester, while a part retreated back to Strausburg. Our brigade was hurried forward at a double quick, but only got there in time to see the rear of the retreating column, and witness the wild confusion presented by up-turned wagons, dead and wounded horses and men, muskets, knapsacks, etc., scattered over the fields, while pursued and pursuers were disappearing in the distance. Our column now pressed on along the main pike to Winchester, passing along the whole route the deserted wagons of the enemy. At Newton there was a temporary check to our advance, which gave the enemy time to fire their wagons, and from that point we marched for miles (night had now set in) by the light of burning wagons, baggage and stores. Jackson was himself at the head of the column, and was frequently in great personal peril from the ambuscades of the enemy, and the fire of their rear guard. It was a very weary, tedious night march, but was enlivened by the music of our bands, the cheers that would ring out along the whole column, and the jests of the men, which would create loud bursts of laughter.

An hour before daybreak our column halted, and the men snatched a little sleep, while Jackson himself stood sentinel at the head of the column, receiving reports from the skirmishers, who pressed slowly on, and giving frequent orders to direct their movements. "At early dawn" (a favorite hour with Stonewall for beginning to march), Jackson gave the quiet order, which aroused the column from its hasty slumber, and moved it forward on the enemy, who had taken a strong position on the hills commanding the approach to Winchester. Jackson personally reconnoitered the position, going so close to the skirmish line of the enemy, that two officers were wounded at his side, and imme-

diately made his dispositions. Gen. Ewell was on the direct road from Front Royal, fighting his way towards the town; Gen. Jackson's division and Taylor's brigade were advancing on the enemy to the left of the pike, and Elzey's brigade was held in reserve on the pike.

Jackson seemed on this occasion the very personification of the genius of battle, as he galloped from point to point on the field, and gave his sharp, crisp orders. Riding up to the Thirty-third Virginia regiment (the gallant Colonel Neff commanding) in the midst of the battle, he said to the colonel, pointing to a hill near by, "I expect the enemy to bring artillery to occupy that hill, and they must not do it! Do you understand me, sir? They must not do it! Keep a good look out, and your men well in hand, and if they attempt to come, charge them with the bayonet, and seize their guns! Clamp them, sir, on the spot!" And his clenched hand, ringing voice and energetic manner, as he gave this order, all betokened that he meant just what he said. But when the critical moment came he ordered forward his whole line, and gave to all near him the emphatic order, "Forward after the enemy!" The whole line swept gallantly onward, the brave resistance of the enemy was of but short duration, and while Ewell drove everything before him on the east of the town, Taylor and Jackson's old division swept down from the western side of the pike, Elzey moved rapidly forward on the pike, the enemy gave way at every point and we pushed them pell-mell into the streets of Winchester. The scene that ensued beggars all description. The women and children of Winchester, wild with delight, rushed out into the streets utterly regardless of the death-dealing missiles which flew thick and fast on every side. At one point we had actually to advance a guard to clear the streets of women that our men might fire on the retreating enemy. With waving handkerchiefs, exclamations of delight and tears of joy, they hailed us as their deliverers. One beautiful young lady exclaimed, "Oh! you brave, noble, ragged, dirty darlings, you! I am so glad to see you."

A lady came up to Major Sherrard, of my regiment, (who was an acquaintance of hers,) and said: "I want you to bring some of your men and take charge of my prisoners." He went with her and found that she had locked up in her parlor nine Federal soldiers (four of them officers) who had rushed in there for safety. Colonel W. H. S. Baylor, of the Fifth Virginia regiment, as he was hurrying his command through in pursuit of the enemy, put two prisoners in charge of a lady, and gave her a pistol to guard them. She joyfully accepted, and faithfully fulfilled the trust—turning them over to the Provost-Marshal when he had established his quarters.

As the ladies, many of whom were his personal friends, crowded around General Jackson exclaiming, "Thank God we are free! Thank God we are free once more," he is said to have waved his cap in the air, and to have joined lustily in the cheers of the soldiers and the citizens. But he did not linger amid these congratulations. He dashed on after the retreating enemy, and soon sent back the characteristic order: "Let every battery and every brigade push forward to the Potomac." He keenly felt the absence of his cavalry at this juncture, and said in his official report: "There is good reason for believing that had the cavalry played its part in this pursuit as well as the four companies under Colonel Flournoy, two days before in the pursuit from Front Royal, but a small portion of Banks's army would have made its escape to the Potomac."

The gallant Colonel Ashby had gone off with his cavalry in pursuit of a force in the direction of Romney, and was thus unfortunately absent at this important juncture.

It was soon found impossible for our broken down infantry to overtake the fleeing foe, who threw away guns, knapsacks, and everything which could impede their progress, and accordingly we were halted five miles from Winchester.

There were immense quantities of stores of every kind captured at both Winchester and Martinsburg, and our fellows revelled in the supplies of every description, which the sutlers had accumulated in Winchester.

It was the capture of these immense quantities of medical, ordnance, commissary, and especially quarter-master stores, which originated the soubriquet by which ever afterwards we knew General Banks, as "Stonewall Jackson's Quarter-master." I remember that at the battle of Slaughter's Mountain when we learned from a prisoner that General Banks was in command of the forces opposed to us, it rang all along our line: "Send in your requisitions, boys, for whatever you want in the way of clothing. 'Stonewall's Quarter-master'—General Banks—has come with a full supply to issue." We have a kindly feeling for General Banks. He treated the people of the Valley much more leniently than his successors in command there. He has shown on occasion (not always) that he has some appreciation of the fact that the war closed with the surrender of the Confederate armies. And he certainly did make us a first rate quarter-master, and General Dick Taylor an admirable commissary. But it must be confessed that he did not seem to manage matters well either in the Valley, or on Red River. Yet we will give him a chance to be heard in his own behalf.

"It is seldom" says General Banks in his report, "that a river cross-

ing of such magnitude is achieved with greater success, and there never were more grateful hearts in the same number of men than when, at mid-day of the 26th, we stood on the opposite shore. My command had not suffered an attack and rout. It had accomplished a premeditated march of nearly sixty miles in the face of the enemy, defeating his plans, and giving him battle wherever he was found."

An old "Rebel" must be pardoned for thinking that General Banks did not exert himself very strenuously to *find* his enemy on that memorable campaign, and that those were glorious days when we marched "down the Valley after 'Stonewall's Quarter-master.'"

How we came back will be seen in our next *Paper*.

Cavalry Operations in North Alabama.—Report of General S. D. Lee.

HEAD-QUARTERS CRANE CREEK,
(TEN MILES WEST OF TUSCUMBIA),
October 30th, 1863, 7:30 A. M.

Colonel,—I have the honor to report for the information of the General, that my command attacked the enemy at day-light yesterday morning, and after a brisk skirmish, I discovered that the enemy were in force at their camp near Cherokee Station. Their tents were standing, and my scouts could see no movement indicating breaking up of their camp. My scouts report, and I consider it perfectly reliable, that about a division of the enemy have crossed at Eastport, and last evening their advance was in a few miles of Florence. Two steamers and flat boats were at Eastport crossing troops. There is but little doubt now that a column of the enemy will march north of the Tennessee *via* Florence and Huntsville. I am in doubt whether the entire force will go by that route. Will inform you as soon as reliable information is received. The force in my front is probably covering the crossing. Some of my scouts still report the enemy working on the railroad east of Bear Creek, and the cars have crossed the Bear Creek bridge. Brigadier General Ferguson attacked and routed the Tory Alabama regiment, and thoroughly scattered it over the country, capturing two pieces of artillery, some forty prisoners, a number of horses, and small arms, &c. Brigadier-General Roddy is still on the flank and rear of the enemy between this point and Big Bear Creek. I am becoming short of ammunition, have sent for a supply at Okalona. My command is not in a condition to remain long from Mississippi, having left prepared

only for a two weeks scout against the M. & C. R. R., when their destination was changed in this direction. They are much in need of clothing, shoes, &c. I will, however, remain as long as I can be of service, or until I receive orders from General Johnston. If I am to remain in this department, I should be informed as early as practicable, though I am of opinion that a large cavalry force will not be needed in this Valley very long.

I am, Colonel, yours respectfully,

S. D. LEE, *Major-General.*

Lieutenant-Colonel Geo. W. Brent,

Assistant Adjutant-General Army of Tennessee.

Expedition against Pine Bluff—Report of General Marmaduke.

HEAD-QUARTERS MARMADUKE'S DIVISION,
Princeton, Ark., 26th Oct., '63.

Colonel,—I have just returned from Pine Bluff, which I attacked yesterday about 8 A. M. The post was garrisoned by two cavalry regiments, (5th Kansas and 1st Indiana,)—effective force about six hundred men and seven pieces of artillery. I occupied the whole town except the court-house yard, which was fortified by heavy and effective breast-works of cotton bales. The Federals could only be captured by storming the works, which would have cost me the loss of at least five hundred men. I did not think it would pay.

I have captured about two hundred and fifty mules and horses, about three hundred negroes (men, women and children). The women and children I could not bring away. Some four hundred *blankets* and *quilts*, and destroyed (burning) a considerable amount of *quartermaster*, *commissary* and *ordnance* stores; also about six hundred or one thousand bales of cotton, which had been brought to Pine Bluff for sale. My loss is about forty men killed and wounded. Federal loss I don't know—don't think it as large. My troops behaved well—the Federals fought like devils. No news—no sign of their moving southward nor eastward.

Very respectfully,

[Signed]

J. S. MARMADUKE,

Brig.-Gen'l Commanding.

To Lt.-Col. J. F. Belton, A. A. G.,

Department of Arkansas.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

THE SCHEME OF ENDOWING OUR SOCIETY seems to meet with general favor. Its importance is apparent to all who think of it, and we hope ere long to be able to announce that this interest has assumed *practical*, tangible shape, and that we have invested funds which yield us a regular income upon which we can rely for the prosecution of our great work. Meantime, we beg that our friends will help us in several ways:

1. Let us know what *you* can give towards the permanent endowment of the Society.
2. Mention the matter to your friends, and enlist their interest and help.
3. Send us list of names of those who are able and would be likely to be willing to help us.

We need and must have an endowment. Who will help us?

"MEMORIAL DAY" has been observed at various points in the South, and will be yet observed at others on the days designated, by the local Associations, and the beautiful custom of decking with flowers the graves of our heroic dead, has lost none of its hold on the hearts of our fair women and brave men. May it never cease to attract the usual interest and awaken the hallowed memories which cluster around it!

As we write this paragraph our city is full of Knights Templar from Boston and Providence—the Governor of the Commonwealth, the Mayor of the city, and other representative men, have given them formal welcome in speeches of rare eloquence and appropriateness—and our people generally are vying with each other to entertain and amuse them, while their bands are making the air reverberate with alternate strains of "Dixie," and "Star-spangled Banner," "Bonny Blue Flag," and "Hail Columbia." The Knights have seemed to appreciate the kindness of our people, and have just given a touching evidence of fraternal feeling which will be remembered. This being, by appointment, "Hollywood Memorial day," the visiting Knights marched to the statue of Stonewall Jackson, on Capitol Square, and while their band played an appropriate dirge, they saluted the effigy of the great Chieftain, and placed a wreath around his neck, and flowers on the base of the statue.

As we look out of our window on the bronze figure of old "Stonewall," wreathed with flowers by Knights of Boston and Providence, we recall an eloquent passage in Governor Holliday's superb address of welcome: "And now, if there be any animosities surviving, let them be buried in the graves of our great and loved ones on either side. With chivalric generosity let us do justice to virtue and valor wherever found. Remitting the camp followers, the shriekers and demagogues, both North and South, to everlasting oblivion, let the Puritan and the Cavalier, and their offspring, wherever they may live, rise up in the majesty of a united faith, and a fast reconciliation, and command the peace. In that peace

we will talk over the deeds of our Heroes and Martyrs, and the renown they have conferred upon our common race and country, and with high and knightly courtesy and love, we will carry their effigies in triumphal procession and place them side by side in the Republic's Pantheon."

Is this knightly act the beginning of those happy days to come? *So mote it be! So mote it be!*

THE ABSENCE OF THE SECRETARY from his office for nearly a month must excuse any seeming negligence in filling orders or attending to correspondence. Indeed our correspondence accumulates so rapidly that it is almost impossible to keep up with it even when able to give it daily attention, and we beg our friends to bear with us if we are guilty of any *seeming* neglect in this regard.

WM. MAHL, General Superintendent of the Louisville & Cincinnati Short Line, and Henry Fink, V. P., and General Manager of the Norfolk & Western railroad, have placed the Secretary under obligations for appreciated courtesies.

SEVERAL INTERESTING PAPERS, as well as our Notes and Queries, were crowded out of this number by a misapprehension of the space which other articles would fill.

LITERARY NOTICE.

We have only space to say that the advance sheets of "*Rise and Fall of the Confederacy*," by President Davis, give ample evidence that it will be a book of absorbing interest, written in the vigorous, classic English for which the distinguished author is so famous, and containing many things which he alone could properly set forth. It will have an immense sale and be most widely read, for men of every shade of opinion will be anxious to read the story of the Confederacy, as told by its Chief Magistrate. And while there will be wide divergence of opinion as to the book and its author, and doubtless some sharp criticism of both, all true Confederates should rejoice that he has been spared to complete his task, and that we will have the true story of our great struggle written by him whom the people chose as their leader, and who will be recognized by the world when the mists of passion shall have passed away, as one of the truest patriots and most conscientious, upright men that ever drew sword in freedom's cause.



Vol. IX.

Richmond, Va., June, 1881.

No. 6.

History of Lane's North Carolina Brigade.

By Gen. JAMES H. LANE.

BATTLE OF JERICHO FORD—REPORT OF GENERAL LANE.

HEAD-QUARTERS LANE'S BRIGADE, September 20, 1864.

Major,—I have the honor to report that we left the church in the neighborhood of Spotsylvania Courthouse after dark on the 21st of May, marched until 2 o'clock that night, resumed our march at 4½ o'clock on the morning of the 22d, and bivouaced about noon that day near Hewlett's Station, on the Central railroad. At 6 o'clock A. M., on the 23d, we moved still further down the railroad, and about noon went into camp close to the South Anna river and near Anderson's Station. That afternoon we were ordered up the railroad, formed line of battle on the right of McGowan, perpendicular to the road, and threw forward a portion of our sharp-shooters. The Seventh regiment was soon afterwards detached to guard a ford on the river. We were subsequently ordered still further up the road—our sharp-shooters

being left deployed in front of our old position. Formed line of battle again on McGowan's right, but this time parallel to the railroad, and, with skirmishers thrown forward, advanced upon the enemy at Jericho Ford in the following order, from right to left: Eighteenth, Thirty-seventh, Thirty-third, and Twenty-eighth. We soon drove in the enemy's skirmishers and, after advancing about four hundred yards into the woods in our front, we became actively engaged with their main line of battle, posted on a commanding ridge, when a portion of the troops on our left gave way. I at once apprised General Wilcox of the fact through my Adjutant-General, Captain Hall. The General replied that it was not so, and ordered me to push on. We were then in advance of McGowan's brigade. Soon after this order was received the Thirty-seventh North Carolina regiment, of my own command, broke and ran back. I then ordered the other three regiments back to the edge of the woods, where the Thirty-seventh was being rallied, as my line was broken, and there was no one on my left. Having reformed the line, in obedience to orders from General Wilcox, I again advanced it into the woods, when the Thirty-seventh again broke. The other three regiments, however, in both advances, held their ground and fought very gallantly until ordered back. While the Eighteenth, Twenty-eighth and Thirty-third regiments all fell back in a cool and orderly manner. Lieutenant-Colonel Cowan is deserving special praise for the handsome manner in which he withdrew the Thirty-third, the attention of his men being constantly called to Company B, of that regiment, which, under its brave commander, Captain E. Price, was marching by the rear rank with arms shouldered as though it were on drill. We reformed the second time in the open field in rear of the woods, advanced again to the edge of the woods, threw out a strong line of skirmishers, and succeeded in bringing off all our dead and wounded. We were relieved that night about 11 o'clock by Davis's brigade of Heth's division. We then formed on the railroad and commenced fortifying, but before day we were moved to Anderson's Station, where we intrenched and remained until the 27th.

I regret to have to state that Lieutenant H. I. Costner, Company B, Twenty-eighth regiment, was killed in this engagement. Lieutenant Costner was a brave officer and conscientious in the discharge of all his duties.

Lieutenant Jno. M. Cochran, Co. D, Thirty-seventh regiment, behaved very handsomely.

List of Casualties on the 23d of May, at Jericho Ford.

	KILLED.		WOUNDED.		MISSING.		TOTAL.		AGGREGATE.
	Officers.	Men.	Officers.	Men.	Officers.	Men.	Officers.	Men.	Officers and Men.
Seventh N. C. Regiment.....	1	1	2	2
Eighteenth N. C. Regiment.....	4	2	6	6
Twenty-eighth N. C. Regiment...	1	4	1	23	1	2	28	30
Thirty-third N. C. Regiment.....	5	2	27	4	2	36	38
Thirty-seventh N. C. Regiment...	1	2	19	2	2	22	24
Grand Total.....	1	10	5	74	10	6	94	100

Officers Killed.

Twenty-eighth regiment—Lieutenant H. I. Costner, Company B.

Officers Wounded.

Twenty-eighth regiment—Lieutenant R. D. Rhyne, Company B.

Thirty-third regiment—Captain J. A. Weston, Company F; Lieutenant J. W. Gibbs, Company F.

Thirty-seventh regiment—Lieutenant I. B. Somerville, Company B; Lieutenant I. M. Grimsley, Company K.

Action at Storr's Farm on Tottapottamoi Creek.

On the 27th we left Anderson's and bivouaced that night near Ashland. Next morning we resumed our march at 3 o'clock and camped that afternoon near Shady Grove church, where we remained until the afternoon of the 29th, when we were ordered back a short distance and bivouaced for the night near Atlee's. Next morning we formed line of battle on the right of McGowan and intrenched near the railroad. On the 31st we were ordered to Storr's (or Stowe's) farm, on the Tottapottamoi creek, near Pole Green church, where we relieved Wofford's brigade. We were here engaged in very heavy skirmishing all that day, besides being subjected to a terrible artillery fire, losing about twenty killed and wounded.

On the 1st of June we moved back and built a new line of works, the old one being held by a strong line of skirmishers.

Supports Wharton's Brigade at Turkey Ridge.

Next day we marched to Cold Harbour, where we intrenched on the second line. That afternoon we supported Wharton's brigade in its advance upon Turkey Ridge, and afterwards took position between that brigade and Thomas's, on the right, near the McGee house. Here I was wounded by one of the enemy's sharp-shooters, and the command of the brigade devolved upon Colonel Jno. D. Barry.

Casualties from May 24th to June 3d, inclusive.

	KILLED.		WOUNDED.		MISSING.		TOTAL.		AGGREGATE.
	Officers.	Men.	Officers.	Men.	Officers.	Men.	Officers.	Men.	
General Staff.....			1				1		1
Seventh N. C. Regiment.....			2	4			2	4	6
Eighteenth N. C. Regiment.....		1	1	6			1	7	8
Twenty-eighth N. C. Regiment...		1		6				7	7
Thirty-third N. C. Regiment.....		1		1				2	2
Thirty-seventh N. C. Regiment...		1	1	5			1	6	7
Grand total.....		4	5	22			5	26	31

Officers Wounded.

General Staff—Brigadier-General James H. Lane.

Seventh regiment—Captain J. S. Harris, Company B; Lieutenant I. M. Alexander, Company H.

Eighteenth regiment—Lieutenant Camden Lewis, Company B.

Thirty-seventh regiment—Lieutenant A. F. Yandle, Company I.

Respectfully,

JAMES H. LANE, *Brigadier-General.*

Major Jos. A. Englehard, A. A. G. of Wilcox's Lt. Division.

Other Official Reports Destroyed.

The other official reports for this campaign were copied into the letter-book at brigade head-quarters. This book was destroyed at

Appomattox Courthouse, and there are no copies of them in existence that I am aware of.

During the time that I was absent, wounded—less than three months—the brigade, commanded successively by Colonels Barry and Speer, and Brigadier-General Conner, took an active part in the following engagements:

Riddle's shop, June 13; action three miles south-east of Petersburg, June 22; action in front of Petersburg, June 23; Gravel Hill, July 28; Fussell's Mills, on Darbytown road, August 16–18; Reames's Station, August 25.

When I returned to my brigade, I was informed by Captain E. J. Hale, Jr., who was my Adjutant-General, and many other officers, that it behaved in all of these fights with its usual gallantry.

General Lee compliments Cook's, McRae's and Lane's Brigades for their gallantry at Reames's Station.

As General Lee, in person, put General Conner in command of my brigade during my absence, I was required on my return to report to him in person to have General Conner relieved. It was during this visit to army head-quarters that General Lee told me North Carolina had cause to be proud of Cooke's, McRae's and Lane's brigades, for, by their gallantry at Reames's Station, they had not only put her but the whole Confederacy under a debt of gratitude which could never be repaid. He also told me, at the same time, that he had written to Governor Vance, expressing his high appreciation of their services. I suppose the following is an extract from the letter referred to:

[From the *Wilmington Journal*, 1864.]

Tribute to North Carolina.—Letter from General Lee.

We have been permitted to make the following extract of a letter from General Lee to Governor Vance, complimenting the North Carolina troops for their glorious victory achieved at Reames's Station. This tribute from the great hero of this revolution is the highest honor that could be paid to North Carolina. Let every soldier treasure it up as a memento of inestimable value:

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
August 29th, 1864.

His Excellency Z. B. Vance, Governor of North Carolina:

* * * * *

I have been frequently called upon to mention the services of North

Carolina soldiers in this army, but their gallantry and conduct were never more deserving the admiration than in the engagement at Reames's Station on the 25th instant.

The brigades of Generals Cook, McRae and Lane, the last under the temporary command of General Conner, advanced through a thick abattis of felled trees under a heavy fire of musketry and artillery, and carried the enemy's works with a steady courage, that elicited the warm commendation of their corps and division commanders and the admiration of the army. * * * * *

I am with great respect your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE, *General.*

What President Davis said.

At Charlotte, during the year 1864, in a brief address to the people, President Davis said, among other complimentary things of North Carolina, that "her sons were foremost in the first battle of the war, Great Bethel, and they were foremost in the last fight near Petersburg, Reames's Station."

General Kirby Smith's Campaign in Kentucky in 1862.

By PAUL F. HAMMOND.

PAPER No. 2.

General Kirby Smith is comparatively young—just fairly entering upon the prime of life. He is thirty-seven. You would not be impressed as by a man of remarkable intellectual endowments, but the phrenologist would say, that his high, receding forehead, narrow at the base, but prominent over the eyes, and widening as it ascends, gives evidence, if not of great mental powers, of uncommon quickness of perception and rapid mental movements. Tall, sinewy, not graceful, every gesture indicates intense physical activity and muscular vigor. In perfect health, black haired, black bearded and mustached, slightly graying, black eyes, penetrating and restless, swarth complexion; the simple statement of these features might give the idea of only the rude, rough soldier; but on the contrary, with the exception of the gentle Pegram, I have known no officer of the army more habitually under the influence of the kindlier virtues and emotions. An earnest Christian and a

gentleman, pleasant manners flow naturally from the goodness of his heart, while an impulsive temper is kept under almost perfect control. At this time he was little known to the country. A grand charge at Manassas, which he led with dashing courage, routing the enemy and deciding the victory; and a wound believed to be mortal, and nearly proving so, had given rank to the man who was now about to lead five and twenty thousand soldiers into one of the most hazardous and up to a certain point, most brilliant campaigns of modern warfare. If Morgan had been captured, and if Louisville had been occupied, ensuring the overthrow of Buell, as some military critics are saying, and not without a show of reason, it must be confessed, might have been done, and ought to have been done, the name of Kirby Smith would have been placed, at once, high upon the roll of great captains.

Barboursville, a dilapidated village, twice the size of Boston, is the metropolis of this mountain region. Before our arrival it had been a depot of supplies for the Union army at Cumberland Gap. Our cavalry under Col. Scott, which entered Kentucky by the Jamestown road, captured London two days before General Smith reached Barboursville, and the enemy's trains at the latter place were hurried off to the Gap and escaped.

The command of General Smith, at this time in Kentucky, consisted of Cleburne's and Churchill's divisions, six thousand men, in the neighborhood of Barboursville, Heth's division, three thousand strong, at Boston, and Scott's brigade of cavalry, twelve or fifteen hundred men, beyond Boston. The greater portion of the artillery and the wagon trains were still engaged in the difficult passage of the mountains at Big Creek Gap. The artillery horses were of little service, so steep was the ascent, and the footing insecure, but the men fastened long ropes to the guns and caissons, and, twenty or thirty pulling together, dragged them slowly but steadily over the worst places. This was the Army of Kentucky then. In Tennessee, Stevenson's splendid division, ten thousand men, with a brigade of cavalry, remained for the present threatening Cumberland Gap, and various detachments, guarding important points throughout the department. It was necessary to pursue one of three courses. To assault Cumberland Gap, where the Federal General Morgan was powerfully fortified with ten thousand men; to remain where we were, and by cutting off supplies compel Morgan to come out and give battle in the open field; or to advance boldly into the heart of Kentucky. Even a simultaneous assault in front and rear upon Cumberland Gap, never a very promising operation where easy communication between the assailing forces is impossible, could

only succeed, if it succeeded at all, at very great sacrifice of life. To remain where we were, hoping to compel Morgan to evacuate his position from want of food, offered equally doubtful results. He was believed to be provisioned for a month, and in that time an army could be raised in our rear which might force us to abandon the siege and retreat across the mountains. Lastly, to advance into Kentucky was a bold and hazardous movement, but less hazardous for its very temerity. It was thought that the enemy, not anticipating it, would be taken unprepared, which proved correct. It was known that he had but few old troops in Kentucky, and his raw levies were counted as nothing in the hands of our veterans. The movement created the liveliest emotions among the soldiers, and a sure reliance could be placed on their courage and endurance. Reducing the transportation to the minimum, we could move with such celerity, that, General Smith trusted to be able to fall upon the enemy in the blue grass region before he was well aware that we had crossed the Kentucky line. General Bragg, who had begun his advance against Buell, from Chattanooga, with 25,000 men, feared the movement was premature; but General Smith, with the enterprise and audacity so essential, and generally so successful, in offensive warfare, adopted it, and prepared rapidly for its accomplishment. One division was sent to Manchester and the other to London. Brigadier-General Leadbetter, of Heth's division, was stationed at Cumberland Ford, while Heth himself was to remain at Barbourville until Reynolds' brigade, three thousand strong, which had been ordered from Stevenson's command across Big Creek Gap, could join him. It was necessary to delay the advance until the artillery and wagon trains came up. In the meantime the soldiers subsisted on beef and roasting ears. Scott had captured some sutlers stores and a large number of wagons at London. On the 23d he attacked Metcalfe's cavalry and Garritts' infantry at Big Hill, and defeated them with severe loss. On the morning of the 27th of August, Cleburne's and Churchill's divisions moved forward to support Scott, and on the afternoon of the same day General Smith, leaving Heth in occupation, took the road northward. That night we bivouaced on the banks of a muddy stream, fifteen miles from Barbourville, and, starting early the next morning, reached Rockcastle river by noon. Churchill's division was there, Cleburne's a few miles beyond.

Hitherto the country was well watered. But from Barbourville to Rockcastle river there is no stream but the muddy creek just mentioned; and between Rockcastle river and the foot of Big Hill lies a barren, desolate region, destitute of water for men or animals. The

troops suffered much from this privation, but they bore it cheerfully, marching in excellent order and with great celerity.

At Rockcastle river General Smith received dispatches from Scott, informing him that the enemy were advancing in force to drive him from his position. It was of vital importance that the position should be held, and Cleburne was ordered to move to Scott's assistance as rapidly as the condition of his troops would permit. At 3 A. M. we left our bivouac upon the banks of Rockcastle river. Churchill's column was already moving. Day dawned upon us on the top of Big Hill, a wild region almost uninhabited. Here was first fully appreciated the importance of Scott's victory a few days previous. Numerous positions offered, in which a regiment of good soldiers, with a few pieces of artillery, could have opposed a very serious obstacle to our advance, and perhaps compelled us to retire. That the enemy had not seized and fortified these positions afforded General Smith great satisfaction, inasmuch as it furnished conclusive evidence that our movements were unknown or misinterpreted.

General Cleburne was forming his men in line of battle when we reached the foot of Big Hill to meet a reported advance of the enemy. It proved to be, however, only his cavalry, which retired. The troops were exhausted by their long and rapid march, and required rest; and Churchill's division coming up soon after, the entire command was moved forward a short distance, strong pickets thrown out on all the roads, and the soldiers allowed to rest on their arms in battle order. Late in the afternoon a sharp cavalry skirmish occurred, in which Scott was forced to abandon one of his guns. The enemy's cavalry charged with great audacity. That night the opposing armies lay so near each other that some of the enemy's pickets were thrown out within our line, and the next morning, as greatly to our surprise as theirs, captured.

We had now marched nearly one hundred miles into Kentucky, and met not one man who sympathised with the Confederate cause. The enemy, reported seven full regiments strong, was immediately in our front, while we could muster not more than five thousand five hundred men, worn by long and arduous marches on insufficient food. But doubt was ruin; to hesitate was to be destroyed. Behind us was a barren mountain country, and a ferocious and bitterly hostile population; beyond the enemy in our front the "blue-grass region," the garden of Kentucky, teeming with inexhaustible supplies.

General Cleburne was ordered to attack at daylight. So far from hesitating, the determination of the enemy to offer battle here gave General Smith the liveliest satisfaction. It had been feared that he

would post himself upon the high bluffs of the Kentucky river and dispute its passage; and the few places at which the passage could be effected were susceptible of every defence against greatly superior numbers. But if he could gain a victory here, General Smith counted upon pressing the enemy so closely, that he would not be able to rally his broken columns this side of Lexington, and perhaps of the Ohio river.

The morning of the 30th of August came warm, clear and beautiful. No brighter sun ever scattered the mists of early day. No fairer field ever offered upon which to do battle. No two armies ever encountered with greater confidence. The one in numbers and superior arms and equipments, the other in discipline, in endurance, in Southern skill and pride, and in the indomitable courage which a profound conviction of the justice of our cause inspires.

At 8 A. M. General Smith reached the battle field. An artillery duel was in progress. The enemy were drawn up on both sides the Richmond turnpike, with the artillery in the centre. Cleburne's division was formed in line of battle on the right of the turnpike, with the artillery on its left. The head of Churchill's column had barely reached the field, marching along the "pike," but concealed from the enemy by the undulations of the ground. Churchill was ordered to take a circuitous route through the ravines to the left, and debouching on the enemy's right and rear, cut him off from his line of retreat to Richmond. The other brigade was held in reserve. Captain Martin's battery, of Florida artillery, was sent forward to take position on the rising ground by a brick house to the left of the road, but, mistaking the order, advanced quite near the enemy and unlimbered. His sharp-shooters immediately opened upon it, wounding Martin and his senior lieutenant, and a number of men, when the battery, being without support, retired to the position originally designated. Cleburne was apprised of Churchill's movement, and ordered to hold the enemy in check until it could be accomplished. By this time the infantry fire had become severe on the extreme right, and soon the enemy's line could be seen advancing rapidly in an effort to turn our right flank. This movement was skillfully foiled by Brigadier-General Preston Smith, upon whom the command of Cleburne's division had devolved, (that officer having been wounded a few moments earlier,) who in turn succeeded in turning the enemy's left, driving him from the field in great confusion. Churchill barely reached his position—in time to pour a volley into the broken ranks, but not to intercept the retreat.

This was the combat of Mount Zion in the battle of Richmond. On the right we lost several gallant officers and a number of men. The

enemy's loss was considerable, and a few prisoners and some ambulance and ammunition wagons fell into our hands. But, although beaten and driven from the field in great disorder, the enemy rallied within a mile and renewed the fight, at long range, with rifled cannon. Churchill's division was advanced a short distance on the left, while Preston Smith's was halted on the ground from which the enemy had been driven. The artillery of this division had exhausted its ammunition, and some delay occurred in bringing up the ordnance train.

General Smith now felt confident of victory, and ordered Scott to press forward with his cavalry, by a route to the left, and take position in the rear of Richmond, with the view of cutting off the enemy's retreat. At 1 P. M., our entire line advanced. The engagement began on the extreme left, and the firing was severe, even as we drove steadily backward the skirmish line.

The main force of the enemy was massed in front of Churchill. The country is open fields mainly, but intersected with fences overgrown with vines and bushes, through which the sight cannot penetrate. With their line prostrate behind one of these, the enemy was perfectly concealed, and attempted an ambushade, which nearly proved disastrous. Rising from their concealment, they delivered a terrible fire at short range, and moved to the charge. Our line wavered, and its defeat and destruction seemed inevitable. But Churchill's voice rang out clear above the din, steadying the men, and ordered a counter charge, and the brave fellows sprang forward. The rattle of musketry deepened into a roar, furious and incessant, and as the smoke lifted, the enemy could be seen within less than a hundred paces of where we stood, but in full flight, broken almost at the point of the bayonet. It was at this moment that General Smith lost for an instant the admirable coolness which he had evinced throughout the day, and rushed to the front in the act and perfect spirit of charging with his staff alone, hardly looking even if they followed.

But Pegram's* urgent remonstrances checked his pace, and the brave

Note.—May 1881.—Poor Pegram! his was a nature as amiable and kindly as the gentlest woman's. He was scarcely handsome, but neat and fresh as a new leaf on a spring morning, amid all the dust of the camp, with just the daintiest little touch of dandyism. Frank, open face, winning smile and manner, natural and graceful in every movement. No man's or woman's eye rested on Pegram without an emotion of pleasure. He was brave as a Paladin of old; a graduate of West Point, with all the coolness and presence of mind of the trained soldier. Notwithstanding his misadventures in the early months of the war in West Virginia, there was no doubt that he possessed very considerable abilities. His ser-

Nelson, of Columbus, who commanded a cavalry company of eighty young gentlemen of the best families of Georgia, which composed the escort, came up and begged to be let go. The much longed for permission was given, and Nelson and his splendid fellows dashed forward in gallant style into the very midst of the melee, and captured three hundred prisoners. The Federals were again driven from the field, and a gun captured, but they rallied and formed anew, and opened fire with their rifled guns, showing that although broken they were not yet entirely beaten.

It was now 3 P. M., and our men had been marching and fighting since daylight, without water. It was necessary that Colonel Scott

vices in this campaign gained for him the rank of General of brigade. He was in love with, and I believe engaged to, a beautiful young lady of Baltimore. Never have I known of a more tender and devoted attachment than Pegram's. He wore her miniature in a little locket always next to his heart. They were afterwards married in Richmond. It was very sad. He was killed within a few months at the siege of Petersburg.

What a contrast between Pegram and another officer of the staff of nearly equal rank. Lieutenant-Colonel Polignac, or Prince Polignac, as he was usually called, was undeniably ugly, and he clothed his ugliness in garments neither tidy nor becoming, which certainly had no suspicion of Parisian elegance about them, and which helped to give him the mingled appearance of buffoon and Italian organ-grinder. Morose, unsociable, silent, perhaps melancholy, and misunderstood for the most part, and seemingly inclined to be tyrannic, the prince was anything but popular. He was devoted to mathematics. That was his greatest and only recreation. He carried his calculations on little slips of paper, in a pair of old leather bags, which were constantly strapped about his person; and no sooner was a halt called, or camp struck, than throwing himself upon the ground, face downwards, Polignac had out his papers, and utterly absorbed, pursued his logarithms by the sunlight, or the flickering flame of the camp fire, while jest and laugh circled merrily all around and about him. It was these boys that led Captain N—— on one occasion, when the prince had treated some of his men as he thought with unnecessary harshness, to describe him in language more forcible than elegant, as "that —— little French peddler." Shades of ye Chevaliers! *aux armes!* ye tutelary saints of the noble house of Polignac! But Polignac was brave, and, doubtless, a genuine friend of freedom. He preferred the line, and the constant conflict of the field, to the generally lesser risks of the staff of the General-in-chief; and the writer recalls one occasion, the battle of Richmond, Kentucky, he thinks, when the prince with the permission of Kirby Smith left the staff, and placing himself at the head of a regiment, which had just lost its superior officers, fought it gallantly, and remained with it until some officer was fit for duty. He, too, gained his General's rank in Kentucky, or, very soon after, and following General Smith to the trans-Mississippi, won the affections of his men, it was said, in spite of strong natural prejudices, by the distinguished courage and judgment with which he led them in action.

should be allowed time to get in the rear of Richmond, and prepare his ambuscade. The entire army was, therefore, halted, and the troops permitted to rest. The Federals could be seen distinctly formed in their encampment. Much to our surprise they cheered vociferously. This, we afterwards learned, was caused by the arrival of Major-General Nelson. Brigadier-General Manson had commanded in the combats of Mount Zion's Church and Wheat's farm. A three-inch Parrott gun was trained upon them and they retired out of view.

At 5 P. M., our army moved to attack for the third time on that day. We found the enemy's encampment deserted by all but a few wounded men, and the surgeons attending them. Shortly, however, the booming of cannon on our left, and the screaming of shells over our heads, announced that victory was yet to be won. The Federals had fallen back to the outskirts of the town of Richmond, and chosen a strong position on the crest of a hill, their line passing through the cemetery. McCray's Texas brigade was ordered to turn their right, while Preston Smith advanced steadily on their left and centre. Again the fierce hum of minnie balls was followed by the sullen thud of the rifle, and cannon boomed at short intervals like the baying of the deep-mouthed bloodhounds above the din and clatter of the beagles. We were met with great obstinacy, and the fighting was more vigorous all along the lines, and the loss on both sides greater than at any former period of the day. But McCray succeeded in flanking, and Preston Smith, with a dashing charge through a murderous fire, captured the cemetery. A charge was now ordered of the entire line, and the enemy pressed rapidly through the town. On the farther side they made a feeble attempt to rally, but a few shells started them again; and the army, now no longer an army, but a mob, cavalry, infantry, artillery, and wagons, mingled together in complete confusion, rushed along the road for Lexington.

The sun was setting, our troops had driven the enemy over ten miles of broken country, and fought the entire day. They were exhausted, all the reserves had been brought into action, pursuit was impossible, and the enemy were left to be dealt with by Colonel Scott. That officer having reached the Lexington Turnpike, masked a battery to sweep the road, and concealed his men on either side. Pell mell, right into this ambuscade, the poor discomfited fugitives fled. The havoc was frightful, and the Federals lost here nearly as many men as in all the previous fighting of the day. They threw down their arms and surrendered in crowds, and of the few who escaped not one in ten carried his musket with him. Manson was captured here, and Nelson barely

escaped capture by concealing himself in a field of growing corn.

In Richmond a half dozen political prisoners were released from jail, and they ran capering about, almost frantic with joy. General Smith addressed the troops, congratulating them upon their victory and urging them to maintain the discipline and good behavior which had characterized them throughout the march, and to respect private property.

Thus ended the battles of Richmond—a complete victory. By acknowledgement of General Manson to General Smith the enemy had 10,000 men upon the field, we only 5,500, exclusive of Scott's cavalry. Our loss in killed and wounded did not exceed 500, theirs was 1,000—a great disparity, owing chiefly to the slaughter inflicted by Scott. All their trains and artillery and a large number of prisoners fell into our hands. 5,300 prisoners were paroled from thirteen regiments. Of these two or three were old regiments, and several others reorganized—as, for instance, the Twelfth Indiana, a twelve month regiment which had fought at Shiloh. The Federals had probably 2,500 veterans upon the field, the remainder were of the new levies.

The Maryland Line.

By REV. HORACE EDWIN HAYDEN.

In your editorial of February, 1881, you note the fact that “a full history of the Maryland troops in the Confederate service is now being prepared.” Having a very great interest in this history, and yet being unable to learn anything about it, I beg to present the following facts for the benefit of the author. On page 251, vol. V, *Southern Historical Society Papers*, I mentioned that an effort was made to organize the “Maryland Line” in the Confederate service in June, 1861, at Leesburg. This was some days previous to the complete organization of the First Maryland regiment, which occurred June 25th, 1861. I cannot find in Goldsborough's history of the “Maryland Line” any definite action of that body in assuming that distinguished name, and judge that it was applied to the Maryland command under General Bradley T. Johnson, *by courtesy*. The following paper has never to my knowledge been published since it was issued in the printed circular from which I copy it:

“LEESBURG, June 6th, 1861.

“At a meeting of citizens of Maryland, representing five counties and Baltimore city, held at the town of Leesburg, Loudoun county,

Virginia, on *Thursday, the 6th day of June*, 1861, the following constitution was unanimously adopted, and five hundred copies ordered to be printed for distribution among the people of Maryland.

"By order,

FRANK A. BOND, *Secretary.*"

CONSTITUTION.

"ARTICLE I. This Association shall be styled "The Independent Maryland Line of 1861."

"ART. II. The active members of this Association shall be such only as are physically able to bear arms, but honorary members may be admitted in the discretion of the Executive Council.

"ART. III. The object of this Association shall be to protect the people of Maryland and their property against unlawful invasion, violence, seizure or oppression, and secure to the civil authorities and voters of Maryland that freedom of action which was intended to be guaranteed by our republican institutions.

"ART. IV. The officers of this Association shall consist of a *President*, a *Vice-President*, a *Treasurer*, a *Secretary*, and an *Executive Council*.

"ART. V. The President shall preside at all meetings of the Association and shall be *ex-officio*, a member of the Executive Council; and in case of his absence the duties of his office shall be discharged by the Vice-President.

"ART. VI. The Treasurer shall receive and disburse all monies of the Association under such rules and regulations as may be prescribed by the Executive Council.

"ART. VII. The Secretary shall keep a record of the proceedings of the Association under such rules as the Executive Council may from time to time prescribe.

"ART. VIII. The Executive Council shall consist of six members (besides the President), to be elected by ballot on the first Monday of each month by all the members of the Association then present; those having the highest number of votes to be considered as elected; and the President, Vice-President, Treasurer and Secretary to be elected at the same time and in the same manner; all officers so elected to serve until their successors are elected and qualified. The first election under this Constitution shall be held on the eighth day of June, 1861.

"ART. IX. The Executive Council shall be authorized to divide the active members of the Association into companies, battalions, squadrons, regiments and brigades; and to select, appoint and commission all officers suitable for the same, and the proper direction and command

thereof; and all commissions granted by said Council shall be signed by the President and Secretary of the Association, or by a majority of the Executive Council; and any commission issued as aforesaid may at any time be revoked by two-thirds of all the members of the Executive Council.

"ART. X. The Executive Council shall, from time to time, prescribe the terms and forms upon which members may be admitted to this Association; and a majority of said Council may, at any time, expel any member from the Association.

"ART. XI. None of the officers named in this Constitution shall be ineligible to receive any appointment and commission from the Executive Council.

"ART. XII. The Executive Council shall have full power to direct and superintend the action or proceedings of any officer appointed by the ninth Article of this Constitution; and it shall be the duty of said Council to direct and superintend the proceedings of the Association in such manner as will best promote its objects.

"ART. XIII. This Constitution may be amended at any regular monthly meeting of the Association, provided two-thirds of all the members then present assent to such amendment."

I find among my Confederate papers, and in Major Frank A. Bond's handwriting, the following list of the officers elected on the 8th of June, 1861; all of whom, if my memory serves me correctly, were present at the organization of the Association.

COLEMAN YELLOTT, *President.*

Dr. CHARLES A. HARDING, *Vice President.*

B. S. WHITE,

R. H. ARCHER,

T. STURGIS DAVIS,

FRANK A. BOND,

GEO. R. GARTHER, Jr.,

JAMES A. KEMER,

Council.

HORACE E. HAYDEN, *Secretary.*

B. S. WHITE, *Treasurer.*

The Association failed. Why I know not; and the Howard county troops, known as the "Maryland Cavalry," June 15, 1861, left Leesburg to join the command of Colonel Angus McDonald at Romney. This com-

pany subsequently became the basis of the first battalion of Maryland cavalry under Colonel Ridgley Brown.—(*Southern Historical Society Papers*, V. 251.)

Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania.

**Operations of the Artillery of the Army of Western Louisiana, after
the Battle of Pleasant Hill,**

REPORT OF COLONEL J. L. BRENT.

HEAD QUARTERS OF ARTILLERY, DIST. WEST LOUISIANA,
IN THE FIELD, May 20th, 1864.

Major E. Surget, Assistant Adjutant General:

Major,—I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of the artillery of this army, since the battle of Pleasant Hill.

On the 10th and 13th of April, on the north bank of Red river, Lieutenant Coleman, commanding section of Ralston's battery, and Lieutenant T. Jeff. Key, commanding section of Cameron's battery, engaged the enemy's transports and gunboats, firing the aggregate number of 105 rounds of ammunition. The steam pipe of a gunboat was cut and a transport and gunboat were reported as badly crippled.

These two sections were under the immediate command of Captain Fauntleroy, Chief of Artillery of General Liddell's command.

On the 12th of April, the Howitzer section of Captain J. A. A. West's Horse Artillery engaged in the sanguinary combat of Blair's Landing, firing with effect on the transports, and being exposed to a terrible fire from the iron-clads.

Captain West and his men behaved with gallantry and coolness. In this engagement Major-General Thomas Green was killed.

On the 23d and 24th of April, Captain I. T. M. Barnes, with his battery, reporting to General Steele, engaged the rear guard of the enemy at and beyond Cloutierville with fine effect, firing 215 rounds of ammunition. Captain Barnes and his men exhibited coolness and courage in contending against great odds.

On the 23d of April, at Monette's Ferry, Major Semmes, with Moseley's, McMahon's, West's (Lieutenant Yoist commanding), and the rifle section of Nettles's (Lieutenant Hume commanding), disputed the passage of Cane river, and held the enemy in check until our left was turned, when the batteries were withdrawn, Mosely's covering the rear.

Lieutenant Fontaine, commanding a section of McMahon's artillery, posted on our extreme left, distinguished himself by remarkable coolness and bravery to which we are indebted for the safety of his two guns, which, placed in a very critical position, would have been lost but for the exhibition of these qualities. These batteries fired on that day 533 rounds ammunition.

The artillery, being withdrawn, marched all night, and reached Beasley's, 30 miles distant, at 1 A. M., 24th instant, and at 12 M., same day, were ordered to march to Carroll Jones's, 20 miles distant, which was accomplished by sun-down.

The batteries were here halted, by order of General Bee, and did not reach McNutt's hill until the enemy's train had passed, but Major Semmes took McMahon's and West's batteries into the plain and skirmished with the enemy.

The endurance exhibited by Major Semmes and his command of artillery has not been surpassed in this or any other war. For four days the horses did not have a grain of corn, and for two days the men were without rations. The active nature of the campaign forbade the horses from being unharnessed even when resting, except at rare intervals, and the barren nature of the pine woods made, in the neighborhood of Beasley's, more barren by fire, gave the scantiest grazing.

The march from Monette's Ferry to Beasley's, and then back to Carroll Jones's, fifty miles, was made in about twenty-six hours. Notwithstanding all these privations, I found on the 26th and 27th of April, when personally inspecting this command, the officers and men cheerful, and still eager to be brought to the front.

On the evening of the 26th of April, Captain Cornay, with his battery, consisting of two twelve pounder brass guns and two howitzers, engaged on Red river, above the lower mouth of Cane river, three Federal gunboats and two transports, which attempted to pass him.

The transport Champion, No. 3, was struck in the boiler by a solid shot, and was enveloped in hot steam and water. This transport was loaded with near two hundred negroes, consisting of men, women and children, taken from the plantations above, and most recklessly and cruelly attempted, under the convoy of gunboats, and under actual fire, to be run through the lines of our army.

The twelve pound gun solid shot which struck the boiler of the transport, was probably the most fatal single shot fired during the war, producing the death of one hundred and eighty-seven human beings, over one-half instantaneously, and the remainder within twenty-four

hours. All on board except three perished by the most frightful of deaths, and the steamer fell into our hands.

The three gunboats and the transport still above, persisted in their attempt to run the gauntlet of the battery. One of these, reported by the prisoners to be the "Cricket," flagship of the Mississippi squadron, with Rear-Admiral Porter commanding squadron, on board, succeeded in running by the four light field guns, composing Cornays battery, though searched with fatal effect by their rapid and precise fire, which drove the more numerous guns, and heavier calibre of metal of the flagship into the total abandonment of her consorts and convoy, which latter, unable and unwilling to submit any longer to the close and accurate fire of this gallant but unsheltered and uncovered battery, turned their bows up stream and retired from the fight. In this engagement fell the gallant gentleman and brave soldier, Captain F. O. Cornay, while courageously and efficiently directing the fire of his battery against these gunboats.

On the next morning, the 27th, the remaining gunboats undertook to pass the battery, convoying the transport *Champion No. 5*; after a short engagement, the gunboats, receiving serious damage from this heroic battery, ingloriously fled and left the transport exposed to so fatal a fire that she soon sunk and became our prize. In these two engagements the battery fired 243 rounds of ammunition. Colonel Caudle, of Polignac's division, with his sharp-shooters, rendered gallant and effective support to the battery, and his men are entitled to special commendation for courage and accurate firing. The conduct of the officers and men of this efficient four-gun battery in these two engagements, in which, without protection of any kind, exposed at short range to the fire of the heavy guns of the gunboats, it engaged thirty times more than its weight of metal, drove to flight three gunboats fighting under the eye of Rear-Admiral Porter, and captured from them two valuable transports, entitles it to the special notice of the Major-General commanding.*

On the morning of the 26th of April two gunboats of the enemy, one an iron plated monitor, supposed to be the *Osage*, and the other of

*Since this report was written Admiral Porter's report has been published, from which it seems the three gunboats were the *Cricket*, the *Hindman* and the *Juliet*. The admiral states that he encountered eighteen guns, which is very complimentary to the service of Captain Cornay's four guns.

He also says that the *Cricket* was struck thirty-eight times with shells and solid shot, and that she and the *Juliet* and *Hindman* lost forty-seven killed and wounded.

the class called tin-clad, mounting eight guns and protected by about an inch of iron, were discovered lying near De Loach's Bluff in Red river.

Benton's Rifle section, Captain Benton, commanding, and Nettles's Smooth-bore section, Lieutenant Smith, commanding, (Captain Nettles present), supported by Major Williams, with a battalion of sharpshooters, were placed in position and opened fire on the tin-clad, who, after severe punishment, rapidly fled after an engagement of thirty minutes.

The iron plated monitor poured a heavy enfilading fire on the artillery and its support, but no attention was paid to it, in obedience to general artillery orders not to reply to the fire of the iron-plated monitors, and our whole fire was directed on the eight-gun gunboat.

On the 28th of April, General Majors, with his division, attacked and drove the enemy on the Bayou Rapides road back towards Alexandria, and Major Semmes took McMahon's battery with him to support the movement. Captain McMahon gallantly performed his part, moving his battery to the front and firing on the enemy repeatedly, at 600 and 800 yards, with considerable effect.

From the 2nd to the 8th May inclusive, Captain Mosely, with his battery, reporting to Brigadier-General Steele, was engaged in many affairs with the enemy on Bayou Rapides.

On the 5th and 7th, at Middle Bayou, Graham's and Long's, he was of efficient service in checking advances of the enemy made in great force.

On the 6th and 7th, Captain H. C. West, with his battery, also reported to Brigadier-General Steele.

On the 7th, Mosely's and West's batteries covered the withdrawal of our forces over Gordon's bridge, driving back the enemy, when they pressed on too rapidly, and delivering some rounds of canister.

On the 5th May, Captain Benton, reporting to Brigadier-General Bee, after a night march of twenty-two miles, engaged the advance of the enemy at Polk's plantation, and punished him severely. He held one position with sufficient tenacity to enable him to fire canister upon the advancing enemy.

On the 6th May his battery covered the crossing of the cavalry when driven over Polk's bridge; and Captain Benton reports that he only crossed the bridge in rear of the cavalry. Just before our forces fell back to Lecompte, this battery was exposed to a heavy and flank fire of the enemy's much more numerous artillery, and stubbornly sustained the engagement, until both rifle guns were disabled by rapid firing. In

retiring, much coolness was observed in the officers and men in bringing off one of their howitzers, which had become disabled by the breaking of a linchpin, after all support had retired and while the enemy were advancing. The disabling of the rifle section of this battery accounts for its failure to take part in subsequent engagements.

On the 2d May Captain J. A. A. West's battery of horse-artillery, Lieutenant John Yoist commanding, consisting of two ten-pound Parrott's and two twelve-pounder Howitzers, reached the southern bank of Red river, and immediately commenced skirmishing with the enemy's cavalry.

On the 3d May the United States transport, "City Belle," having on board the One Hundred and Twentieth Ohio regiment, came up the river, and was engaged by the battery and sharp-shooters. The third shot from the rifle guns exploded her boilers, and she was run ashore on the opposite side. Lieutenant Yoist, aided by the cavalry and his cannoneers, then ran two pieces by hand to within one hundred yards of her, and she surrendered. The enemy's loss in killed and wounded was severe, and above two hundred prisoners were captured. The battery was then divided, one section being three miles from the other, but both on the river.

At sunrise on the 5th instant, the United States transport "Warner," convoyed by the United States gunboats "Signal" and "Covington," each mounting eight guns, came down from Alexandria and attempted to run past the battery. They succeeded, with considerable loss, in passing the upper section, and with the "Warner" in lead, unexpectedly encountered the lower section, commanded by Lieutenant Lyne, and so rapid was his fire that in fifteen minutes the "Warner" surrendered. The gunboats retired before the effective fire of these two guns and sought to shelter their sixteen guns behind a bend of the river, above Lieutenant Lyne's position, where his guns could not reach them. When the transport and two gunboats succeeded in passing Lieutenant Yoist above, this gallant officer, unwilling to give up the chase, and animated by the most gallant impulse, limbered up and continued the pursuit as rapidly as possible. He reached a point near where the gunboats, sheltered by the high river banks, were shelling Lieutenant Lyne. Lieutenant Yoist, not hesitating for a moment, unlimbered his pieces and ran them by hand out on the open bank, in 350 yards of the gunboats, and first directed his fire upon the "Covington." Here occurred one of the most marvelous incidents of this extraordinary campaign. These two gunboats, attacked above and below by the four light field pieces of this battery, fled first from one and then from the

other, now seeking to escape below, and now above. The sharpshooters, under Colonel Baylor, joined in the perilous hunt, where the unprotected breasts of our men over-matched the heavy artillery and iron-clad bulwarks of the gunboats. At last the boiler of the 'Covington' was exploded by shot from the battery, and she was fired and abandoned by the crew, and soon after blew up. Lieutenant Yoist then moved his rifled guns over the levee right upon the gunboat "Signal," when she, with her officers and crew, surrendered. Soon after this another gunboat from below, attracted by the heavy firing, came up, was opened on by the ten-pounder Parrott guns, and driven back; apparently ashamed of this retreat, after a little while she returned, and in attempting to pass, received two shots through her hull from Lieutenant Lyne's section, and then precipitately abandoned the fight.

We saved the armament of the gunboat "Signal," consisting of eight guns, and when the river falls will be able to secure the eight guns of the "Covington."

Lieutenant Yoist, commanding this battery, reports that he at all times received effective, willing and gallant support from Colonel Baylor and his brigade. I cannot speak too highly of the courage and efficiency manifested by this brigade and Cornay's battery. It has conclusively established the fact that our field batteries, when well served and supported, can close the navigation of Red river against anything but the heaviest iron-plated gunboats of the enemy. In fact this was the case, for, intimidated by the disaster which overtook these gunboats, Admiral Porter for fifteen days abandoned the navigation of Red river, and only undertook to raise the blockade with the aid of their entire army and iron-clad fleet combined.

On the 12th inst., Major Squires placed Winchester's (formerly Faries) four rifled pieces, near Mme. Davids on Red river. Shortly after reaching there, an iron-plated gunboat of the first class, and a tin-clad passed up. It being contrary to my orders for the field batteries to engage gunboats of the first-named class, they were permitted to pass. Shortly afterwards the tin-clad, a little in advance of the iron-clad, came back. Captain Winchester ran his pieces out in an open field and opened on her with the greatest rapidity, firing with effect twenty-four rounds. She immediately backed up behind a point of the river bank, and the iron-clad being nearly at the point our guns were promptly and skilfully withdrawn. On the 15th inst., these guns were employed in heavy skirmishing near Marksville and Mansura.

On the 16th inst., Major-General Wharton determined to make a

temporary stand and force the enemy to display his force. At the request of Major-General Wharton, I made a reconnoissance of the country near Mansura and recommended to him, as suitable for the employment of artillery, the beautiful position at Mansura. He then ordered all the artillery to be put in position, and the following dispositions were made: Major Semmes, Chief of Artillery of Wharton's corps, having command on our right, placed in position H. C. West's and Winchester's batteries, of Squires's battalion, Major Squires commanding; McMahon, Mosely's and J. A. A. West's of his, Lennies battalion of horse artillery; and Major Faries, Chief of Artillery of Polignac's division, commanding on the left, was ordered to place in position Cornay's and Barnes's light batteries, and Lieutenant Bennett, with his two thirty-pound Parrott's. Lieutenant Tarleton was in command of Cornay's battery.

On the 16th, before sunrise, the engagement commenced, and soon swelled into the proportions of the most considerable artillery combat ever witnessed west of the Mississippi. Eighty pieces of artillery were engaged. The fire of our artillery was precise and effective, and whenever the dense masses of the enemy's infantry, which could be clearly discovered in the broad prairie, approached in range, it was immediately broken and driven back. The fire of the enemy was accurate but not effective, owing to the use of spherical case, at long range and defective shells.

As the enemy discovered the strength of our position, he began to manoeuvre to turn it on our exposed left, concentrating on Barnes's and Cornay's batteries a very heavy fire, which was received with coolness and courage; and General Wharton, satisfied with the results that he had obtained, determined to withdraw, which was done without the least confusion. Major Semmes with great deliberation withdrew his batteries en echelon from our right; and on the left, Lieutenant Bennett with his heavy Parrotts, was first withdrawn, followed by Barnes, who had exhausted all his long range ammunition; Lieutenant Tarleton, commanding Cornay's battery, was the last to retire, and from his Napoleon section poured a heavy fire into the enemy at 300 yards range. Notwithstanding the heavy fire of artillery and infantry playing on it, this superb and veteran battery limbered to the rear, with the precision and coolness of parade and moved off at a walk, and only retired more rapidly in obedience to a positive order to that effect. The cavalry and infantry supports of the artillery in this engagement exhibited a solidity and steadiness indicative of admirable courage and resolution.

On the 17th instant, McMahon's battery, the rifle section of Winches-

ter's, commanded by Lieutenant Gaudet, and a six-pounder gun of H. C. West's battery, commanded by Lieutenant DuMay, opened with great effect on the flank of the enemy near Moreauville.

On the 18th instant, at Norwood, the artillery again became engaged under the immediate command of Major Semmes. Squires's battalion, consisting of Winchester's and H. C. West's batteries, Mosely's, McMahon's, J. A. A. West's, Val. Verde, and Faries's batteries under him, consisting of Barnes's and Cornay's were all brought into that stubborn and sanguinary action. Their conduct on this, as on many other occasions, was satisfactory, and General Wharton reports that their aid prevented him from suffering a disaster.

In this long and eventful campaign, requiring on the part of the artillery officers the various and unusual qualities necessary for engaging gunboats, of fighting in masses and separately, of preceding an advance and covering a retreat, it is peculiarly gratifying to me to have nothing to express but commendation and praise.

While I cannot undertake to enumerate the names of all the officers commanding batteries, I feel it a duty and a pleasure to specially mention the valuable services rendered to the army by Major O. J. Semmes, chief of artillery of cavalry corps. Whenever it has been possible for him, he has been present in the various engagements in which his batteries have taken part, and his skill and cheerful courage have always imparted additional vigor to our fire.

Major Squires reported to me for duty while we were at McNutt's Hill, and was assigned to the command of the reserve battalion of the army, and exhibited in the subsequent operations at Marksville, Mansura, and the bloody combat at Norwood, the high soldierly qualities to be expected from one who had served with such distinction in the army of Northern Virginia.

Major Faries, Chief of Artillery of Polignac's division, only took command in the latter days of the campaign, and at Mansura and Norwood displayed the same energy and courage that characterized him as a Captain.

I herewith transmit the reports of Major Semmes and Major Faries, of Major Squires, Captains Mosely, McMahon, Benton, Nettles, J. A. A. West, Lieutenant Yoist, Barnes, Lieutenant Berwick, Captains H. C. West and Winchester.

I have the honor to be, Major,

Yours respectfully,

(Signed,)

JOSEPH L. BRENT,

Colonel and Chief of Artillery, &c.

An Incident of Fort Sumter.

By Major JOHN A. HAMILTON.

I think it was in the month of February, 1861, that a company (the Moultrie Guard) of the first regiment of rifles, was sent to garrison Fort Johnson, or rather to occupy the summer houses of James' Island, fronting on Charleston harbor. A small earthwork held by a detachment of the German artillery stood near the wharf, and a mortar battery on the beach opposite Sumter at the time was being put in readiness for the fight. The defiant attitude of the Federal Government had rendered it necessary to have little communication with Major Anderson's garrison. To this end an order had been issued, permitting a boat from Sumter to come in a direct line to the wharf at Fort Johnson, take on such supplies of vegetables, fresh meats and mail, which arrived daily by steamer from Charleston, (and which considerate clemency kept the enemy in health and comfortable condition, pending the last unsuccessful negotiations for a peaceful settlement) the boat then to return in a direct course to the fort. This system of daily trips to and from the wharf was made by a crew of four, under an officer whose rank was not defined, wearing as he did always an undress suit. A member (still living) of the Moultrie Guard, had studied the position, and that night suggested the following to two of his mess: "To-morrow I'll have the supplies for Sumter put at the off-side of the wharf. You," addressing the writer, "stand in view of the boat and give a signal if the officer gets to be restless; you," to the other, "sit at the head of the landing and chat with the officer; I will be by the pile of staves, and sound the man who is to lug them to the boat, and see if we can't get up a wholesale desertion of the fort by the garrison." It was thought best to confer first with the commander of the State troops (now dead.) The feasibility of the scheme secured his consent, and the originator of it returned in time to put it in effect. On the next day the supplies from the steamer were placed on the opposite side of the wharf from where the boat landed. One of the militia trio sat at the head of the steps at the landing place, another stood ready to give a signal if the officer became suspicious, and the third was near the pile of supplies. The boat came, and the bow rower was sent up to get the meat, &c. A conversation was begun, and the bait took. Several thousands of dollars were offered by the militiaman to each deserter who reported to him, and the soldier from Sumter was pledged to report on the next trip. "We don't care to fight, and will leave if we can; but," he

added, 'we are so closely watched.'" "Hurry up with that stuff on the wharf." The soldier gathered an armful and returned to the boat, obedient to the officer's order. On the next trip, the soldier who had been baited to desert, occupied the stroke seat, another man was in the bow. The officer had suspected something. For a moment he gave his eye to the militiaman, and nodded with a finger laid on his lips. But the slip, "there's many o' them." It rained hard the next day, and the fort boat was hauled under the wharf out of the rain while waiting for the steamer. The officer (now dead) in command of Fort Johnson was on the wharf, and seeing the dripping crew incautiously asked the Federal officer to go to his quarters out of the rain. Of course he accepted. They passed the battery in charge of the artillery squad; a lot of shell and a few mortars lay in their way, all of which the Federal noted, and while it rained, the courteous but thoughtless Confederate and his guest chatted at head-quarters (and of the houses on the beach). Finally the rain held up, and the Federal departed, loaded up his boat and left for Sumpter. What induced the commander at Fort Johnson to move quarters that very afternoon, is easily guessed; we, the non-commissioned mess aspiring to transport our beds and truck in the very house the Captain had vacated so soon as he left. Instead of a pile of official papers which dignified the table in the middle of the floor during the morning, and which caught the Federal's eye before he left, we left a score of "old sogers" and a pile of pipe ashes, and went to bed. One of our mess had a cold and could not sleep well; about midnight he called out, "Who is there?" then followed the jar of a door forced open, a quick dash of a man through the two rooms next to the one we occupied, a clatter of feet down the steps, followed by the discharge of the sentry's gun at head-quarters next door. We sprang up, took our weapons and followed after. The sentinel reported a man having come out of our house, and running by passed on to the beach. We followed, found the track of a peculiar boot, well run down on the left heel. We followed it step by step until we reached the creek that divided us from Morris island. There the boot-print was lost in the water. While waiting, speculating and grumbling generally, the flashes and reports from Morris island pickets were heard. The guard were firing at a boat heading for Sumter. We returned and found that the back door of our house, which had been fastened inside by a combination lock, was forced open by the inserting of a bayonet, the triangular mark being plainly visible. This was the noise our messmate heard. Before the nocturnal visitor could reach the room he had been discovered and fled. He would have

found only the "old sogers;" the red taped bundles had gone next door. On the day following we were called on by a "big Injun" from Charleston; our commander was interviewed, and we were relieved, to learn elsewhere how to do garrison duty. So ended an abortive attempt by an abolitionist militiaman to capture Fort Sumter by bribery. The night visit of the Yankee was to learn when and how Sumter was to be attacked, or the incidentals thereto.

Expedition to Hardy and Hampshire.

REPORT OF GENERAL EARLY.

NEW MARKET, February 6th, 1864.

General,—On the 28th January leaving Imboden's and Walker's brigades near Mount Jackson, to guard the Valley, I moved from this place with Rosser's brigade, Thomas's brigade, all the effective men of Gilmer's and McNeil's Partizan Rangers, and four pieces of McLanahan's battery towards Moorefield, in Hardy. I arrived at Moorefield with Rosser's brigade and the artillery on the 29th, and early next morning (the 30th) Rosser was sent to intercept a train on its way from New Creek to Petersburg, and get between the garrison at the latter place and the railroad. After cutting through a heavy blockade on the mountain between the South Branch and Patterson's Creek, which was defended by a regiment, Rosser succeeded in reaching and capturing the train after a short fight with its guard, which consisted of over eight hundred infantry and a small body of cavalry, all under Colonel Snyder. The guard for the train broke and ran to the mountains, and only a few prisoners were captured. Rosser's loss, in killed and wounded, was about twenty-five, and the enemy's much heavier. Ninety-three loaded wagons were captured, but the teams from forty-two of them were run off by the drivers during the fight, and being considerably smashed their wagons were burnt. Fifty wagons with their teams were brought off, one having been overturned in the night and broken to pieces, so as to be useless. The wagons were loaded with commissary stores and forage; but as the wagons crossed the mountains from Patterson Creek to Moorefield in the night, a great deal of the loading was thrown out by the drivers, and much of it was plundered before steps could be taken to rescue it. After the trains were captured, Rosser moved towards Petersburg, and got possession of the

roads from Petersburg down Patterson's Creek and through Greenland Gap, and the same evening Thomas's brigade arrived at Moorefield, and was crossed over the South Branch to within ten miles of Petersburg. Early next morning both forces moved upon Petersburg, but on arriving there it was found that the enemy had evacuated during the night, taking a mountain road to the head of New Creek, through a pass where it was impracticable to follow him, especially as there was a dense fog, rendering it difficult to discern objects at a short distance. The works at Petersburg were found to be very strong, with a ditch around them, and very strong abattis. There were large bomb-proof shelters, and appearances indicated that a good deal of work had been done lately. The works were destroyed as far as practicable, and some commissary stores and forage, and about thirteen thousand cartridges were secured. Thomas's brigade was then marched back to Moorefield, and Rosser was sent down Patterson's Creek to collect cattle and cut the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. He reached the road on the 2nd at the mouth of Patterson's Creek, and destroyed the bridge over the north branch of the Potomac. He also destroyed another bridge over the canal, and a lock of the canal itself. In the meantime a considerable cavalry force had made its appearance at Romney, and Rosser returned to Moorefield, which place he reached on the 3rd, with a number of cattle and sheep. McNeil crossed over to the eastern ridge of the Alleghany, and brought off over three hundred cattle.

After Rosser's return, I gave orders for the troops, trains, &c., to start back early next morning, as we had accomplished all we then could, and accordingly every thing but the cavalry was in motion very soon; and after Thomas's brigade had gone about four miles from Moorefield, a considerable force of the enemy's cavalry, with some artillery, made its appearance below Moorefield, on the road from Romney. I ordered Thomas's brigade to be brought back towards Moorefield, and Rosser to retire through Moorefield, and taking a position on the south fork of the North Branch, I awaited the approach of the enemy until after 12 o'clock, when he showing no disposition to attack, but contenting himself with manœuvering very cautiously, and Rosser's cavalry being too much reduced in numbers to attack the enemy's cavalry, which was in view and largely exceeded his own in numbers, I resumed my march back without molestation from the enemy, crossing over to Lost river that night and the next day (the 5th) to this valley. A large portion of the cavalry force which appeared at Moorefield went from Martinsburg and Charlestown, a brigade under Colonel Fish having lately been sent to the lower valley.

I have been informed that a force of infantry was following the cavalry, but I am not certain of this. I did not think it prudent to leave the trains and cattle to the risk of capture, while I was being amused by cavalry at Moorefield, and I therefore moved back according to my original purpose. We brought off 50 captured wagons with their teams, 1,200 cattle, 500 sheep, 78 prisoners (1 major, 3 captains and 74 enlisted men), and some commissary stores. We got all the cattle we could. Many persons ran off their cattle to Maryland, and a number of those brought off will not answer for beef at present. We could have got as many sheep as we wanted, but they could not be driven. We found the people of Moorefield and the adjoining valley very true to our cause and exceedingly kind and hospitable to our men. I think the enemy will hardly occupy Petersburg again, and if he does not, as soon as things get quiet, some more cattle can be gotten.

Very respectfully,

J. A. EARLY, *Major-General*.

General R. E. Lee.

REPORT OF GENERAL ROSSER.

HEAD-QUARTERS ROSSER'S BRIGADE, February 9th, 1864.

Major,—On the morning of the 28th ult., in obedience to an order from General J. A. Early, I moved my brigade and a battery of four pieces of General Imboden's in direction of Moorefield, Hardy county, where I arrived early on the evening of the 30th. The infantry having failed to get up, I spent the remainder of the day in constructing bridges across the south and north forks of the South Branch, and early on the morning of the 31st moved my command across the mountain in direction of Patterson's creek, upon which, I had been informed by reliable scouts, was a large supply train encamped, destined for Petersburg.

In crossing the mountain I encountered, when in about two miles of the creek, a regiment of infantry blockading the road by felling trees across it, and by digging it away when constructed upon the side of a hill, &c. By dismounting a few men I soon dislodged them, and drove them entirely through the gap.

The obstructions were soon removed by the pioneers of the brigade, and the road reconstructed where it had been dug away. The brigade then fairly through, I pressed vigorously upon the enemy, who was then retiring in direction of Williamsport to meet the train which was then

moving up. Upon my approach his wagons were parked and all disposition made to meet my attack. The enemy's force (I have since learned numbered 1,100 men), I saw at a glance was much larger than my own. I dismounted three or four hundred men, and with the remainder in the saddle, I charged him front, flank and rear. The first onset was repulsed, but one piece of my artillery coming up (the enemy having none), my troops were much elated by this seeming advantage, and I charged him again, which was very successful, driving him into the mountains, and giving me possession of the entire train of ninety-five wagons and teams, excepting a few of the latter, that were cut away during the fight and run off, and the regiment I sent to occupy the road in rear of the train, failing to get up in time. These mules and a few ambulances were allowed to escape. The conduct of my men on this occasion, entitles them to their country's gratitude; indeed I believe it is the first instance during this war where cavalry attacked successfully a superior force of infantry. I lost in the action twenty-four men killed and wounded. The enemy's acknowledged loss, in killed and wounded, was eighty. I captured forty prisoners, two Captains and one Major. The train, which was heavily loaded with commissary stores, bacon, rice, coffee, sugar, &c., was turned over to General Early. Many of the wagons, however, had to be destroyed in consequence of the want of mules to bring them off—a number having been killed in the action and others ridden off by the fleeing enemy. On the morning of the 1st, I moved into Petersburg, the enemy having escaped upon one of the back roads, which it was impossible for me to guard with my small force.

The enemy in evacuating this place left almost all his baggage and a large supply of provisions, which fell into the hands of my men. From this place I proceeded, in obedience to instructions from General Early, down Patterson's creek, with the view of driving out the cattle, and for this purpose I sent Major Gilmer's and Captain McNeil's commands, under the command of the latter, into the Alleghany mountains, and placed one regiment in Mechanicsville Gap to prevent "Averill," whom I expected from Martinsburg, from getting between me and General Early. I then pressed down the creek to its mouth, at which place there was a guard of one company, which I captured, and I destroyed here the railroad bridges across Patterson's creek, the Potomac and canal. I also destroyed one engine, all the property belonging to the road, the bridge for the pike across the canal, and one canal lock.

Learning that the enemy was in Romney in considerable force, and

that he was struggling for the gap at which my regiment was posted, I abandoned the idea of going to Cumberland, and turned back in direction of Moorefield, evading the enemy, who had forced the gap and got in my rear, and brought out safely all my prisoners and cattle. Upon the expedition I captured twelve or thirteen hundred head of cattle, five or six hundred sheep, ninety-five wagons and eighty prisoners. Only fifty of the wagons were saved and brought to the valley. Everything else is now safe in the valley.

I am, Major, most respectfully,
Your obedient servant,

THOS. L. ROSSER,
Brigadier-General.
Major H. B. McClellan,
A. A. General Stuart's Cavalry Corps.

ENDORSEMENTS.

HEAD-QUARTERS CAVALRY CORPS A. N. V.,
April 7th, 1864.

Respectfully forwarded. The bold and successful enterprise herein reported furnishes additional proofs of General Rosser's merit as a commander, and adds fresh laurels to that veteran brigade, so signalized for valor already.

J. E. B. STUART, *Major-General.*

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VA.,
19th April, 1864.

Respectfully forwarded for the information of the War Department. General Rosser acquitted himself with great credit in this expedition.

R. E. LEE, *General.*

Respectfully submitted to the Secretary of War, by order,

SAM'L W. MELTON, *Major & A. A. G.*
A. & I. G. O., 30th April, '64.

A. G.—Noted General Rosser exhibited both judgment and valor, and accomplished valuable results in this expedition.

J. A. S., *Sec'y.*

4th May, 1864.

Opinion of a United States Officer of the Depopulation of Atlanta.

BY COLONEL J. H. KEATLEY.

[In view of recent utterances by General Sherman, the following from advance sheets of a history of the war, will be read with interest.]

The capture of Atlanta was regarded by the people of the North as ranking in importance with the conquest of Vicksburg, and Sherman's success hailed with extreme manifestations of joy. The city was a valuable railroad center of the South, and the seat of some of its most important and necessary manufactures, and its fall was a heavy and discouraging blow to the Confederacy. Sherman decided to give rest to his army, and therefore, instead of pressing his advantage in the field with twice the force that Hood could bring to resist him, he recalled his troops on the 5th, and assigned the occupancy of Atlanta to General Thomas, East Point to Howard, and Decatur to Schofield. He also took steps to depopulate the city, so as to avoid the necessity of feeding the inhabitants, of keeping it in strong garrison, and of burdening the railroad with supplies for the sustenance of an unfriendly population when he should again resume field operations. He therefore "peremptorily required that all the citizens and families resident in Atlanta should go away, giving to each the option to go South or North, as their interests or feelings dictated." General Hood opened a correspondence with him, seeking to avert the order, but it terminated in a fruitless discussion, and the mandate was rigidly enforced, and as the great bulk of the people were in sympathy with the Confederacy, they selected a Southern exile from their homes. The investment had lasted forty-six days, with all the terrors and anxieties of such surroundings. The railroads supplying them with food had been taxed to their utmost, after repeated Federal raids crippling their capacity to furnish Hood's army of less than forty-five thousand men, and privation and suffering were the consequence, but this heaviest of all the calamities of civil war, burst like a thunder cloud upon the heads of old men, women and children, who had the misfortune to have cherished homes and interests in the captured city. General Sherman notified General Halleck at Washington, on the 4th, of his intention to remove the inhabitants, and concluded his letter with the "blood and iron" statement: "If the people raise a howl against my barbarity and cruelty, I will answer that war is war, and not popularity-seeking. If they want peace, they and their relatives must stop the war." Fancy Sitting Bull, on the eve of General Custer's fatal

campaign, saying to General Sherman as Commander of the United States Army, "If you want peace, you must teach your white neighbors to deal justly with us." If war simply means killing, and is nothing more than to do the greatest and speediest harm to the enemy, then its modern methods are indefensible, and the giving and taking of quarter a false refinement. Claverhouse taught the maxim that "war is war," and invested the story of Glencoe with a tragic interest and at which history will never cease to blush. The order to depopulate Atlanta was obeyed amid agonies and sorrows indescribable, and the city, but for the presence of the soldiers who had captured it, was as desolate as the ruins of Nineveh.

Reminiscences of the Army of Northern Virginia.

By J. WILLIAM JONES.

PAPER No. 5.

HOW FREMONT AND SHIELDS "CAUGHT" STONEWALL JACKSON.

The day after the capture of Winchester we spent in resting on the green sward and reveling in the stores which we had captured from General Banks, and the large number of sutlers who had brought to Winchester supplies of every description. It was very amusing to see the relish with which our boys would discard beef and "hardtack" and feast on potted meats, pickled oysters, lobsters, genuine coffee, bakers' bread, ham, canned fruits, oranges, figs, all kinds of confectionery, and various other luxuries to which, even at that date, the Confederacy was a stranger. Clothing of every pattern was abundant, and was eagerly seized on by the "ragged rebels" until their regulation gray was fast disappearing and blue uniforms becoming the prevailing fashion. "Old Jack" soon put a stop to this transformation, however, by issuing an order to his provost guard to arrest all men in blue uniform and treat them as prisoners of war until they gave satisfactory proof that they were Confederates.

General Jackson himself was so completely exhausted that so soon as he ceased his pursuit of the enemy he rode into Winchester, secured quarters at a hotel, refused all offers of food, threw himself across a bed with his clothes, boots, and even spurs on, and was soon fast asleep.

The next day was observed, as was Jackson's custom, as a day of rest and thanksgiving for victory, and there was read to us a ringing general order which recounted the marches and victories of the past

four weeks, congratulated the troops on their patient endurance and splendid courage, and concluded as follows:

"The explanation of the severe exertions to which the commanding general called the army, which were endured by them with such cheerful confidence in him, is now given in the victory of yesterday. He receives this proof of their confidence in the past with pride and gratitude, and asks only a similar confidence in the future.

"But his chief duty to-day and that of the army is to recognize devoutly the hand of a protecting Providence in the brilliant successes of the last three days (which have given us the results of a great victory without great losses); and to make the oblation of our thanks to God for his mercies to us and our country, in heartfelt acts of religious worship. For this purpose the troops will remain in camp to-day, suspending as far as practicable all military exercises, and the chaplains of regiments will hold divine services in their several charges at 4 o'clock P. M."

It was an impressive scene as we gathered in large congregations at that thanksgiving service, and among the most devout of the worshipers in the service held at the Thirty-third Virginia regiment was the iron chief who had led us to the great victory gained. On Wednesday morning, May 28th, we were in motion for the Potomac, and having driven the enemy back from Charlestown to Harper's Ferry, were proceeding to invest this position, when the situation suddenly changed into one which would have unnerved a less determined commander, and have demoralized troops of less implicit confidence in their chief.

McClellan had been gradually closing in on Richmond, and was only waiting for McDowell's column to swoop down from Fredericksburg in order to make his grand assault. But the movements of Jackson and the rout of Banks so alarmed the authorities at Washington that the following dispatch changed the whole situation:

WASHINGTON, May 20, 1862.

General Fremont has been ordered by telegraph to move from Franklin on Harrisonburg to relieve General Banks, and capture or destroy Jackson's and Ewell's force. You are instructed, laying aside for the present the movement on Richmond, to put twenty thousand men in motion at once for the Shenandoah, moving on the line or in advance of the line of the Manassas Gap railroad. Your object will be the capture of the forces of Jackson and Ewell, either in co-operation with General Fremont, or in case want of supplies or of transportation interferes with his movement, it is believed the force with which

you move will be sufficient to accomplish the object alone. The information thus far received here makes it probable that if the enemy operates actively against General Banks, you will not be able to count on much assistance from him, but may even have to release him. Reports received this moment are that Banks is fighting with Ewell eight miles from Winchester.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Major-General McDowell.

General McDowell at once proceeded, though with a heavy heart as his dispatches show, to execute this order. Fremont put his column in motion, and while we were lingering in the lower valley two armies were closing in on our rear, while a third was concentrating to push us on our retreat.

Jackson had left at Front Royal to guard the stores and prisoners there, the gallant Twelfth Georgia Regiment, which, if rightly handled, could have held the gaps in the mountains for some time against greatly superior forces, but somehow the affair was badly managed, and the advance of Shield's dashed into the village in right gallant style, and re-captured the prisoners, the stores having been burned by an enterprising quarter-master.

The news reached Jackson just as he had posted the Second Virginia Regiment on Loudon Heights, and was preparing to attack the enemy. How he received these unpleasant tidings is best told by one of his staff (Colonel A. R. Boteler). As Jackson, on information of Shield's advance, was returning on a special train to Winchester, the following scene occurred: "At one of the wayside stations a courier was seen galloping down from Winchester, and Jackson clutched at the dispatch which he brought. 'What news?' he asked briefly.

"'Colonel Conner is cut off and captured at Front Royal, General.'

"'Good!' was the quiet reply. 'What more?'

"'Shields is there with four thousand men.'

"'Good—very good!'

And after spending some time in deep abstraction, and then slowly reading and tearing to pieces the dispatch (a common habit with him), he leaned forward on his hands and immediately went to sleep. Not long afterward he roused himself and said to Colonel Boteler: "I am going to send you to Richmond for reinforcements. Banks has halted at Williamsport and is being reinforced from Pennsylvania, Dix, you see, is in my front and is being reinforced by the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. I have a dispatch informing me of the advance of the enemy upon Front Royal, which is captured, and Fremont is now

advancing toward Wardensville. Thus, you see, I am nearly surrounded by a very large force."

"What is your own, General?"

"I will tell you, but you must not repeat what I say, except at Richmond. To meet this force I have only 15,000 effective men."

"What will you do if they cut you off, General?"

After a moment's hesitation Jackson coolly replied:

"I will fall back on Maryland for reinforcements."

He evidently meant what he said, and it is a matter of curious speculation as to what would have been the result of such a movement. Whether "My Maryland" would have "come" at that time—what impetus would have been given to the panic which induced the Secretary of War to telegraph the Governor of Massachusetts to "send all of the troops you can forward immediately. Banks completely routed. Intelligence from various quarters leaves no doubt that the enemy in great force are advancing on Washington." Whether Jackson would have captured Washington or have been captured himself all of these questions must be left to conjecture, for Jackson did not allow himself to be cut off, and his "foot cavalry" proved fully equal to the emergency.

On the afternoon of the 30th of May we "entered the lists for a race" to Strausburg. I can never forget that march. "Press forward," was the constant order, and when the troops were well nigh exhausted, word was passed down the column: "General Jackson desires the command to push forward much further to-night in order to accomplish a very important object," and every man bent his energies to meet the requirement of our loved chieftain, while the muddy, weary road was enlivened by jest and song and cheers. The whole of the Stonewall brigade marched that day thirty-five miles, while the Second Virginia regiment accomplished a march of more than forty miles without rations, and fairly won the sobriquet of "foot cavalry."

Meantime the main army had hurried on to Strausburg, upon which point Fremont was rapidly advancing, while Shields was waiting to join him from Front Royal. The head of Ewell's column filed to the right at Strausburg, and was soon engaged in a sharp skirmish with Fremont's advance, to whom we offered the gage of battle, until the Stonewall brigade and the Second Virginia regiment could come up. The object of the halt having been thus accomplished, Jackson leisurely moved up the Valley with his prisoners and his immense wagon trains, loaded with captured stores of every description.

The incidents of this retreat were stirring. Shields moved up the

Luray Valley with the evident purpose of crossing the Massanutton by New Market Gap, and thus striking Jackson in flank if not in rear; but this purpose was defeated by our watchful chief, who sent parties to burn the White House bridge over the Shenandoah on the road to New Market, and the Columbia, some miles higher up the river. General Fremont pressed our rear with energy and gallantry, and some of the exploits of his cavalry displayed a heroism which elicited the highest admiration of our men, although stern old "Stonewall" did say to Colonel Patton, who expressed to him a regret that three gallant fellows who charged alone through his regiment were killed: "Shoot them, Colonel, I don't want them to be so brave."

A number of gallant charges were made on our rear guard, and temporary advantages were gained, but Turner Ashby (who had recently won his wreath and stars, and was the idol of our whole army,) brought up our rear, and met these gallant dashes with a cool courage, which soon restored order, and usually inflicted more loss than we received.

I recall many scenes of those marches as the "foot cavalry ran from three armies" (for General Banks was now pressing on too), but I may not linger to describe them in detail. One picture may serve for the whole. Starting at "early dawn," we would tramp all day along the weary pike, the monotony of the march only varied by the ringing of carbines, the sharp reports of the horse-artillery, or the shouts of charging squadrons, as Ashby received the attack of the enemy, or in turn assumed the offensive; and as the shades of evening gathered on the mountain tops, even the best men would fall out of ranks and declare that they could go no further. But presently the word is passed back, "the head of the column is going into camp." Immediately the weary grow fresh again, the laggard hastens forward, and there on some green sward, upon the banks of the beautiful Shenandoah (though we had but the hard ground for our couch, rocks for our pillows, and the blue canopy of heaven for our covering), we lay us down to a rest—O! so sweet, after the hard day's march. But before the bivouac is silent for the night, a little company gathers at some convenient spot, hard by, and strikes up some old familiar hymn, which serves as a prayer-call, well understood. From all parts of the camp men gather around this group, until a large congregation has assembled, the song grows louder and clearer, and often as the passage of God's word is read, and a few simple comments made before joining in prayer—

"Something on the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stain of powder."

I can vividly recall, even now, after the lapse of years, not a few beaming faces who united in those evening services who were soon summoned to strike golden harps and join in the song of the celestial choir. But the weary march is soon to end, and "the foot cavalry," are to be at last "caught" by their eager pursuers. Yet ere this occurred the whole army, and indeed the whole Confederacy, was to be thrown into the deepest grief at the tragic fall of Ashby.

Sir Percy Wyndham, an Englishman, who had served as a Captain in the Austrian army, and as Colonel under Garibaldi, and had been given a commission as Colonel in the Federal army, led Fremont's advance on the morning of the 6th of June, when we marched from Harrisonburg across towards Port Republic, and confidently expressed his belief that his long-coveted opportunity of "bagging Ashby" had arrived.

The result was, that by a very simple strategy, Ashby completely turned the tables on his Lordship, and "bagged" him, together with sixty-three of his gallant troopers. But we had scarcely time to enjoy the account of this brilliant little affair, when on the same afternoon we had from the rear the sad report, "Ashby has fallen." Hurrying to ascertain the truth of the rumor (for he was a near relative of mine), I learned the sad details from General Ewell and others who were present. The enemy having pressed forward more vigorously than usual (doubtless with a view of retarding our column until Shields, who had continued to press up the Luray Valley, could reach Port Republic), Ashby had called for infantry supports, and the Fifty-eighth Virginia and first Maryland regiments had been sent to him. With these he was executing a movement on the famous "Pennsylvania Bucktails" (which proved eminently successful after his fall), when, seeing that the enemy had the advantage of position, he called on the Fifty-eighth Virginia to charge, and had just uttered his crisp order, "Virginians, charge," when his horse was shot under him. He had extricated himself from the dying animal, and was shouting the order, "Men, cease firing! Charge! for God's sake, charge!" when the fatal bullet stopped the brilliant career of this splendid soldier.

A native of Fauquier county, and a gentleman of high descent and stainless character, Turner Ashby had entered the service at the first sound of the bugle, and when asked at Harper's Ferry "What flag are you going to fight under, the Palmetto, or what?" he produced a Virginia flag and said "Here is the flag I intend to fight under." He had followed that flag with all of the devotion of knighthood, he had displayed upon numberless occasions a cool courage or heroic daring

which made him the pride of the army, and the special idol of the Valley of Virginia, and he fell with a reputation scarcely equalled by any of our cavaliers. His splendid white horse, his raven locks, his chivalric bearing, his tender sympathies, stainless character, and heroic deeds will live in the songs and traditions of that region as long as those blue mountains shall sentinel the scenes of his exploits, or the beautiful Shenandoah flows along its emerald bed.

His most fitting eulogy, however, was the following brief tribute in General Jackson's report: "An official report is not an appropriate place for more than a passing notice of the distinguished dead, but the close relation which General Ashby bore to my command for most of the previous twelve months will justify me in saying that as a partisan officer I never knew his superior. His daring was proverbial, his powers of endurance almost incredible, his tone of character heroic, and his sagacity almost intuitive in divining the purposes and movements of the enemy."

The gallant Marylanders, under Colonel B. T. Johnson, aided by the Fifty-eighth Virginia, had a bloody revenge on the "Bucktails" and drove them from the field, capturing their Colonel (Kane) and inflicting heavy loss. Yet, as this was not Jackson's chosen field of battle, he continued his retreat to "Cross Keys," where Ewell was ordered to check Fremont, while with the rest of his force Jackson advanced to pay his respects to General Shields, who was hurrying up on the east side of the river, having been prevented from crossing over at any point below by the burning of the bridges and the swollen condition of the river. On the morning of the 8th of June Jackson had his headquarters in the little village of Port Republic (located in the forks of the Shenandoah) while most of his command were on the west side of the river. He had a strong cavalry picket down the river to watch Shields, but the Federal advance made a gallant dash on these which drove them back in great confusion, and followed them so closely as to get possession of the bridge and place a piece of artillery in position to sweep it. Jackson then found himself suddenly in the critical situation of being cut off from his army, with Shields holding the bridge by which, in case of disaster, they should retreat. He did not hesitate to adopt the boldest course. Riding up to the officer in charge of the piece of artillery, he sternly called out, "Who ordered you to post that gun there, sir? Bring it over here!" The officer mistook him for a Federal general and was preparing to obey the order when Jackson galloped across the bridge and was soon leading in person one of his

regiments, which charged through the bridge, drove off the enemy and saved the army from the threatened disaster.

At this same hour in the early morning of June 8th, Fremont advanced on Ewell at Cross Keys. I remember that Rev. Dr. Geo. B. Taylor (now missionary at Rome, Italy), the efficient chaplain of the Twenty-fifth Virginia Regiment, was preaching to our brigade at that early hour—that he was interrupted at “thirdly” by the advance of the enemy—and that the noise of battle soon succeeded the voice of the minister of the “Gospel of peace.”

Fremont's attack was not as vigorous as was expected, was easily repulsed, and in the afternoon Ewell assumed the offensive and drove the enemy back some distance.

But I have already exceeded my limits and must reserve for my next sketch a brief statement of how Shields “caught” Jackson the next day at Port Republic, of how Fremont and Shields both concluded that they had “caught a Tartar,” and of how (after resting for a season) the “foot cavalry” suddenly appeared on the Chickahominy, and assisted in McClellan's famous “change of base.”

An Incident of the Deer Creek Expedition of 1863.

By Captain W. L. RITTER.

BALTIMORE, MD., July 6th, 1881.

REV. J. WM. JONES, D. D.,

Secretary Southern Historical Society, Richmond, Va.:

DEAR SIR—With the hope that some one will write a full account of the Deer Creek Expedition of 1863, I mention one incident which is certainly worthy of record.

In January, 1863, Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel W. Ferguson was ordered to proceed to the sunflower country, above Vicksburg, Miss., with a small force, consisting of a six-gun battery and a company of cavalry. The battery was composed as follows: two guns from Captain Bledsoe's Missouri artillery, commanded by Lieutenant Anderson; two guns from a Louisiana battery, commanded by Lieutenant Cottonham; one gun from the Third battery of Maryland artillery, commanded by Sergeant Daniel Toomey; one gun from Captain Corput's Georgia battery, commanded by Sergeant Mitchell Johnston, which two latter pieces were commanded by Lieutenant T. J. Bates, of Waddell's Alabama artillery. These six pieces were commanded by Lieutenant

R. L. Wood, of Bledsoe's Missouri artillery. The company of cavalry belonged to Mississippi.

This small force was returning from Bolivar on the Mississippi river, where Colonel Ferguson had been operating against several transports, and after passing Greenville, Miss., the enemy, under the command of Brigadier-General Burbridge, with several regiments of infantry, a battalion of cavalry and a battery of artillery, landed at that point and made an attack on Colonel Ferguson's small force.

The enemy's infantry moved by the way of Fish Lake bridge and the cavalry and artillery by the Black Bayou bridge, both of which had been burned; but the cavalry made a dash at Shelby's bridge, guarded by about twenty pickets, whom they dispersed, and quickly repairing the bridge, crossed and gave chase to our pickets. Colonel Ferguson had received notice of their movements and had sent two pieces of artillery to Fish Lake bridge to check the infantry, while his wagons and artillery escaped. Having driven the infantry back, he withdrew his two pieces of artillery by way of the Deer Creek road, and commenced his retreat. The enemy's cavalry pressed on, and while the artillery was passing around the bend of the creek at Buckner's plantation, they crossed through the field and got in advance of our artillery, capturing our caissons and baggage wagons, which had been sent ahead. Our cavalry stampeded on the approach of the enemy, and with the exception of eight or ten, were seen no more that day. Our artillery thus surrounded, with cavalry in front and infantry and artillery in the rear, had either to surrender or cut its way through. After a few moments' consultation the latter was decided upon, and the order forward, trot, march, was given, and with the true Confederate yell from officers, drivers and cannoneers, the column went thundering down the road, and recaptured the caissons and baggage wagons. The enemy's cavalry took refuge in negro quarters near by, but by means of our pieces they were soon dislodged and driven into the cane brake.

By night the artillery had reached Bogue Faliah, three miles below Colonel Falls's plantation. Colonel Ferguson worked all night, and by the next day at noon had put all the artillery and wagons on flat boats and started down the Bogue, thus escaping capture. During the charge Colonel Ferguson had a personal encounter with several of the enemy's cavalry, one of whom he killed, and wounded two. Two of the cannoneers were severely wounded.

Raid of Captain Wm. Miles Hazzard on St. Simon's Island.

Among the many bold and successful raids within the enemy's lines, perhaps none surpassed, in cool courage and successful results, that made by Captain William Miles Hazzard, upon the island of Saint Simons, Georgia, which was occupied as an important depot for Federal troops and supplies. He not only entered their lines, but burned the wharf and large storehouses at the south end of the island, but although his retreat was cut off by the capture of his boats, he took those of the enemy and thus effected his escape to the mainland.

Possibly, to vent their spite for the injury inflicted, the United States troops subsequently destroyed the parish church and the tombstones which marked the graves of his family. This act so incensed Captain Hazzard, that by the light of a torch, upon one of the broken slabs, he wrote the following letter and boldly entering the camp of the Federal commander, General Montgomery, he placed it at the door of his tent upon a stick planted in the ground.

The poet, Paul H. Hayne, hearing of these courageous acts, ascertained the facts of the affair and wrote the following beautiful ode in commemoration thereof.

Captain Hazzard is descended from a military family, the first of whom, William Hazzard, was a colonel in the British army. His son, Major William Whig Hazzard, was in the Continental army, and wounded at the seizure of Savannah; while his own father was a Colonel in the United States army of the date of General Scott, with whom he served.

A. R. CHISHOLM.

ST. S. CHURCH YARD, St. Simon's Island, Georgia.

Commandant Federal Forces at South End:

SIR—I have more than once been informed through your deserted allies, that the graves of our family and friends had been desecrated by your forces after the unsuccessful attempt to capture me some months ago. This rumor I could not believe, as the custom, even of the savage, has been to respect the home of the dead. But the sight I now behold convinces me of the truth of the report. I shuddered to think of the practice of bushwhacking, shooting sentinels on post, &c., which has always been discountenanced by my commander (General Beauregard), and my chief has spared many of your men. But let me tell you, sir, that beside these graves, I swear by heaven to avenge their desecration. If it is honorable for you to disturb the dead, I shall consider it an honor, and will make it my ambition, to disturb your living. I shall

fancy, sir, the voice of the departed ones from their desecrated homes, exclaiming that such a nation may truly say to Corruption, thou art my father; to Dishonor, thou art my mother; Vandalism, thou art my ambition.

W. MILES HAZZARD.

ODE BY PAUL HAYNE.

I.

The night and its stillness were 'round him,
And the spell of solitude bound him
With a feeling of awe, as his footsteps drew nigh
The spot where the bones of his forefathers lie,
On the island whose tropical wildwood
Had rung to the laugh of his childhood ;
And he paused with a sigh where the low branches fall
From the oak, and the willow o'ershadowing the wall
Of the church-yard, that sleeps pale and hoary
'Neath the moonlighted tremulous glory !

II.

He stood in the stillness, full-hearted !
For a dream of the loved and departed
Sunk deep in his soul, to the fountain of tears,
And the memories were stirred that had slumbered with years,
And while touched by these reveries tender,
He passed from the shade to the splendor,
And beheld with a start the grey tombs of his sires
All blackened with insults, and blasted with fires,
By the human hyena who lashes
His rage o'er a dead freeman's ashes !

III.

There are passions too stern for full token !
There are vows far too deep to be broken !
And such was the storm of the passion, which now
Whirled up from the scout's boiling breast to his brow,
Overwhelming all gentler emotion
As calm streams are 'whelmed in the ocean ;
And such was the *oath*, which thrilled hot on his tongue,
From the spirit this dastardly outrage had wrung,
While the last voice of mercy that wooed him
Fled fast from the wrath that subdued him !—

IV.

“ By these monuments, wasted and lowly,
By the thought of my dead, the most holy,
By the strength of my arm, by the ire in my soul,
I vow wheresoever the red battle-waves roll,

And their standards of infamous omen
 Shall flaunt o'er the heads of our foemen,
 For each wreck and foul stain which their fury hath left
 On the graves of my ancestors, ravaged and cleft,
 That the corpse of *some* craven marauder
 Shall gorge the wild birds of our border!"

V.

He spoke! and his eyes that were bright'ning
 With the glare of his heart's lurid lightning,
 Flashed fierce as he strode 'round the fragments of tombs
 Thro' the quick-shifting gleams and the desolate glooms,
 To the worn temple porch, where in silence
 He wrote his swift words of defiance,
 And affixed them thereon, with the letters of flame
 Shining clear o'er the sign of his terrible name,
 That the ruffianly ghouls who peruse them
 May know what dark vengeance pursues them!

VI.

As he turned him to go thro' the wildwood,
 That echoed the sports of his childhood,
 It seemed to the scout that dread voices of yore
 Were blent with the night winds that moaned by the shore,—
 That the heroes of Eld hovered o'er him,—
 And *this* the stern message they bore him:
 "No rest to thine arm, brain or valor be given,
 Till the hordes of the outlaw and alien are driven
 By the keen sword of ruin and slaughter,
 To their ships on the gore-crimsoned water."

Notes and Queries.

Where is General Nathaniel Green of Revolutionary Fame Buried?

Our attention has been recently called to the fact that the grave of this distinguished General and noble patriot is now unknown. His remains were originally deposited in the vault of Major Pendleton, of Savannah, but they were afterwards removed, and the patriot-soldier now rests, so far as we are able to learn, in an *unknown* grave. If we have been misinformed, or if any one can give details concerning this interesting question, we should be glad to hear from him.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

THE DELAY IN ISSUING THIS NUMBER has been caused by the absence of the Secretary, and other causes over which we have had no control, and we are sure that our friends will excuse us.

THE FREQUENT ABSENCE OF THE SECRETARY from our office, in the discharge of important duties in the interests of the Society, must excuse delays in answering letters, &c. We assure our friends that we are doing our best to serve them, and are quite confident that they will exercise towards us the same kind forbearance in the future which they have shown in the past.

We are vigorously prosecuting the work of *permanent endowment*, and the realization of our hopes in this respect will enable us to employ such clerical help as is absolutely necessary to a proper conduct of the affairs of the Society. Meantime, our friends will bear with us, and impatient correspondents who want us to answer by return mail questions in which *we* have no earthly interest, and the answer to which would require *hours of unrequited labor*, must simply wait our convenience as best they can.

LITERARY NOTICE.

RISE AND FALL OF THE CONFEDERATE GOVERNMENT, BY JEFFERSON DAVIS.
New York: D. Appleton & Co.

We have received from W. W. Hayne, of Baltimore, general agent for Virginia and Maryland, a copy of this superb book of two volumes of over 700 pages each, which is gotten up in the highest style of this famous publishing house.

The nineteen engravings (two portraits of Mr. Davis, and good likenesses of members of his Cabinet, leading generals, &c.) and eighteen maps of battle-fields are all admirably executed, and add to the interest and value of the book. But the contents of the book itself would have been welcomed even if coming in rough garb. As a story of a great revolution, told by its leading actor, it would command attention. When this actor is a man of great ability, of unspotted character; a high-toned Christian gentleman; as true a patriot as ever drew sword in freedom's cause, and the master of a terse, classic English which has long been the admiration of scholars and the delight of those who have heard him or read his State papers, it were superfluous to add that we *expected* a book of rare power and deep interest, and that we have not been disappointed. We have

read it with thrilling interest, and shall place it on a convenient shelf where it will be at hand for ready reference, and where our children and children's children may read this noble and triumphant defence of the Confederate cause—this admirable story of the heroic deeds of our Confederate people.

We have neither time nor space now for any elaborate review of the work. We propose in future to give a series of papers on its several parts, with liberal extracts from its pages. We can only give now some idea of its scope and the value of its contents.

Part I is a very able sketch of the origin of slavery in this country and the process by which our friends at the North, who were mainly instrumental in establishing it, discovered that it was "the sum of all villanies" *after* they had sold their slaves and pocketed the money, and begun that sectional agitation which culminated in the election of a sectional President and the secession of the Southern States. He ably shows that slavery was not the cause, but an incident of the separation, and that for the secession movement the North, and not the South, was responsible.

Part II is a forcible, clear and unanswerable constitutional argument for the Sovereignty of the States, and the Right of Secession.

Part III gives a deeply interesting narrative of "Secession and Confederation," showing the steps by which the Southern States seceded, the formation of the Confederacy, the provisions of the Confederate Constitution, &c. He clearly sets forth that the Confederates were for peace, not war—that they exhausted every means of pacification, while their commissioners at Washington awaited the pleasure of the Federal Government, and were amused by the perfidious assurances of Seward that Sumter would be evacuated at the very time when the Government was fitting out an expedition to reinforce it—and that the cry against the South for "firing the first gun" is as senseless and false as to charge a man with being the aggressor who disarms the assassin advancing on him with drawn weapon instead of waiting for him to strike.

Part IV embraces the history of the war and of the civil administration during the four years of the great struggle for constitutional freedom. He shows the difficulties with which the South had to contend, brings out clearly the fact that from the first we fought against overwhelming numbers and resources, shows the ability of our generals, the heroism of our soldiers, the patriotism of our people, and the devotion of our noble women; and writes a story of which we may well be proud, and which we may, without a blush, hand down to generations yet unborn.

He does not go into full details of battles, but gives rather general outlines and results; but on all of our great campaigns he sheds light, which his position enabled him to give, and adds interesting personal anecdotes and incidents to our previous stock of information, which makes us regret that he did not make another volume, and treat this part of his narrative more fully.

He brings out very clearly that in the general "conduct of the war," so far as observing the "humanities" of modern civilization, the Confederacy has a far better record than the Federal Government, and that (despite of widely circulated

slanders to the contrary) in the matter of the exchange and treatment of prisoners, conduct of our troops in the enemy's country, &c., our record is one which might well elicit the tribute of the English poet :

"No nation rose so pure and fair
Or fell so free of crime."

The impression made by the book on intelligent and fair-minded men on the other side may be gathered from the following extract from a review in the *New York Sun* :

"Mr. Davis frankly and emphatically acknowledges the Union of these States to be indissoluble. He admits that secession has been demonstrated once for all to be impracticable. For good or for evil, the lot of the South is inextricably coupled with that of the North; and whatever perils shall hereafter menace the people of the whole country in their political and civil liberties, will be those engendered not of disintegration but of consolidation. For these very reasons many generous and upright men of all parties will concur with Mr. Davis in thinking the time has come to weigh dispassionately the character of the motives and the soundness of the arguments which led the Southern States to form an independent federation. If it be true that the Union is henceforth indestructible, it has clearly become our paramount duty to see to it that the common flag is what it once was, a symbol of sympathy and fraternity, and not the detested emblem of compulsory aggregation. We must no longer permit ourselves to think or speak of the late Confederates as "rebels," for the term begs the whole question, hinging on the purport of the Constitution, and is really inapplicable to men who simply held and applied a conception of that instrument, which was not even disputed for many years after the formation of the Union, and to which Northern advocates of secession had recourse long before the project of separation was mooted at the South. We must not forget that even after the Gulf States had seceded and formed a new Confederacy, so careful a student of American constitutional history as Horace Greeley acknowledged that the right of peaceful withdrawal seemed to lie by implication at the root of the powers and guarantees reserved to the individual Commonwealths, and that he could discern no power in the Federal Government to coerce a State. We must bear these things in mind; we must forego ugly epithets, which only serve to breed hatred and befog the intellect; we must admit freely that, from their point of view, the Southern States had as much right to resist the attempt to force men back into the Union as the majority of the Northern people had to exercise coercion. Each party, in a word, was equally "loyal" to that theory of the Constitution which was dominant in its locality. Without a general recognition of this truth, it is impossible for the two sections to understand and appreciate each other's motives and actions, and such an understanding is indispensable to the reestablishment of mutual confidence, esteem and amity. We do not envy the man who can dispose of all the equities involved in a constitutional problem with a jeer or a taunt, who has no comment but *væ victis* for the devotion of a brave people to the principle of State Rights, and who still in his heart surveys the South as a conquered country. Such a man's notion of the Union is

indeed a sordid and hateful thing; it has nothing in common with the benignant conception of concord and fraternity, which the fathers sought to embody in the American Constitution, and which it is the duty and the hope of patriots to restore.

"The impression has been current at the North that the secession of the Gulf States was not the outcome of a popular movement, but the result of a so-called conspiracy, in which many of the Southern Senators and Congressmen took part, and in which Mr. Davis himself was a chief promoter. This view can scarcely be sustained hereafter in the face of the overwhelming evidence brought forward in these volumes. As regards the part taken by himself, Mr. Davis proves, by the written testimony of eye-witnesses, that he was one of the last men among those prominent in Mississippi politics to approve the secession of his State, and that from the first he never shared the prevailing opinion that a withdrawal from the Union could be peacefully accomplished. Not, of course, that he doubted the abstract right of secession, but he long questioned the expediency of its exercise. It seems to us, also, that Mr. Davis successfully refutes the assumption that the South was the aggressor in the conflict which ensued. It is hard to see how Mr. Seward can be freed from the charge of flagrant bad faith in his dealings with the Confederate Commissioners sent to Washington for the purpose of negotiating an amicable transfer of the forts and other Federal property in the seceding States. Nor will reasonable men deny, now that nothing is to be gained by quibbling, that the first overt act of hostility was not the attack on Fort Sumter by General Beauregard, but the attempt to reinforce that post made in violation of the pledges repeatedly given by Mr. Seward to the Commissioners. We think no candid person can fail to be convinced by the simple documentary testimony brought forward by Mr. Davis that the seceding States were sincerely anxious to live on terms of peace and amity with those who adhered to the old Union, and that with very few exceptions, among which Mr. Davis must be counted, the leading men of the Confederacy believed up to April, 1861, that the formation of an independent government at the South would encounter no resistance. They were unquestionably misled by the specific tone of the Northern press, and especially by the attitude of the New York *Tribune*. It will be remembered that this journal, which had contributed so largely to the election of Lincoln, had declared after the election of its candidate: "Whenever a considerable section of our Union shall deliberately resolve to go out we shall resist all coercive measures designed to keep her in. We hope never to live in a republic whereof one section is pinned to the residue by bayonets."

But our space will not allow us to say more at present than to urge our people generally to buy and read for themselves a book which should be in every library.



Vol. IX. Richmond, Va., July and August, 1881. Nos. 7 and 8.

Kirby Smith's Kentucky Campaign.

BY MAJOR PAUL F. HAMMOND.—PAPER No. 3.

The next day—Sunday—the army remained in the vicinity of Richmond, and the day was occupied in paroling prisoners, burying the dead and taking care of the wounded. In this the Federals were given every facility, and treated with consideration and humanity. The able and humane medical director of our army, Dr. S. A. Smith, of Louisiana, offered their surgeons an equal share in the hospitals and hospital stores. In every respect, by officers and by privates, the prisoners were treated with greatest courtesy. In the main they appreciated it, and conducted themselves very well. But one instance, a piece of “sharp practice” occurred, worthy of notice, as illustrating the absurd and lying boastfulness of a large portion of the Northern press in this war, and, at the same time, the low cunning which has made the name Yankee, in a certain sense odious, and only another synonym for trickery and treachery the world over. Early in the engagement at Mount Zion, Captain Freret, a young gentleman from New Orleans, attached to General Smith's staff, succeeded in capturing, unaided, three privates, with loaded muskets in their hands, and Lieutenant-Colonel Armstrong, of Ohio.

Armstrong rode a fine stallion, which, in acknowledgment of his gallantry, General Smith permitted Freret, who happened to be without a good horse, to keep for his own service. On Sunday, after Armstrong was paroled, he appealed to Freret to lend him the horse, stating that many of the wounded of his regiment had been left upon the battle field, and he was anxious to see that they were properly cared for. This appeal, of course, could not be resisted. Again on Monday Armstrong appealed for the horse on the same grounds, and Freret again readily complied. But Armstrong, instead of returning to the battle field with his parole and written permission from Freret to use the horse, deliberately and in perfect safety rode away to Ohio. In short, he stole the horse, which had been lent to him in kindness, and for purposes of charity. A few days subsequently an article appeared in a Cincinnati paper, headed "A Full Flight to Death," and giving a glowing account of Armstrong's audacity and desperate escape.

On the morning of the first of September, the army advanced towards Lexington. A regiment of the enemy was drawn up on the high bluffs across the Kentucky river, apparently to dispute its passage. The position was very strong, and had it been defended with any obstinacy, would have been found difficult to force. But the Federals ran away at the first fire. Beyond the river a strong cavalry force appeared in our front, watching us closely, but keeping carefully out of range.

The troops seemed now to feel fully the effects of their arduous labors for the past fortnight, and straggled badly. Four miles beyond the river, though but little past noon, it was found necessary to halt the army on account of its exhausted condition. The enemy retreated before us only fast enough to keep out of the way. It was thought that they had been reinforced, but to what extent it was found impossible to ascertain, on account of the cavalry which covered their rear.

Near where we halted General Smith was heartily welcomed by an old gentleman, Mr. Todhunter, a wealthy farmer and an ardent sympathiser with the Confederate cause. His joy at seeing us was extreme, and he insisted that General Smith should accept the hospitalities of his house, an old brick mansion near by, and establish his headquarters there. Seeing that a refusal would mortify our old friend, General Smith, contrary to his usual custom, accepted the invitation. While seated at dinner, one of Mr. Todhunter's sons, deaf and dumb, but a bitter hater of Yankee rule, entered the room in an excited manner, and pointed at our dark-blue pants—treasurers obtained from the sutlers' stores captured at Loudon—and then out into the fields, seemed to intimate, by his violent gestures and vehement guttural utterances, that

some great danger menaced us. His meaning, translated by one of the family, was that a large force of the enemy's cavalry had entered the fields on the left, approaching the house, from which they were now but a short distance. This was startling news, and rising hastily from the table, we buckled on our swords and pistols, while Pegram went out to reconnoitre. It was just such a dash as a spirited and enterprising cavalry officer might have made. Much to our relief it proved to be Scott's cavalry, who, also, had obtained blue suits from the captured stores. An order was issued that day prohibiting the soldiers from wearing blue uniforms.

Mr. Todhunter had five sons, three with him, all warm Southern men, another a prisoner at Camp Chase, on account of his Southern proclivities, while the fifth was as strongly attached to the Union cause. Thus did we often find families divided in Kentucky.

We were now barely eight miles from Lexington. Visitors at Mr. Todhunter's had been in the town that morning, and they all concurred in saying that the enemy were rapidly receiving reinforcements. This, together with the great value of Lexington and the rich country of which it is the metropolis, left little reason to believe that the enemy would retire without another struggle. Our situation was a little precarious. The soldiers had straggled so badly that, at this time, not more than 2,500 men could have been placed in line of battle. General Smith immediately sent to General Heth, who had reached Richmond, directing him to unload his wagons, put as many men on them as possible, and send them to him. That officer responded with such alacrity that by 8 o'clock the next morning 2,000 men had come to our assistance. In the meanwhile, more for the purpose of gaining time than anything else, Colonel Pegram was sent to demand the surrender of Lexington. To his surprise, he found no pickets, and with much difficulty, late as it was in the night and the citizens all abed, found anyone of whom to demand the surrender. Finally he reached the Mayor, who formally surrendered the town, which had been evacuated the preceding afternoon. As soon as the tidings of this event reached General Smith, he dispatched a regiment to Lexington as a police guard and to take charge of whatever military stores had been left.

As we rode forward in the morning the scene was lovely beyond description—a brilliant river and fresh sweet atmosphere; a long rolling landscape, mellowing under the early Autumn rays, but still covered with luxuriant blue grass, intersected with numerous low stone fences crossing each other at right angles, and studded with brick mansions and little whitened outhouses also of brick, with gray plastered

chimneys, flocks of sheep, the fine bred horses and immense cattle browsing on the pastures or lying under the stately trees, the air of quiet and of order, the evidences of neat and substantial comfort and of wealth reminded us of pictures of English rural scenery.

"Where is your boasted blue-grass country" we had been asking the Kentuckians with us with some impatience, and at last not without doubt of its reality. "Wait," our friends replied, "you will be satisfied after a little." Divided almost by a line from the fertile but old and rather dilapidated region which succeeds the rugged mountains of south-east Kentucky, and stretches from the foot of Big Hill around Richmond and across the Kentucky river to about the neighborhood of Mr. Todhunter, where the lovely blue grass country burst upon our sight, we were astonished and enchanted—every expectation met and every fancy filled. We were again among not only a civilized but a highly cultured people, and the most of those we met along the roads were friends. And when we entered the town—not, indeed, in our tattered uniforms, with all the pomp and circumstances of war, but with a just pride in the achievements of our gallant chieftain and his brave army—the people collected in crowds in the streets and cheered us with enthusiasm. But we could not fail to notice, even then, that the crowds gathered to greet us were composed for the most part of women and children. The men, the bone and sinew of the land, the substantial property holders, even those who sincerely sympathized with the Confederate cause, with a few honorable exceptions, held cautiously aloof, while the Union men, the most violent of whom ran away at our approach, kept closely in their houses.

Our movement into the State had clearly proved, as anticipated, a surprise to both parties, and allowed time to neither to determine exactly how to receive us. Mr. John Clay, an Union man, calling at the house of his brother, the Hon. James B. Clay, a Secessionist, on the afternoon of the day of the battle of Richmond, the conversation turned upon Scott's raid, and the fight then supposed to be going on in the neighborhood of Richmond. James B. Clay, influenced more by his hopes and wishes, than by any facts on which to found such an opinion, expressed the conviction that it was no raid, but a grand movement of the Confederate forces to occupy and redeem the State of Kentucky. Mr. John Clay replied, that he had just come from Lexington, where he had been in consultation with the Hon. J. J. Crittenden and Governor Robinson, and that he would lay a wager that it was nothing but a raid, and that Scott was already defeated and driven beyond Big Hill. This proves the completeness of the surprise.

The objective point of the campaign had now been reached. With nine thousand men General Smith crossed the Cumberland mountains in the face of a superior force, and over roads considered impracticable for artillery and wagons. Finding that the Federal General, Morgan, would not come out from his impregnable position at Cumberland Gap, with less than six thousand of his command, he boldly advanced into the heart of Kentucky by difficult roads, through a hostile population, and a country destitute of supplies and almost destitute of water. Near Richmond he engaged the enemy, nearly double his own numbers, and defeated and destroyed his army, capturing five thousand three hundred prisoners, nine cannon, nearly ten thousand stand of small arms, and numbers of wagons and mules, and munitions of all kinds. Then pressing rapidly forward, he drove him to the Ohio river, and seized and occupied his chief depot, Lexington, the second city in Kentucky, and the metropolis of the most populous and productive portion of the State. More than this, it was General Smith's success which forced Buell to evacuate his strong positions in Tennessee and fall back upon Nashville, thus enabling General Bragg, by rapid marches, to get between him and Louisville, and compel him to give battle in the open field with a retreating army. Thus in the enormous fruits by which success was followed, as well as in conception and execution, is this campaign entitled to rank among the really brilliant campaigns of modern war. Let but General Bragg accomplish, as there is good prospect of his doing, the overthrow of Buell's army, and Kentucky is secured—Grant must evacuate North Mississippi and come to the defence of the line of the Ohio, while Van Dorn, crossing with his army into Arkansas, might soon be able, with the assistance of the troops already there, to drive the Federals from Missouri, and re-occupy every inch of Southern territory.

If the accomplishment of all this was not looked forward to with entire confidence, it was, at least, regarded as possible, and even probable.

How these brilliant prospects faded away and came to nought, how these promises of the future finally sunk in gloom and disaster, it is now my province to show; and this I trust to do by a circumstantial narration of events—censuring no one, but allowing the blame, if there be any, to rest wherever the inexorable logic of facts may justly place it.

When we entered Lexington, General Smith's campaign, as originally conceived, was accomplished. All that was at first intended had been achieved, more easily, more fully, and with more complete success than

could have been anticipated. It was now necessary to plan anew. Since leaving Barboursville no communication had been received from General Bragg, and the positions of his army and of Buell's were unknown. Marshall was believed to have entered Kentucky by the Pound Gap route, but no accurate information could be obtained of his movements. Brigadier-General John Morgan entered Lexington soon after our arrival, having destroyed the tunnel on the Louisville and Nashville railroad, thus rendering that road of little value to the enemy. General Heth came up with reinforcements, raising the effective strength of the army to 11,000 men, exclusive of Morgan's and Scott's cavalry.

This was the state of affairs at the time that it was necessary for General Smith to decide upon the course he intended to pursue. Louisville, defended by only a few regiments of raw troops, would, it is probable, have succumbed easily to an attack. Cincinnati might have been shelled from the opposite side of the river, and, as proposed by some, laid under contribution. But Morgan, with a force nearly equal to our own, was still in our rear, and large quantities of arms and stores, invaluable to the Confederacy, were accumulating at Lexington. Louisville, it is true, filled, as it was believed to be, with the enemy's supplies, offered a tempting object. Undoubtedly, its capture would have exerted an excellent moral effect upon the people of Kentucky. But the positions of Bragg and Buell being unknown, it was by no means certain that the latter, abandoning his heavy artillery, baggage trains, &c., might not be able to throw an overwhelming force against Louisville before the former could overtake him. Morgan, also, eluding Stevenson, who was watching him from the other side of Cumberland Gap, and gaining two days the start, might pass through Lexington, destroying the stores there, and make his escape to Cincinnati. Altogether, the enterprise was very hazardous, and, although promising much, did not offer any of those decisive results for which alone great risks should be incurred. The movement against Cincinnati, unable as we were to cross the river, was rather sensational than really useful. General Smith finally determined to keep a part of his forces in the neighborhood of Lexington, and to send General Heth with the remainder to threaten Cincinnati, for the purpose of preventing the concentration of the enemy at Louisville. In the light of subsequent events the movement against Louisville may appear clearly to have been the one which should have been adopted; but in the doubt which then involved everything, in the entire absence of information with regard to our forces, as well as those of the enemy in the rear, the course

adopted by General Smith was undoubtedly the most prudent, and will, it is believed, stand the test of criticism.

Establishing his headquarters at Lexington, General Smith addressed himself vigorously to the discharge of the many duties incumbent upon him. Orders were issued for the collection of large amounts of supplies of every description. Corn could be bought at \$1.50 per barrel, and wheat at \$1.00 per bushel; bacon was abundant at seven cents per pound in Federal currency, but rose rapidly. All purchasable quartermaster's stores in Lexington were bought up, and large contracts made with the woollen factories for cloth. Confederate treasury notes were our only currency, and it was necessary to force the people to take them to an extent adequate to the purchase of indispensable supplies. In general, articles were immediately enhanced in price more than enough to make up the difference between the Federal and Confederate currencies. In the North gold was at 22 pr. c. premium, in the South at 75 pr. c. An order was issued compelling the merchants to open their stores and accept Confederate money for such things as the soldiers might desire to purchase. This was forcing the currency beyond what was absolutely necessary, and doubtless, operated to depreciate it. At all events, it did not seem to gain much upon the confidence of the people. If the government had furnished General Smith with a few hundred thousand dollars in gold it could have been used advantageously, and with great benefit to the cause. Parties were sent in all directions to collect United States Government property, principally horses and mules, which had been left in all quarters. There was not at this time sufficient fixed ammunition in reserve to supply one battery. Major Brown, Chief of Ordinance, set to work energetically to supply this deficiency. Authority was issued to various persons to raise companies, battalions and regiments. It was unfortunate that depots of supplies were not established, at once, at Richmond, and at Danville, and as soon as Morgan evacuated Cumberland Gap, at Loudon. Orders were sent to this effect by General Bragg some time after he entered the State, but too late to accomplish anything at all adequate to what proved to be our necessities. Military commissions were established, and discipline vigorously maintained.

It was to be decided in what manner the Union men in Kentucky, who had persecuted those who sympathised with the Confederate cause, were to be treated. At their instigation Federal commanders had taken the property of secessionists, and seized and imprisoned their persons, or driven them into exile. The helpless families of those who had joined the Southern armies were constantly insulted, and often seriously in-

jured. All this had not failed of its legitimate fruit—bitter hatreds and an intense desire for revenge—and now the tables were turned and the opportunity apparently offered. It was fortunate that so few Kentuckians were in our army, and that it was not commanded by a Kentuckian. It would have been next to impossible for him to have refused to adopt a retaliatory policy, which the returned Kentuckians urged with almost one voice, or to limit the extent to which it would have been carried. General Smith wisely and humanely adopted a moderate policy. The persons and property of Union men were scrupulously respected and protected. If, as sometimes, though rarely, happened, a soldier took anything from a Union man, immediately, upon application to the proper authorities, the property was restored and the offender brought to trial and punishment. As an instance of the just and liberal policy pursued—a physician, an Union man, claimed a case of surgical instruments which had been captured with the Federal stores, alleging that they had been forcibly taken from him by a Federal surgeon, and, upon proof of the allegation, received it. No army ever conducted itself with greater propriety; no commander ever acquired a higher reputation for justice and humanity. The excellent effects of this gentle policy were soon manifest. The Union men came from their houses, mingling freely with us, and extending many acts of courtesy. They readily admitted the superiority of our soldiers over the Federals, and declared that even the privates in the ranks seemed to be gentlemen in bearing and intelligence, as, in fact, for the most part they were. They had been led to believe, even the more intelligent among them, that we were little better than savages, and manifested great surprise in finding us so very different.

On the other hand, the Southern men did not rally very rapidly to our standards. They had not expected us, and could not, for a long time, comprehend our victory and occupation. They had borne the Federal yoke so long, and with so little hope of relief, that at last they came to wear it patiently. Reading only Federal papers and hearing only Federal orators, they were forced to believe in the great preponderance of Federal power. They were, in reality, subjugated. The adventurous spirits were already in the Southern ranks; there were no leaders; they had not studied the great questions at issue so thoroughly as we had; their sympathies were certainly with us, but they could not see very clearly that their interests were also. Thus situated, it could not be expected that they would be prepared to rise in arms at a moment's notice. Those who anticipated otherwise based their calculations upon an erroneous estimate of human nature. In time, as their doubts

cleared away, the people would have come to us, which is proved by the fact that the volunteering was improving when we left the State.

At first the universal desire was to enlist in the calvary, but General Smith, being well supplied with that arm of the service, gave permission for the enlistment of but one regiment, which was afterwards increased to a brigade. General Morgan was authorized to add a regiment to his command; which he did quickly. General Buford succeeded in raising parts of five regiments, which were organized into a brigade, and some volunteers were received by General Marshall, making in all from 3,000 to 4,000 Kentuckians who joined the Southern standards.

The Advance on Washington in 1864.

LETTER FROM GENERAL J. A. EARLY.

To the Editor of the Republican:

That writers on the Federal or Union side in the late war between the States, should continue to magnify the numbers in the Confederate armies on all occasions is perhaps natural, as in this they but follow the example of their commanding generals. They cannot conceive how it was possible that Confederate leaders should have undertaken to confront the immense numbers of the United States armies with such slender forces as they in fact commanded, and it may be observed that the very highest eulogies on the prowess of our armies are to be found in these persistent exaggerations of our strength by our adversaries. It is not surprising, therefore, that a writer in *The National Republican*, whose article has been specially brought to my notice with the request that I furnish my version of the facts, should very greatly exaggerate the strength of the force with which I made the advance on Washington in July, 1864. The wild state of alarm and consternation into which my advance threw the authorities, civil and military, at the Federal Capital, as well as the whole population of Washington, as depicted by this writer and given in contemporaneous accounts, was such as to utterly disqualify any of them for forming anything like a correct estimate of my strength; but it is a little strange that at this late day one who has undertaken to publish in a journal printed at the seat of Government an account of my demonstration in front of the defenses of Washington, should not have deemed it proper to consult any authentic document from the Federal authorities as to the condition of things in those defenses when that demonstration was made.

In 1871 the report of General J. G. Barnard "On the Defenses of Washington" was published at the Government Printing Office, and in it he gives a full account of the condition of those defenses and of the armament and troops within them from the beginning of the war, including the period of my advance upon and presence in front of them. General Barnard was the engineer officer who had the principal control of the construction of those defenses, and was present in them when my advance was made; and it is to be presumed that he has given an accurate statement as to their condition and the forces within them at the time, though he seems to have so far shared the general panic as not to be able to form a correct estimate of the strength of the force threatening the Federal City. An accurate account of my advance upon and operations in front of Washington is given in a publication made by me in 1867, entitled "A Memoir of the Last Year of the War for Independence in the Confederate States of America," the operations in front of Washington being described on pages 56-62. Those operations are also the subject of two articles published by me in the *Southern Magazine* (Baltimore, Md.), June, 1871, and June, 1872, the first being in reply to some criticisms by John Esten Cooke, and the last in reference to General Barnard's report. Those publications give fully and accurately the facts in regard to my operations in front of Washington, as well as my strength, and I could add nothing of interest to them. The writer in *The Republican* begins his article by saying: "Toward the latter part of June, 1864, General Lee finding that he was being steadily and surely hemmed in by the Union army, under General Grant, resorted to an expedient which, when tried two years earlier, had resulted in relieving him from a state of siege. Early was sent up through the Shenandoah Valley to threaten the National Capital." It is a little singular that it did not occur to this writer that if General Lee was being so steadily and surely hemmed in as he supposes, he could have spared from his army so large a detachment as I am represented to have carried across the Potomac to the front of Washington.

This writer further says: "As already stated, the enemy appeared in force in close proximity to the northern defenses of Washington upon the morning of July 11; but small bodies of the invaders had been observed as early as the morning of the day previous"—that is, on the morning of the 10th. My advance, a small body of cavalry, arrived for the first time in front of the defenses about noon of the 11th, and I followed this advance in person, arriving in sight of the defenses a little after noon. The main body of my command did not get up until

some two or three hours later. If any of my men were observed in front of the defenses on the morning of the 10th, it was only in the imagination of men whose vision was distorted by fright. On the morning of that day I moved from the Monocacy, the scene of the fight of the day before, and had then to march thirty-five miles to reach Washington. My cavalry advance reached Rockville on the afternoon of that day, and there encountered a body of United States cavalry, which it drove away encamping for the night at that place, some twelve or fifteen miles from Washington. My infantry encamped about four miles from Rockville, toward the Monocacy. General Barnard in his report says: "About eleven A. M., July 11, 1864, the signal officer at Fort Reno observed clouds of dust and army wagons moving from the direction of Rockville toward Blair's farm, on the Seventh street road. Notice was promptly given General McCook, and all available troops were concentrated in the rifle trenches on either side of Fort De Russey." He also says: "A short time before noon Captain Berry, commanding his company, Eighth Illinois cavalry, sent a messenger to General McCook, notifying him that the enemy was moving with artillery, cavalry, and infantry from Rockville in the direction of Silver Spring. About noon a strong line of the enemy's skirmishers came in sight, advancing upon Fort Stevens, where General McCook was in command in person." (Pages 114, 115). This body of skirmishers consisted of the cavalry advance, which dismounted and drove the enemy's skirmishers into the works. The writer in *The Republican* says: "It had been pretty accurately ascertained that Early and Breckinridge had with them in the vicinity of at least 30,000 veteran soldiers, and some estimated the number as high as 45,000. Opposed to them Generals McCook and Augur (the latter military governor of Washington) were unable to to array over *five thousand men of all arms*, many of whom were little better than raw recruits, having no knowledge of warfare, and not a few of the remainder (belonging to the Veteran Reserve Corps) so badly crippled by wounds or disease as to be unfitted for active service in the field."

I was in command of the whole force, and my command consisted of what was left of the Second Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, with two battalions of artillery, of three batteries each, attached to it; Breckinridge's division of infantry of three small brigades, four small brigades of cavalry, and a small battalion of artillery attached to Breckinridge's command. According to the field-returns of the Army of Northern Virginia of April 20, 1864, the latest before the commencement of the campaign, from the Wilderness to James River, the

Second Corps (Ewell's) had present for duty 1,374 officers and 15,705 enlisted men, making an aggregate of 17,079, as shown by a statement copied from the returns in the Archive Office at Washington by Col. Walter H. Taylor, and given in his "Four Years with Gen. Lee," page 176. That corps had been engaged in the heaviest of the fighting from the Wilderness to James river, and on the 12th of May nearly one entire division (Johnson's) had been captured. The other divisions had suffered very heavy losses, and there had been no accessions to the corps, except in the return of a small brigade of my own division and two regiments of Rodes's, which had been detached. When I was detached from General Lee's army the whole corps did not amount to 9,000 effectives. At Lynchburg I found Breckinridge with his small division of infantry, with which was serving a small part of a brigade of cavalry which had been dismounted. There were also with him four small brigades of cavalry and a battalion of artillery. The greater part of the cavalry had been with W. E. Jones in his defeat by Hunter at Piedmont, in the Valley, and was very much disorganized and demoralized. None of it belonged to the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia, but it had been for the most part on service in Western Virginia and East Tennessee. It was not armed as cavalry proper, but had for its armament almost exclusively Enfield rifles. It was, in fact, nothing more than mounted infantry. My very rapid march from Lynchburg in pursuit of Hunter, and then down the Valley and across the Potomac, had caused a considerable number of the infantry to be left behind from inability to keep up, as my men were very badly shod. I had left an officer with a small command at Winchester to collect the stragglers, and on my return to the Valley, after the advance on Washington, I found that something over fifteen hundred stragglers had been collected at Winchester. Moreover, I had sustained a loss of some seven or eight hundred men in killed and wounded in some slight actions in the Valley before crossing the Potomac, and in the fight at the Monocacy. The force of infantry with which I moved on Washington did not, therefore, exceed eight thousand muskets, if it reached that number. In the three battalions of artillery I had nine batteries, neither of which had more than four field-pieces, and some of them not that many. Besides these there were one or two batteries of horse artillery, with the cavalry, the entire number of field-pieces in all the artillery not exceeding forty. Much the largest brigade of cavalry had been detached at Frederick on the expedition that threatened Baltimore and cut the railroads and telegraph between that city and Washington and Philadelphia. Some idea of my strength at the time of the advance on

Washington may be formed from the return for the 31st of August, 1864, given by Colonel Taylor in his book, page 178. This, I presume, is the earliest return on file in the Archive Office after I was detached, and is as follows:

Breckinridge's division (total effective).....	2,104
Rodes's division (total effective).....	3,013
Gordon's division (total effective).....	2,544
Ramseur's division (total effective).....	1,909
Aggregate.....	9,570

The strength of the cavalry and artillery is not given, but both could not have exceeded 3,000. By this time all the stragglers had rejoined me, and some of those wounded in the campaign from the Wilderness had returned to their regiments. General Barnard, in his report, page 121, has made an estimate of my strength on what he calls "circumstantial evidence," by which he makes my force amount to 22,420 in front of Washington. In order to ascertain this number he assumes my regiments of infantry at ninety-nine, and then assumes that each regiment numbered 180 men and officers. I have before me a printed roster of our armies, compiled at the Archive Office at Washington, which gives the number of my infantry regiments and battalions at seventy-four, and in this I am credited with some commands that were not with me.

In Gordon's division, which was formed by taking two of the brigades from my division and uniting them with the remnant of Johnson's division, after the disaster of the 12th of May, to form a division for Gordon, there were thirty regiments. Giving 180 to each regiment would make an aggregate of 5,400 for the division. In one of the brigades in his division there were the remnants of thirteen regiments, being all that was left of the Virginia regiments in Johnson's division. An average of 180 for those regiments would give 2,340 for the brigade, and yet Gordon's whole division numbered, on the 31st of August, 1864, only 2,544, as shown by the returns of that date. On the same "circumstantial evidence" he gives me thirty-six regiments of cavalry, for which he assumes one hundred men and officers as the average, making my cavalry force 3,600; yet the number of cavalry regiments with me, including the dismounted brigade and the one that was detached, did not exceed twenty-two. On the same kind of evidence he gives me sixty pieces of artillery, and in a note says that this number was actually counted in passing the South Mountain. As my forces passed through two gaps in the South Mountain, a part of the artillery accompanying each column, I should like to know who

made the count. If it was a citizen, he was not unlikely to count a caisson as a piece of artillery. As General Barnard says that the name, rank, and regiment of the prisoners captured from my command between the 3d and 18th of July were carefully ascertained and recorded, and thus it was ascertained that I had ninety-nine regiments of infantry and thirty-six of cavalry, I defy the production of any such record. If such record exists, then it shows at least twenty-five more regiments of infantry, and twelve of cavalry, than I had. It is possible that men claiming to belong to so many regiments, may have been captured, as I afterward ascertained that there were a very large number of deserters from our army who had taken refuge in the mountains between the counties of Loudoun and Fauquier, and the Valley, who claimed to belong to Mosby's command whenever questioned by any of our officers. I have thus noticed especially the estimate of my force given by General Barnard, or rather the officer from whom he quotes, because that is the only one professing to be based on any data, the others being mere conjectural estimates, without any foundation to rest upon. It is a little singular that writers on the other side will persist in estimating our numbers upon the crude conjectures made during the war, when the returns showing our strength during the various campaigns are on file in the Archive Office, and have been for such a long period accessible to them. There was no reason why Confederate officers should have made inaccurate returns to their government, and they have certainly not had the opportunity of altering them since the close of the war. General Barnard's statement of the forces available for the defense of Washington at the time of my advance, is not based on conjecture or "circumstantial evidence," but is derived from actual knowledge. He thus gives his statement of the forces within the defenses of Washington, and in adjacent camps on the 10th of July, 1864: "The effective forces were 1,819 infantry, 1,834 artillery, and sixty-three cavalry, north of the Potomac, and 4,064 infantry, 1,772 artillery, and fifty-one cavalry, south thereof. There were besides in Washington and Alexandria about 3,900 effectives (First and Second District of Columbia volunteers, 'Veteran Reserves,' and detachments), under Generals Wisewell and Hough, doing duty as guards, &c., &c., and about 4,400 (six regiments) of 'Veteran Reserves.' At the artillery camp of instruction (Camp Barry) were five field batteries (627 men). A 'brigade' of cavalry consisting of the Second Massachusetts, Thirteenth and Sixteenth New York regiments, numbering a little over 800 effectives, was posted in the neighborhood of Falls Church and Annandale, and commanded by the lamented Colonel C. R. Lowell (subsequently

killed at Cedar Creek) who handled it with great ability, resisting to the utmost Early's progress from Rockville and never hesitating to attack when it was desired to develop the enemy's forces." (Page 107.) He adds in a note on same page: "Besides the cavalry brigade of Colonel Lowell, there was a nominal 'cavalry division of dismounted men, awaiting equipment and organization, at Camp Stoneman, under Colonel W. Gamble (Eighth Illinois Cavalry), amounting in all to about 1,200 effectives. Portions of the Eighth Illinois, armed and mounted, were sent during the 10th and 11th in the direction of Rockville, Laurel, Bladensburg, and Fort Mahan to observe the enemy. The rest (dismounted) were sent, with their cavalry arms, to General McCook for service in the lines." By "effectives," it must be understood, are meant only enlisted men for duty who bear arms, and the term does not include commissioned officers. The foregoing statement shows that there were within the defenses and in adjacent camps 20,530 effectives on the 10th of July, while I was on the march from Monocacy, the authorities in Washington being fully apprised of my approach. Besides these troops there was a force of quartermaster's men organized into a brigade by Quartermaster-General Meigs, over 6,000 strong, and reported for duty on Sunday (the 10th). (See same report, pp. 115-116). That, with all these troops at hand, and with full knowledge of my advance, there should have been assembled only five thousand men of the character described by the writer in *The Republican* to meet that advance is a proposition too absurd to deserve serious consideration. According to General Barnard's report, besides the 3,716 men on duty in the defenses north of the Potomac on the 10th, the 4,400 veteran reserves were moved to the trenches on that day; the 800 cavalry, under Lowell, were sent to the front before day on the 11th, the 1,200 dismounted cavalry were also sent to the front, and to report to McCook on the 10th and 11th. Quartermaster-General Meigs reported with 2,000 men on the night of the 10th, and Colonel Rice, with 2,800 convalescents and artillerymen reported to the same officer on Monday, thus giving a force of 14,916 effectives for duty on the front against which my advance was made, to which should be added several commands the strength of which is not given, as the Second District of Columbia Volunteers, Captains Gibbs's and Bradley's batteries, and Snyder's battalion of the Ninth New York Heavy Artillery. (See pages 113-116). There were, then, over fifteen thousand men available for duty in the trenches and in connection therewith on the front against which my advance was made before I got within reach of the works. The character of those works is thus described by General Barnard: "Thus

from a few isolated works, covering bridges or commanding a few especially important points, was developed a connected *system* of fortification by which every prominent point, at intervals of eight hundred to one thousand yards, was occupied by an inclosed field-fort, every important approach or depression of ground unseen from the forts swept by a battery for field-guns, and the whole connected by rifle-trenches, which were in fact lines of infantry parapet, furnishing emplacement for two ranks of men and affording covered communication along the line, while roads were opened wherever necessary, so that troops and artillery could be moved rapidly from one point of the immense periphery to another, or under cover from point to point along the line.

"The woods which prevailed along many parts of the line were cleared for a mile or two in front of the works, the counterscarps of which were surrounded by abattis. Bomb-proofs were provided in nearly all the forts; all guns not solely intended for distant fire placed in embrasure and well traversed; secure and well ventilated magazines, ample to contain one hundred rounds per gun, constructed; the original crude structures, built after designs given in text-books for 'field fortification,' replaced by others on plans experience developed, or which the increased powers of modern artillery made necessary. All commanding points on which an enemy would be likely to concentrate artillery to overpower that of one or more of our forts or batteries were subjected not only to the fires, direct and cross, of many points along the line, but also from heavy rifled guns from distant points unattainable by the enemy's field-guns. With all these developments the lines certainly approximated to the maximum degree of strength which can be attained from unrevetted earth-works. They would probably realize in some degree the qualities attributed to fortified lines by Napoleon, though, being but unrevetted earth-works, they were scarcely what his dictum contemplated. When, in July, 1864, Early appeared before Washington all the artillery regiments which had constituted the garrisons of the works, and who were experienced in the use of the artillery, had been withdrawn and their places mainly filled by a few regiments of 'one hundred days' men' just mustered into service. The advantage, under these circumstances, of established lines of infantry parapet and prepared emplacements for field-guns can be hardly overestimated. Bodies of hastily-organized men, such as teamsters, quartermasters' men, citizen volunteers, &c., sent out to the lines could hardly go amiss." It may be observed here that as the object of revetments in fortifications is to render them

impregnable against the fire of heavy artillery, their absence in this case did not detract from the strength of the Washington defenses as against my force, as I had none but light field-guns with me. As against me, therefore, these defenses may be said to have fully reached the maximum degree of strength of which earth-works are susceptible. With such works, defended by 14,000 or 15,000 men, already on the front threatened, and with the facilities for moving other troops with rapidity, and under cover, to any point that might be assailed, the proposition that I could have carried them by an assault immediately on my arrival in their front, if my strength had been double what it was, would argue a degree of panic and demoralization on the part of the defenders of the "National Capital" not at all traceable to the fact of their being "raw troops" or "veteran reserves," disabled by wounds from active field duty. With such works to protect them even "hundred days' men," who knew how to load and fire a gun, ought to have been capable of rendering very efficient service; and I can conceive of no reason why "quartermaster's men," "teamsters," and "citizen volunteers" should not have been capable of resisting an assault made by an attacking force that had to move over abattis, across ditches, and over infantry parapets, when they were so effectually shielded by the works behind which they were ensconced, unless, indeed, they were as thoroughly demoralized as the intensely loyal athlete of whom the writer in *The Republican* speaks, and who excused himself first because he had lost his front teeth, and then had heart disease, and finally got off by taking medicine to make himself sick. All this pretense about "hundred days' men," "raw and inexperienced troops," &c., can but recall to our recollection the excuses made at the time for the defeat at first Manassas, or Bull Run, as our opponents called it, founded upon the fancied existence of innumerable "masked batteries" and legions of "Black Horse Cavalry" which the invaders encountered—in imagination—in an army nearly all of which had not had the advantage of so much as the half of a "hundred days'" service. As to the "veteran reserves," they were merely disabled from active service in the field by their wounds, and were, or ought to have been, as capable of efficient service in the trenches as any troops whatever, as they must be supposed to have been thoroughly trained. The idea, therefore, that I could have entered Washington by a vigorous assault on the works on my arrival is without any well-grounded foundation. It took several hours to bring my infantry into line, as it was moving by flank on a narrow road, with the trains and artillery interspersed at intervals on the line of march for the purposes of protection, one division being in

rear of the whole. Before even the first brigade of the leading division was brought into line, I saw a cloud of dust from the direction of Washington, showing that troops were moving up, and a portion of them having filed into the trenches, a large body of skirmishers was sent to the front, which drove back my cavalry skirmishers, about two hundred strong, and burned a number of houses in front of the works. This affair is thus given by General Barnard: "Upon the arrival of dismounted men of the second division cavalry corps, Army of the Potomac, 600 of them, under command of Major G. Briggs, advanced at half-past one P. M., and drove the enemy's skirmishers back about a thousand yards, and thus restored in some degree confidence to the defenders." I witnessed this affair, and at that time the leading brigade of my command had not come up, but soon after came up, formed line, and sent forward skirmishers, who drove those of the enemy back to the cover of his works. It took some time to get the remainder of the leading division into line, and it was much later when the rest of my command was brought up. The whole command had then marched fully fifteen miles in very hot, dry weather and over exceedingly dusty roads, and was, of course, very much exhausted, many of the men having fallen by the way from heat and sheer exhaustion. I may here remark, in reference to alleged statements by my men as to my strength and purposes; that it was a very poor Confederate soldier who would acknowledge to citizens of the enemy's country through which he was marching the weakness of the army to which he belonged or any doubt of the success of the expedition. I recollect very well an incident which occurred with myself on that morning. As I was riding in rear of my cavalry advance I got some distance ahead of my infantry column, and, seeing a shady grove by the roadside, with a neat house in it, I halted to rest under the shade of the trees while waiting for my infantry. The gentleman of the house came out to speak to me, and I soon found a sympathizer with our cause in him. Finding this, I asked him about the character and strength of the works around Washington, and he said that they were not very strong, as they were nothing but "earth-works." I then asked him about the strength of the troops inside of those works, and he stated that there was not a large force in them—not more, he thought, than 20,000 men. Knowing that earth-works in the then state of the science of war were regarded as the strongest that could be made, and that such works, defended by 20,000 men, would be impregnable as against my force, and not feeling very much encouraged by the information given me, I nevertheless replied to my informant that if that was all they had to oppose us we would

not mind that. I have no doubt that some of my men, even after they were made prisoners, did what is called some "very tall talking" about my strength and purposes, and doubtless such boasting on their part contributed in no small degree to the state of bewilderment of my opponent in the subsequent campaign as to my strength and the success of my efforts to baffle him for so long a period. Washington was indebted for its safety not alone to the strength of its defenses and the troops that were in them before my arrival, but two divisions of the Sixth Corps from Grant's army and a portion of the Nineteenth Corps arrived before or simultaneously with my arrival in front of the works. When I speak here of my arrival I mean, of course, the arrival of the main body of my force. As the writer in *The Republican* has made a statement in regard to the arrival of the Sixth Corps I will here give it in full, as illustrative of the entire want of knowledge of the facts which characterizes his production. After describing an imaginary state of things existing on the afternoon of the 12th, when Washington is represented as being in extreme danger, he says: "Meanwhile a certain quiet individual, while smoking his cigar in the trenches before Petersburg, had received news of what was going on about Washington. Throttling Lee with his strong right hand, *the silent man Grant* took up the Sixth Corps with his left, stretched his arm northward, and the Capital was saved. General Wright with his gallant men arrived from the front of Petersburg and went to the front of Washington just in the nick of time—none too soon, but not a minute too late. Up the street they marched as only veterans can march, beyond the line of defenses, and as the heads of columns began to deploy into line of battle and throw out skirmishers cheer after cheer went up from those who had for nearly two days and nights formed a feeble but fortunately effectual barrier to the rebel advance. Early's men heard the cheering, and in the darkness fast closing in upon the 12th of July felt its cause as the reinforcements opened fire."

This is quite graphic, and it is a pity that it is but "the baseless fabric of a vision" as it represents "the Silent Man" "smoking his cigar" in a very interesting posture. It may also be observed that the perverse Lee, notwithstanding he was thus throttled, continued to breathe with considerable vigor for some time thereafter. Here is what the "Silent Man" himself says in his report dated the 22d of July, 1865: "Immediately upon the enemy's ascertaining that General Hunter was retreating from Lynchburg by the way of Kanawha river, thus laying the Shenandoah Valley open for raids into Maryland and Pennsylvania, he returned [turned?] northward and moved down that val-

ley. As soon as this movement of the enemy was ascertained General Hunter, who had reached the Kanawha river, was directed to move his troops without delay, by river and railroad, to Harper's Ferry; but owing to the difficulty of navigation, by reason of low water and breaks in the railroad, great delay was experienced in getting there. It became necessary, therefore, to find other troops to check this movement of the enemy. For this purpose the Sixth Corps was taken from the armies operating against Richmond, to which was added the Nineteenth Corps, then fortunately beginning to arrive in Hampton Roads from the the Gulf Department under orders issued immediately after the ascertainment of the result of the Red River Expedition." After describing the garrisons in Baltimore and Washington and my movement across the Potomac, he proceeds: "On the 6th the enemy occupied Hagerstown, moving a strong column toward Frederick City. General Wallace, with Ricketts's division and his own command, the latter mostly new and undisciplined troops, pushed out from Baltimore with great promptness and met the enemy in force on the Monocacy, near the crossing of the railroad bridge. His force was not sufficient to insure success, but he fought the enemy nevertheless, and although it resulted in a defeat to our arms, yet it detained the enemy, and thereby served to enable *General Wright to reach Washington with two divisions of the Sixth Corps and the advance of the Nineteenth Corps before him.*" The italics in the last part of this quotation are mine, and are given to call attention to the statement that General Wright was enabled to reach Washington before I did. General Barnard, after stating the inability of Hunter to move up the Ohio and over the Baltimore and Ohio railroad in time to oppose me, says: "Hence it became necessary to find other troops to oppose Early. One division (Ricketts's) was, as has been seen, detached on the 5th of July from the lines before Petersburg and sent to Baltimore, where it arrived in time to bear the brunt of the battle at the Monocacy.

The other two divisions did not receive their orders till the 9th, and did not reach Washington till two P. M. the 11th, *barely* in time. A part of the Nineteenth Corps, just arrived at Fort Monroe from Louisiana, were likewise dispatched to Washington and arrived at the same time." (Page 113.) He further says, on page 116: "Major-General H. G. Wright, United States Volunteers, commanding Sixth Corps, reported at three P. M., and his troops came up about four P. M. A force of about nine hundred of this battle-tried corps was placed on the skirmish line for the night." That is, the night of the 11th. My troops did not all get up and into line before four o'clock, and my

leading brigade was not in line before two o'clock; so that, in addition to the troops already in Washington before my arrival, I would have had to encounter the two divisions of the Sixth Corps and the part of the Nineteenth Corps that had arrived, if I had attempted to enter Washington. The proposition, therefore, that I could have successfully made an attempt at any time after my arrival is simply preposterous. If I had been able to reach Washington sooner, Grant would have sent troops to its rescue sooner, and hence there never was any prospect of my capturing that city. It was not General Lee's orders or expectation that I should take Washington. His order was that I should threaten that city; and when I suggested to him the probability of my being able to capture it he said that would be impossible. It was my own conception, that of undertaking the capture, but the feasibility of that depended upon my finding the city very insufficiently defended. On the night of the 11th, being unwilling to surrender the idea of capturing the Federal Capital, I gave an order for the assault at dawn on the 12th; but a dispatch received during the night, stating the arrival of two corps from Grant's army, caused me to examine the works at the earliest dawn of the 12th, when I found them so strongly manned as to preclude all hope of carrying them, and I therefore countermanded the order for the assault. I remained in front of the works, however, during the 12th, with the purpose of retiring at night, and gave orders accordingly. All my movements during the day were mere demonstrations to amuse the enemy until the time for withdrawal arrived. I had ascertained that Hunter had arrived at Harper's Ferry with his forces, which I knew to be much larger than my own, and my position was therefore exceedingly critical, as there was but one way for escaping across the Potomac, and that was by a ford above Leesburg, in Loudoun county, over which I did retire successfully. If the Federal commanders in Washington and General Hunter had been possessed of the requisite enterprise and daring it would have been impossible for me to have escaped the capture of my entire command. All my movements were based on the presumed want of enterprise on the part of the enemy, and it seems that Federal commanders cannot understand the audacity that caused their Capital to be threatened by so small a force. The article of the writer in *The Republican* contains a number of statements on subjects of minor interest which are wholly without foundation in fact. Among them is the statement that Francis P. Blair, Sr., was driven from his residence by my troops. Mr. Blair was not at home at the time, but was, as I was informed, absent with his family in Pennsylvania, leaving his house in charge of some woman

who fled on our approach. If Mr. Blair had been at home his property and his privacy would have been respected, as was that of all citizens who remained in their houses. When I found that his house was abandoned, and had been plundered of some valuables, I placed a guard over it with orders that no one should enter it without permission, and that the property should be protected. Most, if not all, the valuables that had been taken were recovered and placed in the charge of some neighbor for the purpose of being restored to Mr. Blair on his return. His cattle, which were fit for beeves, were taken by my orders, as were the cattle of other citizens, it being necessary that my troops should be supplied with provisions from the country. His house was not used for a hospital, and if any wounded men were found in it they were men who had been wounded in the affair which occurred late in the afternoon of the 12th, between some troops sent out from the works and a portion of the troops on my front line, who could not be transported, and found their way to the house after I retired. If the writer is to be understood as intimating that Montgomery Blair's house was burned by my orders, then the statement is incorrect. I had placed a guard over that house also, and it was not burned by my orders, but was fired after my guard had been withdrawn. I have never been able to ascertain who did the burning.

General Rodes, whose division occupied my front line, and furnished the guard for the house, was of opinion that it was burned by some resident of the neighborhood, who took advantage of our presence to commit the act. It is not impossible that the burning was by some of my men, but it was without my authority. It was my policy to prohibit everything like marauding on the part of my troops, and I was especially determined to prevent the destruction of the property of the Blairs, for it was understood that both the father and the son were opposed to the policy pursued by some Federal commanders in the South in the destruction of private property and the imprisonment of non-combatant citizens. In fact, it was understood by us that Montgomery Blair had lost caste with the extreme Radicals of the party to which he was attached at that time, and it was not a great while before he retired from the Cabinet. There is a citizen of one of the upper counties of the Valley, who is still living, who had followed my command into Maryland, and who came to me while I was in front of Washington with the request that I would permit him to burn the house of Montgomery Blair, in retaliation for the burning of many houses in the Valley by General Hunter's orders. This permission I refused, with a statement of my reasons therefor. Judge Blair, how-

ever, as I understand, has never been able to believe that I did not have his house burned, and he bases his conviction on a conversation I had with some gentlemen from Hagerstown, in which I stated that if the house had been burned by some of my men, the act would have been fully justified by the burning in their own counties of many private residences by General Hunter, whose ruins they had seen when marching down the Valley. This expression seems to have been misconstrued into an admission that the act was my own. I have no disposition to evade the responsibility for any of my acts during the war, and I certainly did have the iron works of Mr. Thaddeus Stevens burned in 1863, and the town of Chambersburg was burned by my orders in 1864 as an act of retaliation, after a refusal to comply with a demand upon the town for compensation for some burning that General Hunter had done within the limits of my command.

I also levied contributions on the towns of York, Pa., in 1863, and Frederick, Md., in 1864. All these acts were in accordance with the laws of war, and if I had ordered the burning of Blair's house I would not now seek to evade the responsibility. To give some idea of the odds I had against me when I was in front of Washington in July, 1864, I here give an abstract of the return of General Sheridan's force in the Valley in August, 1864. This is taken from the Adjutant General's Office in Washington, and it is either for the 20th or 31st of August, as to which I am not informed. It is as follows: Return of Middle Military Department, General P. H. Sheridan commanding: The latest August return, 1864, shows *in the field*—

General Crook's command, present for duty.....	21,006
General Wright's command, present for duty.....	11,956
General Emory's command, present for duty.....	12,504
General Torbert's cavalry, present for duty.....	8,502
Total	<hr/> 53,968

General Crook's command was that which Hunter had concentrated at Harper's Ferry when I was in front of Washington; General Wright's was the Sixth Corps, two-thirds of which (two divisions) would amount to 7,970; General Emory's was the Nineteenth Corps, one-half of which would be over 6,000; so that there arrived in Washington at or before the time of my arrival in front of it at least 14,000 men from Grant's army, while a force of over 20,000 men was in my rear at Harper's Ferry. I may say here that I endeavored to get the returns of Sheridan's forces for September and October, when occurred the principal engagements between our forces, but was informed that there were no returns of his on file in the Adjutant-General's office for either

month. . I, however, obtained an abstract of the returns for the 10th of November, which is as follows :

First Return for November, 1864. In the Field.

General Crook, present for duty.	18,036
General Wright, present for duty.....	12,336
General Emory, present for duty.....	9,701
General Torbert, present for duty.....	8,307
Total.....	48,380

These statements are given to show the immense odds against which I had to contend, not only when I was in front of Washington, but in the subsequent campaign in the Valley. General Sheridan in his report says that his loss in that campaign was in killed, 1,938; wounded, 11,893; missing, 3,121; total, 16,952. This, added to the return for November 10, would show a force of more than 65,000; but perhaps some 5,000 of the wounded may have returned to duty, leaving about 60,000 as his available force in the beginning of the campaign or during its progress. In reference to the absence of all returns of his force for September and October I will state that several years since I saw a statement in some newspaper that General Badeau had taken about a cart-load of papers from the Adjutant-General's office when he undertook to write the biography of General Grant which had never been returned. If that was the fact it may be that the missing returns of Sheridan's forces were among them; and as Grant's biography has now been completed it is not improbable that all the missing documents may be returned. However that may be, there is still in existence, and accessible, documentary evidence enough, to enable candid searchers for the truth to ascertain the relative strength of the opposing forces at all important periods. And when intelligent men of the North shall so far discard the passions and prejudices of the past as to be able to give a careful and dispassionate consideration to the facts it is not improbable that the scales will fall from the eyes of many of them, and they will discover that they have magnified into heroes of the highest order some whose statues will dwindle into very insignificant proportions before the light of truth. To such a test I am willing to submit the conduct of my advance upon and operations around Washington and my subsequent campaign in the Valley with full confidence in the result. It may be, however, that an appeal "to foreign nations and to the next ages" will be necessary before the truth of history is fully vindicated in regard to the operations of the war; and, be that as it may, I have no apprehension as to the final verdict.

J. A. EARLY.

**The Attempt to Fasten the Assassination of President Lincoln on
President Davis and other Innocent Parties.**

By Judge W. W. CLEARY.

[The following paper was read before the Louisville Branch of the Southern Historical Society and well deserves a place in our records that the future historian may see what methods were employed to blacken the name and fame of Confederate leaders.]

On the 2d day of May, 1865, his Excellency, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, published to the world the following proclamation—viz :

"By the President of the United States :

"WHEREAS, it appears from evidence in the Bureau of Military Justice that the atrocious murder of the late President, and the attempted murder of the Hon. W. H. Seward, Secretary of State, was incited, concocted and procured by and between Jeff. Davis, late of Richmond, Virginia; and Jacob Thompson, Clement C. Clay, Beverley Tucker, George N. Sanders, W. W. Cleary, and other rebels and traitors against the government of the United States, harbored in Canada. Now, therefore, to the end that justice may be done, I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, do offer for the arrest of said persons or either of them within the limits of the United States, so that they can be brought to trial, the following rewards :

"One hundred thousand dollars for the arrest of Jefferson Davis; twenty-five thousand dollars for the arrest of Clement C. Clay; twenty-five thousand dollars for the arrest of Jacob Thompson, late of Mississippi; twenty-five thousand dollars for the arrest of George N. Sanders; twenty-five thousand dollars for the arrest of Beverley Tucker; ten thousand dollars for the arrest of W. W. Cleary, late clerk of C. C. Clay.

"The Provost-Marshall-General of the United States is directed to cause a description of said persons, with notice of the above rewards, to be published.

"In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the City of Washington, the 2d day of May, in the year of our Lord 1865, and of the independence of the United States of America, the eighty-ninth.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

"By the President: W. HUNTER, Acting Secretary State."

The evidence in the Bureau of Military Justice," upon which this accusation was brought against persons, some of whom had occupied high positions under the Federal Government, and all of whom through life had enjoyed the confidence of their fellow-citizens, and unblemished reputations as private gentlemen, was carefully withheld from the public by the Bureau of Military Justice, thereby depriving the accused of the opportunity of at once exposing the equally extraordinary and improbable perjuries by which the President was deceived into the issuance of the Proclamation; while, meantime, the exalted source from which this indictment issued, and the morbid excitement of the public mind, gave color enough to the accusation to subject the accused to an ignominy scarcely less than should have ensued upon full proof of guilt.

The fact subsequently transpired, in spite of official vigilance to conceal it, that the "evidence in the Bureau of Military Justice," was obtained from three witnesses secretly examined before the Military Commission which condemned Mrs. Surratt to the gallows. Their names, real or assumed, are Sandford Conover, Richard Montgomery and James B. Merritt. Their testimony, withheld from the public by the Government, found its way into the newspapers, and was commonly known at the time as "the suppressed testimony." The publication of it enabled some of the parties assailed to expose its falsehood and the characters of the witnesses. Filed with this paper and as a part, but too long to read here, is the "evidence" in full, as reported by the Bureau of Military Justice upon which the proclamation issued, together with the facts, testimony and documents whereby the "evidence" is shown to be from first to last a congeries of miserable falsehoods. That President Johnson was betrayed by an undeserved confidence in the information furnished from the Bureau of Military Justice; that the charge of the proclamation was made upon manifestly false testimony, in an hour of public excitement, is now universally accepted truth; nevertheless, I have thought it not out of place to put in the archives of the Southern Historical Association a brief review of this evidence, the necessity for any detailed exposition of which arises chiefly from the very effrontery of falsehoods, which the accused, had they been present, could have exposed in the most summary manner on the spot, but which from the extraordinary and contra-legal method in which they were received, impose the necessity of tedious detail and repetition of rebutting testimony to overthrow so preposterous and stupidly contrived falsehoods.

Sandford Conover, examined by Judge Advocate Bingham, swore

(see page 5), repeating four different times, in a variety of forms of expression, that late in January and early in February, 1865, and every day in the month of February, he held conversations with Hon. Jacob Thompson at the St. Lawrence hotel, in Montreal, touching the assassination.

Let me quote in full his statement of the alleged conversation :

Q.—“State, if you please, what was said at that time by Mr. Thompson on that subject, in your presence?” A.—“I had called on Mr. Thompson to make some inquiry about a raid which had been contemplated on Ogdensburg, N. Y., which had failed because the United States Government had received some intimation of the rebels there, and were prepared for it, and I called to hear what was to be done next, and being supposed by Mr. Thompson to be a good rebel, he said: ‘We would have to drop it for a time, but we will catch them asleep yet,’ and then he observed: ‘There is a better opportunity, a better chance to immortalize yourself and save your country.’ I told him that I was ready to do anything to save the country, and asked him what was to be done. He said: ‘Some of our boys are going to play a grand joke on Abe and Andy.’ That was his expression. This led to explanations, when he informed me it was to kill them, or rather remove them from office. To use his own expression, he said: ‘It was only removing them from office; that the killing of a tyrant was no murder.’”

Q.—“State whether anything was said at that time on the subject of commissions from the rebel authorities in his hand, in blank?” A.—“He had commissions, and conferred one on Booth. I am not so positive whether he had conferred it on Booth then or not; but he told me, either then or subsequently, that Booth had been commissioned, and that everybody engaged in the enterprise would be commissioned; and if it succeeded or failed, and they escaped to Canada, they could not be successfully claimed under the Extradition Treaty.”

The fact is fully shown in the testimony herewith: First, that Mr. Thompson was not in Montreal at any time from the 1st of January to the 14th of February, being in the city of Toronto, nearly 350 miles distant; and second, by referring to page 27, it will be seen from the letter of this man Conover, certified to be genuine by United States Counsel, General John F. Potter, that up to the 20th of March after, he did not *even know Mr. Thompson*, and was then seeking his acquaintance, as himself the *originator* of a proposition to destroy the Croton Water-works, etc. This letter was sent by Mr. John Cameron, of Montreal, who testifies that, after Mr. Thompson had read the letter,

he exclaimed: "Is the man mad? Is he a fool?" and declined any communication with him.

Again. See page 4, speaking of John H. Surratt.

Q.—"You say you saw him in Montreal in April, last?" A.—"Yes, sir."

Q.—"About what time in April was it?" A.—"It was within a week before the President's assassination. I think about the 6th and 7th of April—somewhere in that vicinity."

Q.—"You say you saw him in Thompson's room?" A.—"I saw him in Mr. Thompson's room."

Q.—"State whether he gave any communication to Thompson in your presence in his room, and what that communication was." A.—"There was a conversation there at that time, from which it appeared that Mr. Surratt had brought dispatches from Richmond to Mr. Thompson. These dispatches were the subject of the consultation."

Q.—"From whom in Richmond were the dispatches brought?" A.—"From Mr. Benjamin, and I think there was also a letter in cipher from Mr. Davis. I am not so positive as to the cipher, but there was a letter from him, whether in cipher or not."

Q.—"Do you mean Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State of the so-called Confederacy?" A.—"Yes, sir."

Q.—"You say the dispatches were the subject of conversation. What did they say was the substance of the dispatches, or what did they purport to be?" A.—"I had some conversation with Mr. Thompson previously on the subject of a plot to assassinate Mr. Lincoln, * * * and I had been invited to participate in that enterprise." (This is the alleged conversation fully described above and disproved.)

Q.—"By whom had you been so invited to participate in that enterprise?" A.—"By Mr. Thompson, and on this occasion he laid his hand on the papers or dispatches there, and said this makes this thing all right, referring to the assent of the rebel authorities."

Q.—"Did they speak of the persons that the rebel authorities had consented might be the victims of this plot?" A.—"Yes, sir; Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Johnson, the Secretary of War, the Secretary of State, and Judge Chase."

Q.—"Did they say anything about any of the Generals?" A.—"And Grant."

Q.—"I am not sure whether you have stated precisely. If you have not done it, I wish you would now, who were present at this conversation which you had with Jacob Thompson early in April, when he laid

his hand on the dispatches." A.—"Mr. Surratt, General Carroll and myself."

Q.—"Can you state whether any of these persons participated in the conversation?" A.—"General Carroll, of Tennessee, did. He was more anxious that Mr. Johnson should be killed than anybody else."

General Carroll denounces this as false, and shows by the certificate of Dr. McDonnell, an eminent physician of Montreal, and Mr. A. S. Huntington, with whom he boarded, that he was confined to his bed from the 1st to the 15th of April in consequence of a very painful disease, and that he was all the time under the care of Dr. McDonnell, thus completely exploding the story of the dispatches, cipher letter and apochryphal Surratt conversations.

Says General Carroll: "The facile ease with which this infamous wretch, Conover, commits perjury, is only equalled by the fertility of his brain in conceiving diabolical plots and involving innocent people in them." I have thus cited Conover's perjuries, having for their object the connecting of Mr. Davis and Mr. Thompson with the assassination. Each, all, and every one of his statements as to Mr. Clement C. Clay, Mr. Saunders, Mr. Beverley Tucker and myself, are shown to be equally false and mendacious.

Conover mentions, in his secret examination, the names of other gentlemen as his "intimate associates in Montreal," viz: Captain Magruder and Dr. Pallen, both of whom made affidavits. Says Captain Magruder: "I, George A. Magruder, late Captain in the Navy of the United States, and Chief of the Bureau of Ordinances and Hydrography, now residing in the city of Montreal, having been duly sworn upon the Holy Evangelists of Almighty God, doth depose and say: That having read the evidence or testimony of one Sanford Conover, *alias* James Watson Wallace, as reported in the public papers to have been given by him, and taken before the Military Commission, now sitting at Washington, D. C., in which he declares that, with others named by said Conover, *alias* Wallace, he was intimately acquainted with me. This I swear to be absolutely false and untrue. Further, I declare never to have seen this person to my knowledge, nor have I ever heard his name, or assumed name, before my attention was drawn to it by his testimony. I did not know that such a person as said Conover or Wallace existed."

Dr. Pallen, a distinguished surgeon of St. Louis, swears that he never saw or spoke to Sanford Conover, *alias* James Watson Wallace.

Conover said, in his secret testimony, that he did not go by the name of Sanford Conover in Canada, but under the name of James

Watson Wallace. The first known of him in Canada was in the latter part of February, 1865, when he appeared as a volunteer witness in the extradition proceeding, then pending against the St. Albans' prisoners. It was necessary to the defense to prove the genuineness of the signature of Mr. Sedden, Secretary of War and as it was difficult to find any one in Montreal acquainted with the signature, inquiries were constantly being made at the hotels for Virginia people who could make such proof in this way. This man came, offered himself as a witness, went into court, and did the swearing.

Let me give you a few specimens from his testimony in Montreal and at Washington:

AT MONTREAL.

"I am a native of Virginia."

"I resided in Jefferson county. I left there in October last"—(1864).

"I have not been in the Confederate army."

"I was in Richmond in September" (1864).

"I was kidnapped by the Yankees, and brought North from my home in Jefferson county, in October last" (1864).

"When I was in Virginia I lived in my own house until I was burnt out and my family were turned out by the Northern soldiers."

AT WASHINGTON.

"I am a native of the State of New York."

"I resided near Columbia, S. C."

"I was conscripted in the rebel service near Columbia, S. C., where I was then residing."

"I was in Richmond in October."

"I ran the blockade. I walked it most of the way; I rode in the cars to Hanover Junction, and from there walked. I came up through Snickerville to Charlestown, Va., and from there to Harper's Ferry, and so on."

"I am 28 years old, born in New York, and educated there."

In 1867 this Sandford Conover was indicted and tried at Washington City for these very perjuries; convicted, sentenced and committed to the Albany penitentiary for a term of ten years. The testimony against him was furnished by his former pals and friends of this "Bu-

reau of Military Justice." Conover said that he had been paid \$3,000 on account for his testimony. Times were, however, changing. They turned on him, and so this "Acteon" of perjurers was devoured by his own dogs.

Richard Montgomery. This man was examined before the Military Commission by the Judge Advocate General, Judge Holt. The principal object of his testimony, so far as relates to the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, seems to be to fix guilt upon Mr. Jacob Thompson and myself. Let me give a few extracts from the testimony:

Q.—"State any conversation you may had with Jacob Thompson in Canada, in the summer of 1864, in regard to putting the President of the United States out of the way, or assassinating him." A.—"During the conversation in 1864, Jacob Thompson said he had friends, Confederates, all over the Southern States, who were ready and willing to go any length for the good of the cause of the South, and he could, at any time, have the tyrant Lincoln and any others of his advisers that he chose put out of the way; that he would only have to point out the man he considered in the way, and his friends, as he termed them, would put them out of it, and that they would not consider it a crime when done for the cause of the Confederacy."

Q.—"Did you, or not, see Thompson some time in the month of January, 1865, and where?" A.—"That was in Canada, in Montreal."

Q.—"Will you state what he then said to you, if anything, in regard to a proposition which had been made him to rid the world of the tyrant, Lincoln?" A.—"He said a proposition had been made him to rid the world of the tyrant, Lincoln, Stanton, Grant, and some others; that he knew the men who had made the proposition were bold, daring men, and able to execute anything that they would undertake, without regard to the cost; that he, himself, was in favor of the proposition, but had determined to defer his answer until he had consulted his government at Richmond, and that he was then only awaiting their approval. He said that he thought it would be a blessing to the people, both North and South, to have those men killed."

Q.—"This was in January?" A.—"That was in January last."

Q.—"Did you meet Booth there?" A.—"No, Sir, I never saw Mr. Booth in Canada."

Q.—"Did any of these men of whom you have spoken say that Booth was one of the men referred to by Jacob Thomson, who was willing to assassinate the President?" A.—"No, sir; W. W. Cleary told me. I related to him the conversation I had had, or a portion of

it, with Mr. Thompson, in January, and he said that Booth was one of the parties to whom Thompson had referred." Now, Mr. Thompson was not in Montreal at any time in the month of January. The time and place of conversation with me is not stated, nor that any third person was present, so that it cannot be directly disproved, but since no conversation with Mr. Thompson took place in January, it could not be mentioned to me. As to the alleged conversation with Mr. Thompson in 1864, I here present, in full, the affidavit of an honored gentleman of this city, then residing in Canada, viz :

Province of Canada, city of Toronto, to-wit :

I, John B. Castleman, at present residing in the city of Toronto, but formerly of Fayette county, in the State of Kentucky, an officer in the Confederate army, make oath and say :

First—That I am well acquainted with Jacob Thompson and W. W. Cleary.

Second—That I was in the city of Toronto in the early part of August last (1864), in the company of the said Jacob Thompson and W. W. Cleary, and know that Richard Montgomery, then passing under the name of James Thompson, was at that time known to them as a United State detective and spy from New York.

Third—That said Montgomery was recognized and denounced as a Federal detective in the employ of United States Marshal Murray, within a few hours after his arrival in Toronto, by a friend from New York city, then present.

Fourth—That the said Jacob Thompson and Cleary conversed with me at that time as to their knowledge of the true character of Montgomery, *alias* Thompson.

Fifth—That Montgomery, so soon as he was discovered, left the Queen's hotel, where he was stopping, and, I believe, the city of Toronto, for I, with others, searched for him and was unable to find him.

Sixth—That I was on intimate terms with said Jacob Thompson and W. W. Cleary, both before and since the day on which Montgomery came to Toronto, and have never seen or heard of him being with them at any time, and do not believe he could have been in their company without my knowledge.

J. B. CASTLEMAN.

Sworn to before me, at the city of Toronto, this 19th day of August, A. D., 1865.

I. M. CANAVAN, Justice of the Peace.

Before the Military Commission, Montgomery swore himself to be what he was known to be within a few hours after he came to Toronto.

Q.—“During your stay at Canada, were you or not in the service of the Government, and seeking to acquire for its use information in regard to the plans or purposes of the rebels who were known to be assembled there?” A.—“I was.”

Q.—“To enable you to do this, did you or not deem it proper and necessary that you should assume a different name from your real name, and under which you now appear before this court?” A.—“Yes, sir, I did.”

The style of the examination of Montgomery by Judge Holt, indicates a very complete understanding between them of what amount and quality of “swearing” was to be done. Montgomery was a person of infamous character, certainly so known to the United States Marshal at New York city, for he had been a frequent prisoner in the “Tombs prison” of that city, and had been convicted in the New York courts for the crime of robbery.

Dr. James B. Merritt appeared and testified before the Military Commission. He says that he came from Canada in response to a letter, which he produced, as follows:

“WAR DEPARTMENT, PROVOST MARSHAL-GENERAL'S BUREAU,
Washington, April 20, 1865.

“*To Dr. J. B. Merritt, Agent, Canada West:*

“Sir:—I have been informed that you possess information connected with a plot to assassinate the President of the United States and other prominent heads of the Government. The bearer has been sent to present this letter to you, and to accompany you to this city. If you will come, the Secretary of War authorizes me to pledge you protection and security, and to pay all expenses connected with your journey both ways, and in addition to promise you a suitable reward, if useful information is furnished. Independent of these considerations, it is hoped that the cause of humanity and justice will induce you to act promptly, individualizing anything you may know connected with the recent tragedy in this city, or with any other plots yet in operation. The bearer is directed to pay all expenses connected with your trip.

“Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

“JAMES B. FRY,
“*Provost Marshal-General.*”

The promise of a "suitable reward" for "useful information" when made by a wealthy government could not fail to procure whatever information such a government might happen to desire.

Merritt's principal statement is, that he was present at a meeting in Montreal about the middle of February last (1865), when a proposition to kill President Lincoln was discussed, and a letter from Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States, was read, approbating whatever might be done.

Sanford Conover's statement, before the Military Commission, was that the rebels at Montreal only wrote to Mr. Davis in February to get his approbation of the assassination project, and waited until April, when they got such a reply as Merritt said they had in February.

Merritt says this letter from Mr. Davis was read to the meeting by Mr. George N. Saunders, and he fixed the time about the middle of February. He says that after this reading of the letter it was handed to the members of the meeting and read by them, one after another; that the members present were Captain Scott, Colonel Steele and George Young.

At the time of this pretended meeting Captain Scott, Colonel Steele and Mr. Young were at Windsor, opposite Detroit, nearly 600 miles from Montreal, and were not absent from Windsor at any time during the month of February. As to Scott, see affidavit of P. S. Worthington, Barrister at Windsor, and of Dr. C. B. Gilbert. As to Young, the affidavit of Wm. Chapman, book-keeper of Hiron's Hotel; and as to Colonel Steele, affidavits of Mrs. Annie M. Palmer, G. McMicken, Magistrate; S. S. McDonnell, Mayor of Windsor, and of Judge Leggette, of the county court, and others. And what is still more remarkable in his stupid, preposterous perjury, *Merritt was not himself in Montreal during the month of February*, but as sworn by William Bell, Esq., coronor of Waterloo county, Canada, William Jackson, Thomas Scott, and Thomas M. Cook, residents of the village of Ayr, in said county, Merritt was never absent from the village during February. Ayr is more than 500 miles distant from Montreal.

Merritt says he had a conversation with Mr. Clement C. Clay in the city of Toronto in February, 1865, in which the assassination was spoken of, as well as the letter of Mr. Davis approving it, and that Mr. Clay said he thought the "end would justify the means." The Judge Advocate, in order that there should be no possible mistake as to identity, asks him this question:

"The Clay of whom you have spoken is Clement C. Clay, of Ala-

bama, formerly of the United States Senate, is it not?" To which he answers: "Yes, sir; C. C. Clay."

Now, in addition to the testimony just cited, showing that Merritt was not in Toronto, but in Ayr, during all of February, 1865—*Mr. Clay was not there*, having left Canada in November, 1864, and sailing from Halifax, Nova Scotia, on the 12th of January, 1865, on a blockade running steamer, passing by the Bermudas, and landing at Charleston, South Carolina, on the 3d of February, 1865, and never after returning to Canada. In the testimony herewith filed this is shown by the statements of the Halifax newspapers, Hon. C. A. Pillsberg, and the master of the steamer.

Merritt lived at Windsor in the fall of 1864, removing to Ayr, and living there continuously until the "bearer," who was authorized by the Secretary of War "to pay all expenses" and to promise "a suitable reward if useful information is furnished," found him and brought him to Washington.

His reputation and character at Windsor was that of a disreputable swindler and common liar, as is testified by the very best of citizens there, namely: Lewis W. Ashley, banker; James Frazer, jeweler; Robert Rae, distiller; Wm. McGregor, banker; C. D. Grasett, Cashier of the Commercial Bank; Thomas Perkins, Daniel Hibler, and J. C. Lawler, merchants and gentlemen of Windsor. And at Ayr his career of imposture, quackery and lying is testified to by respectable citizens, four Justices of the Peace, Esquires Robert Wylie, John Watson, Joseph Kilgour and John Davidson, and of leading business men. The *Toronto Globe*, a newspaper conspicuous for its fidelity to the Northern side of the war, in its issue of June 24, 1865, says: "We give to-day the statements, over their own signatures, of three responsible parties, Justices of the peace, residing in the county of Waterloo, respecting the character of Dr. Merritt, late of the village of Ayr, one of the secret witnesses against Jefferson Davis and his Canada agents. This testimony is only in corroboration of what has been said before in various ways and on pretty good authority; but these last statements, taken in connection with previous ones, appear utterly to destroy the value of Merritt's evidence."

Merritt claimed, when he came to Canada, that he was from Knoxville, Tenn.; that he had been the family physician of President Johnson, Parson Brownlow and other persons of distinction; that he had been surgeon to a regiment of the regular army of the United States before the war; that he had been engaged in the leather business and owned a large tannery at Knoxville, and a considerable tract of land about

eight miles from that city. I do not know what has become of this unmitigated liar.

It is not wonderful that the Military Commission, which will live in all history, covered with the infamy of the murder of Mrs. Surratt, should have received the testimony of these patent perjurers, Conover, Montgomery and Merritt, but it is amazing that the Government should even, upon their exparte, uncontradicted statements, have based an accusation. This "secret testimony" was obtained for publication by an enterprising correspondent of the *Cincinnati Commercial*, and was by that journal first given to the world. Subsequently it was published by the Government. That the authorities at Washington entertained no confidence in or respect for this "evidence in the Bureau of Military Justice" was evinced by their conduct in relation to two of the injured parties, for though Mr. Davis and Mr. Clay were prisoners in their power, they were never brought to military or other trial. The "Mission" to Canada was political, of which a member of the Canadian Ministry was duly informed. The Commissioners were Hon. Jacob Thompson, of Mississippi, and Hon. Clement C. Clay, of Alabama. (I had the honor to be their Secretary.) So far as concerned plots, conspiracies, etc., they were precluded by their instructions from any such acts, as well as by their own personal views of dignity and propriety. The "evidence in the Bureau of Military Justice," upon which the proclamation charged this high crime is not merely unreliable, but in a singular degree false and preposterous in the face of well-known facts of time and place impossible to be true; the testimony of witnesses utterly reckless of reputation and without fear of God or man, who, as by one of those interpositions of Divine Providence for the protection of society against perjured villains, seem to have been given over to a blind stupidity in contriving their lies.

As one implicated and suffering under the proclamation of May 2, 1865, in November of that year, for myself and my superior in office, I forwarded to President Johnson the testimony, facts and documents herewith filed, accompanied with an appeal to his native sense of justice and obligations as the representative of a great people, to withdraw and annul the proclamation, urging that every consideration of official self-respect; of respect for the natural instinct of justice and right which will assert their supremacy in the hearts of the people when the passion and excitement of the hour has passed away; of respect for the reputation of the country among Christian nations abroad, and respect for the judgment of history in coming time, all combined to impel rather than restrain him from doing a simple act of justice, due even to a violent

public enemy of a foreign country, and certainly none the less to men who in time past had been honored and trusted by the American people as among their illustrious citizens, and whose dishonor, therefore, was a stain upon the honor of the nation. I am sorry to have to add in conclusion, that although the intelligence of the country very rapidly came to a just judgment, as to the "evidence in the Bureau of Military Justice," and with instinctive sense of right and honor revolted at the perjuries by which President Johnson was deceived, and led to proclaim such men dishonored felons, that his Excellency allowed the charges of that proclamation to stain the records of the government for nearly three years; the proclamation not being withdrawn until in 1868.

Operations Around Winchester in 1863.

REPORT OF GENERAL J. A. WALKER.

CAMP NEAR CHAMBERSBURG, June 25th, 1863.

Captain,—I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of the Stonewall Brigade around Winchester and Jordan's Springs on the 13th, 14th and 15th insts.

At daylight on Saturday morning of the 13th, the brigade moved from its camp near Cedarville in the direction of Winchester on the Front Royal and Winchester turnpike. About noon, when three miles from Winchester, the Second Virginia Regiment, Colonel Nadenbousch commanding, was detached from my command and deployed on the left of the road as skirmishers. For report of operations of that regiment during the remainder of that day see report of Colonel Nadenbousch enclosed.

The remainder of the brigade was formed in line of battle on the right of the turnpike out of sight and out of range of the enemy's guns. After remaining in this position for half an hour, I received orders to move by the left flank under cover of a ravine, and occupy a wood a few hundred yards in our front, which was done.

After occupying that position for a short while, I again received orders to move to another wood on our left and nearer Winchester, which was also done, and we remained in that position during the remainder of the day and that night. That portion of the brigade under my command did not fire a single gun during these operations and did not suffer a single casualty, although we were in range of the enemy's

fire during a considerable portion of the time. After nightfall, the Second regiment rejoined the command.

Early on the morning of the 14th, I was ordered by the Major-General commanding the Division to move across the Millwood Pike and to advance between the Millwood and Berryville pikes until I occupied the hills to the east of and fronting the town of Winchester.

Moving by the right flank under cover of the hills, until the command reached a position opposite the point it was ordered to occupy, the Fifth regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Williams commanding, was deployed as skirmishers and advanced in the direction of the town rapidly as possible. The remainder of the brigade following about three hundred yards in the rear. My skirmishers encountered the enemy's skirmishers on the crest of the hills and drove them back to the edge of the town, where they remained during the remainder of the day under shelter of the houses and the fences, and keeping up a continual and brisk fire upon our skirmishers, who occupied the stone fence at the western base of the hills within easy musket range of their position. A continuous and brisk skirmish between the two lines was kept up until dark and the Fifth regiment lost during the day, three men killed, sixteen wounded and ten missing.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, the enemy advanced a considerable body of men against the right of the line of skirmishers compelling it to fall back and capturing ten prisoners. At this time Lieutenant-Colonel Williams, who had command of the regiment during the day, with activity, coolness and courage, was wounded by a musket ball through the thigh and the command of the regiment devolved on Major Newton.

The Eighteenth Connecticut Regiment was deployed in front of our skirmishers, and from the testimony of some of its officers captured by this brigade the next day, I was highly gratified at the efficiency and accuracy of the fire of my skirmishers.

During the day the rest of the brigade occupied a position in rear of the hills under cover of a ravine and lost not a single man either killed or wounded.

After dark I received an order from Lieutenant Heindrick's, of Major-General Johnson's staff, to "*move forward*," with the further direction to push my skirmishers into and through the town, if practicable. While preparing to obey this order, Dr. Coleman, Medical Director for the division, came up and informed me that the rest of the division was moving on the Berryville turnpike and that it was intended that my command should follow. I immediately sent Lieutenant Hunter of my

staff to find Major-General Johnson, and ascertain what I was expected to do. While he was gone, I ordered the left of my skirmishers to advance into Winchester and learn whether the enemy still held the place. They advanced into the town and reported that the enemy had left and retired to their fortifications soon after dark. About eleven o'clock Lieutenant Hunter returned, having found the Major-General commanding, who directed me to follow the rest of the division on the Berryville road. Calling in my skirmishers as quickly as possible, I moved by the Berryville Pike and Jordan Springs, and was within a mile of Stevenson depot, at dawn, when heavy firing in that direction announced that the brigade in our front were engaging the enemy. Hurrying up the command as rapidly as possible, we reached the scene of action just as a portion of the enemy's forces were endeavoring to make their escape in the direction of Jordan's Springs. I ordered the Fourth, Twenty-seventh and Thirty-third regiments which were in rear of the column to face to the left and advanced in line of battle in the direction of the enemy's column to cut off their retreat.

The Second and Fifth Regiments were moved forward and formed in line of battle on the right of the road, and on the right flank of General Stuart's brigade. At this juncture, Captain Douglas, of Major-General Johnson's staff, informed me that the whole of my command was needed on the right. I directed Captain Arnall, of my staff, to recall the Fourth, Twenty-Seventh, and Thirty-Third Regiments from the left and bring them to the support of the Second and Fifth on the right. Advancing at once with the Second and Fifth Regiments through the fields in right of the woods, in which General Stuart's brigade was posted, we crossed the railroad and reached the turnpike without encountering the enemy.

The smoke and fog was so dense that we could only see a few steps in front, and when, on reaching the Martinsburg turnpike, I saw a body of men about fifty yards to the west of that road moving by the flank in the direction of Martinsburg, it was with difficulty I could determine whether they were friends or foes, as they made no hostile demonstrations, and refused to say to what brigade they belonged. Being satisfied, at last, that it was a retreating column of the enemy, I ordered the command to fire. The enemy gave way and retreated back from the pike in disorder at the first fire, returning only a straggling and inaccurate fire.

Pressing them back rapidly to the woods west of the road, they made no stand, but hoisted a white flag and surrendered to the two regiments before the others came up. Total number of prisoners taken by the

brigade at this point amounted to 713 non-commissioned officers and privates, and eighty-three commissioned officers, six stand of colors, and arms, accoutrements, &c., corresponding to the number of prisoners taken. Among the prisoners was Colonel Ely, of the Eighteenth Connecticut, commanding the brigade; Colonel Wilson, 123d Ohio; Lieutenant-Colonel Nichols, Eighteenth Connecticut; Lieutenant-Colonel ———, Twelfth Virginia, and two or three other field officers. The prisoners captured represented the following regiments: Eighteenth Connecticut, 123d Ohio, Fifth Indiana, Twelfth Virginia, and Seventy-Sixth Pennsylvania. Total casualties of the brigade on this day was three wounded.

During the entire operations detailed above, the officers and men of the command behaved to my entire satisfaction, and not a single instance of misbehavior came under my observation.

To my personal staff, Lieutenants Cox, Hunter and Arnall, I am indebted for their prompt and ready assistance during the three days' operations.

I have, Captain, the honor to be,

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

J. A. WALKER,

Brigadier-General.

CAPTAIN B. W. LEIGH,

A. A. G. Johnson's Division.

List of casualties in the Stonewall brigade in operations around Winchester 13th, 14th and 15th June, 1863:

Second Virginia Infantry.

Killed—None.

Wounded—Privates Asa Jenkins, Company E, finger, shell; Wm. Deane, Company F, leg, slight.

Fourth Virginia Infantry.

Killed—None.

Wounded—None.

Fifth Virginia Infantry.

Killed—Privates Robert Wood, Company A; James Fridley, Company C; J. A. Elliott, Company I.

Wounded—Lieutenant-Colonel H. J. Williams, thigh, severe. Corporals J. Ramsey, Company E, slight, knee; John Wallace, Company G, slight, back. Privates D. H. Blakemore, Company C, severe, wrist; A. H. Gay, Company D, severe, head; P. J. Hight, Company E, severe, in leg; R. F. Weeks, Company E, slight, in leg; P. C. Sherman, Company F, slight, in arm; J. Yago, Company F, severe, face; J. B. Gibson, Company G, slight, side; D. Wiele, Company I, slight, side; J. H. Guy, Company K, severe, hip; Sergeant J. H. Roller, Company L, severe, arm. Privates W. H. H. Day, Company L, slight, hand; J. W. Graver, Company L, finger off; J. Day, Company L, slight, foot.

Missing—Sergeant John Perry, Company F. Privates Riley Morris, J. L. Pumphrey, S. M. Shiplett, J. Stinespring, M. Stimbock, Company C; John Kelley, Company G; J. Leptrap, Company H; J. Hansberger, William Ruebush, Company I.

Twenty-seventh Virginia Infantry.

Killed—None.

Wounded—None.

Thirty-third Virginia Infantry.

Killed—None.

Wounded—Private Patrick Cavanaugh, Company E, severe, hip.

RECAPITULATION.

	Officers.	Men.
Killed,	—	3
Wounded,	1	19
Missing,	—	10
	<hr/> 1	<hr/> 32

HEAD-QUARTERS STONEWALL BRIGADE,

June 16, 1873.

Major,—In obedience to circular of this morning, I have the honor to report the following list of killed, wounded, and missing in this brigade in the recent operations around Winchester:

REGIMENTS.	KILLED.		WOUNDED.		MISSING.		TOTAL LOSS.	REMARKS.
	Officers.	Enlisted Men.	Officers.	Enlisted Men.	Officers.	Enlisted Men.		
Second Va. Infantry.....	2	2	
Fourth Va. Infantry.....	No loss.
Fifth Va. Infantry	3	1	16	10	30	Lt.-Col. Williams is the officer reported wounded.
Twenty-seventh Va. Infantry.	No loss.
Thirty-third Va. Infantry.....	1	1	
							33	

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. A. WALKER, *Brigadier General.*

Major B. W. Leigh,

Assistant Adjutant-General, Johnson's Division.

REPORT OF GENERAL GEORGE H. STEUART.

HEADQUARTERS STEUART'S BRIGADE, June 19th, 1863.

Sir,—I have the honor to submit the following report of the part taken by my brigade in the recent operations around Winchester: On the morning of the 13th instant I marched up the Front Royal road, towards Winchester, with the Tenth Virginia, First and Third North Carolina Regiments, the Twenty-Third Virginia having been detached to guard the division train, and the Thirty-Seventh Virginia to support the reserve artillery. The brigade was not engaged during the day, being posted to the right of the road as a support to the Stonewall brigade. Early on the morning of the 14th instant that brigade moved nearer the town, throwing out skirmishers, and I also moved forward, and in the afternoon, farther to the right, next to the Berryville turn-pike. At dark, I was directed by the Major-General commanding, to move down the road towards Berryville, and after marching several miles (a guide afterwards coming up to show the way) the brigade took a circuitous left-hand road, passing by Jordan's Springs, and was halted just before daybreak, on the 15th instant, at the small bridge where

the road crosses the Winchester and Potomac railroad, about four miles from Winchester, and a few hundred yards from the Martinsburg turnpike. Wagons were heard moving along the pike, and, after a few minutes halt, the Major-General commanding, who had gone forward to reconnoitre, gave orders to move into the woods to the right of the road between the railroad and turnpike, and, just as the head of the column was crossing the bridge, it was fired into, causing momentary confusion. Notwithstanding the difficulty of crossing in the dark, fences to the right and left of the road, line of battle was soon formed along the railroad cut, the Tenth Virginia to the right of the bridge, and the First and Third North Carolina to the left, where there was no wood. Skirmishers were thrown forward, and a brisk fire commenced. The enemy advanced in line of battle, cheering and driving in our skirmishers, but were soon themselves, in turn, driven back. Receiving information that an attempt was being made to turn our left flank, I threw out two companies of the Third North Carolina to protect it. Lieutenant-Colonel Andrews, commanding the artillery battalion attached to this division, had previously placed a piece of the Maryland artillery on the bridge, and the other pieces of that battery, and a section from each of the batteries of Captains Rains and Carpenter's, on the rising ground in rear of my left, rendering most valuable support. A column of the enemy was now observed passing round to our left and rear, and I directed the Third North Carolina to repel the attack, but, finding that two regiments of Nichols's brigade were coming up, that regiment was returned to its original position. Colonel Warren, of the Tenth Virginia, sent word from the right that the enemy were pressing him very hard, his supply of cartridges rapidly diminishing, and I sent the First and subsequently a portion of the Third North Carolina to his support. Just before this, the Major-General commanding, with the aforementioned regiments of Nichols's brigade, attacked and pursued most vigorously that portion of the enemy, who were passing to our left and rear. After a while I was informed that the ammunition of the Tenth Virginia was all expended but one round held in reserve, and that the other two regiments of my brigade had only a few rounds left; also that the ordnance wagons were behind, and after sending repeatedly, I found it impossible to get more ammunition.

Several attempts were made by the enemy to carry the bridge, and almost all the cannoneers of the piece placed there were killed or wounded. The gallant Lieutenant Contee was also wounded, and I must here mention the gallant conduct of Lieutenant John A. Morgan, First North Carolina regiment, who, with Private Owens, of the Mary-

land artillery, and some occasional assistance, manned the piece most effectively, driving the enemy back from the bridge at a most critical moment, as the regiments near, from want of ammunition, were unable to render any assistance. Up to this time my brigade (with assistance from the artillery) had alone sustained the attack upon the front and right. Brigadier General Walker now came up on my right with two regiments of his brigade (Stonewall) and rapidly advanced in line of battle through the woods, towards the turnpike. The Major-General commanding being engaged in a different part of the field, I directed two regiments of Nichols's brigade to cross the bridge and attack the enemy's rear, which was passing. At the same time General Walker was pressing them on their right, and thus hemmed in, they gave way, and many were taken prisoners—about 1,000 by my brigade and the remainder by General Walker. Four stands of colors were taken by my brigade; also about 175 horses. I am glad to say that my loss was small—only nine killed and thirty-four wounded—though I regret to mention among the killed, Captain J. S. R. Miller, a gallant and meritorious officer of the First North Carolina regiment. I cannot speak in terms too high of the manner in which all the officers and men conducted themselves, every one doing all in his power to accomplish the end in view. Captain G. G. Garrison, assistant Adjutant-General, and First Lieutenant R. H. McKim, may *aid de camp*, rendered valuable assistance, the latter occasionally serving at the piece on the bridge.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

GEO. H. STEUART,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

MAJOR B. W. LEIGH,
A. A. Gen'l, Johnson's Division.

Sherman's Campaign in Mississippi in Winter of 1864.

REPORT OF GENERAL ROSS.

HEADQUARTER'S TEXAS BRIGADE, I. C. D.
BENTON, MISS., March 13th, 1864.

Captain,—In compliance with your call for "a report of the operations of this brigade, on the Yazoo river, during the recent advance of the enemy, under General Sherman," I have the honor to submit the following—to wit:

Immediately upon the return of my command from the Mississippi

river, about the 20th January, I received an order from the Division Commander to take position near Benton, Miss., and was charged with guarding the country west of Big Black river. A few days subsequently, Colonel Mabry, of the Third Regiment Texas Cavalry, commanding the brigade in my absence, received orders to move to the vicinity of Mechanicsburg, at which place the command arrived on the evening of the 26th.

Being informed by the scouts in front that a large foraging party was moving upon the "Ridge Road" from Vicksburg, Col. Mabry attempted to intercept it, but the enemy, receiving notice of his presence in the neighborhood saved himself by flight. On the morning of the 28th, my scouts reported gunboats and transports coming up the Yazoo river. Two boats were already at Satartia, and the smoke of others was plainly visible below. Hoping to surprise the two advance boats, I moved rapidly from Mechanicsburg to Satartia, leaving one regiment at the former place to guard against the advance of any land force from that direction.

The movement was entirely successful, and ere they were aware of our presence, Lieutenant Merre had his pieces in position and opened fire upon them at 900 yards distance. One of the boats, a transport, was landed at Dr. Gales' place, on the opposite side of the river, one-quarter of a mile above Satartia, had debarked its troops and was loading with forage. The gunboat had halted in the middle of the river, being along doubtless merely for the protection of the transport.

Our attack was sudden and unexpected, so much so, that before the transport could loose herself from the shore and get off, she received some twenty (20) shots, many of them passing entirely through her hulk but without damage to her machinery so far as we could discover. So hurried was her departure that the men on shore had not time to get aboard, but were left to save themselves as best they could. The gunboat ran off without firing a shot, and both boats being out of reach, I directed some shells to be thrown at a squadron of cavalry which having been picketing up the river while the boats were loading, and hearing our artillery, were now endeavoring to get back. Attempting to run by within range of our guns, a few shells exploding in their midst unhorsed several and scattered the rest in all directions.

The men who were unhorsed, were afterwards captured by some of my skirmishers (who crossed the river in a dug-out for this purpose) and proved to be negro troops.

Being convinced that the enemy would again advance very soon, en route for Yazoo City, I examined the river banks and selected Liver-

pool as the most suitable place at which to fight them. At this point the banks are high and the hills extend down to within musket range of the river, which would enable me to use small arms and artillery at the same time. The bed of the river is also partially obstructed opposite Liverpool by a sunken steamboat, to pass which would require the enemy to move very slowly and carefully. On the 2d February their boats again appeared; this time eleven (11) in number with formidable gunboats Nos. 3, 5, and 38, in advance.

They were evidently anticipating resistance at Liverpool and therefore passed the entire day in reconnoitering, but kept beyond the range of our guns, occasionally throwing shells at our scouts and skirmishers. No effort to pass was made, nor did any boat get within reach of our artillery until the morning of the 3d; three gunboats then moved up to within range. A heavy cannonading at once began and continued without intermission for hours. In the meantime three (3) regiments of infantry having landed from the transports below, were advancing with the intention of attempting to dislodge us with small arms. I had but two regiments with me at the time, having dispatched Colonel Mabry with his regiment (Third Texas) to check a force of the enemy advancing from Mechanicsburg, and sent the First Texas legion, under Colonel Hawkins, over to the left to guard another road upon which the enemy were making some demonstrations.

However, I knew the men in whom I trusted and was not doubtful of the issue. The Sixth and Ninth regiments Texas cavalry, commanded by Colonel Wharton and Lieutenant-Colonel Berry, nobly sustained their well-earned reputation for gallantry and unflinching firmness.

The enemy charged and were driven back, rallied, charged the second time and were again repulsed with six-shooters at twenty-five paces distant, and this time so signally and effectually that they could not be checked again until they were safe on board their boats.

Their killed and wounded, with many arms that were thrown away in their flight, were all left in our possession and were collected after the fight.

The enemy made no further effort to dislodge us, but late in the evening about-faced and moved off down the river. I did not conclude that they had given up the expedition entirely, and was not surprised when at daylight the next morning their gunboats again appeared in sight. I had, however, exhausted almost all my artillery ammunition and determined to husband the remainder for an emergency. No resistance to the boats passing was therefore attempted, but as the transports went

by with troops and horses, entirely exposed, the Ninth Texas cavalry lined the banks and poured into them several volleys, which must have done much execution. As soon as they were passed, I moved my command direct to Yazoo City, determined to intercept them again at that place and prevent their landing or expend my last shot in the effort. Arrived at Yazoo City on the evening of the 4th. The enemy did not appear until 8 A. M. the following day, when three (3) gunboats turned the bend of the river three miles below town.

My position had already been chosen and artillery posted. The bank of the river was lined with my sharpshooters concealed by the rough and broken surface of the ground. When the advance boat, which proved to be the No. 38, had arrived to within a few yards of the landing, one of my rifle pieces opened fire at short range; almost every shot taking effect and some of them passing entirely through the boat into the water beyond. The enemy promptly returned our shots, but in a few moments the No. 38 was disabled and began, with great difficulty to drop back down the river. The other boats, halting beyond the range of our guns, shelled us for an hour or two, and then drew off to their transports, four (4) miles below the city. I now made disposition of my forces for resisting a land attack, suspecting the enemy of an intention to again send out his infantry. Indeed, several regiments had already landed and deployed in line, but showed no desire to come within range of our muskets.

Evidently intimidated by the rough handling they had received the day before, at Liverpool, the whole force re-embarked late in the evening, and moved off down the river, closely followed by my scouts, and reported passing Sataritia at ten o'clock next morning. I now deemed it prudent to remain in the vicinity of Benton until I could obtain reliable information in regard to the movements of Sherman's forces and of our own cavalry. I had received no dispatches for several days, and the reports that reached me were so uncertain and contradictory that I could not credit them.

Your dispatches, directing me to join the rest of the division east of Pearl river, reached me at the Ponds four miles west of Benton, Miss., February 8th. I moved at once, and travelled as rapidly as my teams would bear. Arrived at Daleville, Miss., about the same time that the advance of the enemy reached Meridian, and decided to communicate from there with Brigadier-General Jackson or Major-General Lee, and await their instructions. In the meantime, not wishing to continue idle, I moved down to Marion Station, and there meeting the enemy, the Third Texas regiment kept up a sharp skirmish with them

throughout the day. The following day I was ordered towards the northern part of the State, to reinforce General Forrest. Arrived at Starkesville, but too late to be of any service there, as the enemy had already been driven back, and were now in full retreat. At Starkesville, therefore, our route was changed, and in obedience to orders from General Jackson, I returned again to Yazoo county.

Arrived at Benton, Miss., on the 28th, and was about encamping my command at the Ponds, four miles west of Benton, when a squadron of negro cavalry from Yazoo city came in sight, I immediately ordered detachments of the Sixth and Ninth regiments, which happened to be the nearest at hand, to charge them. The negroes, after the first fire, broke in wild disorder, each seeming intent upon nothing but making his escape. Being mounted on mules, however, but few of them got away. The road all the way to Yazoo city was literally strewn with their bodies.

The negro troops, after this, were very timid, and never came out to reconnoiter but that they were easily chased back by a few scouts. On the evening of the 4th of March, the West Tennessee brigade, commanded by Brigadier-General Richardson, arrived at my camps. I had been in communication with General Richardson for several days, and at my request, he had brought his command down to assist me in an attempt to drive the enemy from Yazoo city. Being the senior officer, I advised him to assume command of both brigades, but this he declined.

At 8 A. M. of the 5th, in accordance with the plans agreed upon the evening before, our combined force moved on Yazoo City, the object being to feel the enemy's position, and having determined his strength to decide then upon the policy of attempting to take the place. The Third Texas Regiment, of my command, being in advance, drove in the enemy's pickets and advanced to within two hundred yards of a strong redoubt on the Plank road, which was held by the Eleventh and 109th Illinois Regiments consolidated.

The Ninth Texas being directed to the left took position on a fortified hill to the south of this redoubt and about 500 yards distant.

In the meantime, General Richardson, with his own and two (2) regiments of my command, had borne to the right, taking a road that leaves the Plank road, one and a half miles from Yazoo City, leading into the northeast corner of the town, and had occupied another hill to the south of and six hundred (600) yards distant from the redoubt on the Plank road.

The artillery of both brigades being now in position and within easy

range of the enemy, opened brisk fire, many shells exploding within the redoubt, and must have done much execution, but failed to drive the enemy from his position.

Finding this to be the case, General Richardson pushed forward his column, and occupied the town, driving all opposition before him.

The enemy in the redoubt were now completely surrounded, and their capture seemed inevitable. I demanded a surrender, and being refused, we decided to again concentrate our artillery upon the redoubt at short range, hoping to drive them out with shell, for, to have assaulted the place would have been a sacrifice of more men than it was worth.

We had now undisputed possession of Yazoo city, except a warehouse immediately on the river bank, in which a few of the enemy were crouching under the protection of their gunboats.

General Richardson had fired a large lot of cotton which the Yankees had collected for transportation down the river, and destroyed a large quantity of quartermaster and commissary stores.

The hospitals of the enemy, with all his wounded (some thirty in number), were in our possession, together with eighteen prisoners, and a large number of horses and mules. We had accomplished all that could be effected by holding the city, and therefore decided to withdraw our forces therefrom, which was effected quietly and without confusion. The enemy in the redoubt seeing this movement in town, and thinking we were retreating, sallied out and attempted to charge the two regiments in their front, but were quickly repulsed. About this time two transports arrived with reinforcements, upon which it was decided to withdraw all our forces, which we did, retiring to our former encampment near Benton.

The following morning the enemy all left Yazoo city, evidently anticipating a renewal of the attack. My command had acted most gallantly throughout the day, and indeed during the entire campaign on the Yazoo river. Men and officers displayed true courage. To them their country is indebted for any success that may have attended our efforts.

To Brigadier-General Richardson I am under obligations for his ready and zealous coöperation in the attack on Yazoo city. This truly gallant officer is an honor to the service, and a noble exponent of unflinching fidelity to the South.

I am, Captain, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

L. S. Ross, *Brigadier-General.*

To Captain George Moorman,

Assistant Adjutant-General Jackson's Cavalry Division.

REPORT OF GENERAL FERGUSON.

HEAD-QUARTERS CAVALRY BRIGADE,
CALHOUN STATION, March 31, 1864.

Major,—I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of the cavalry under my command from the 28th of January to the present time. On the 26th of January, in obedience to telegraphic orders received late at night, the Second Tennessee battalion, my brigade, was ordered to report to Major-General Forrest; the Twelfth battalion, Mississippi cavalry, then on a scout to the line of the M. & C. railroad, was recalled, and the commanding officer directed to join me at Jackson by the most direct route; Owens's battery was ordered from Aberdeen to Egypt Station, at which point its guns and baggage, and the baggage of the balance of the brigade, were shipped to Jackson in charge of the dismounted men and the sick. On the 28th of January, having relieved myself of every incumbrance, I broke camp and marched with my command for Jackson, but on reaching Canton (February 3d), in obedience to telegraphic orders there received, I moved rapidly to Clinton to meet the advancing columns of the enemy, sending artillery horses and horses of men who came by cars direct to Jackson.

On the morning after I reached Clinton (February 5th, '64), with a command very much reduced in numbers, the enemy approached that place, and I received orders to fall back so as to cover the roads to Canton and Madison Station, which I at once obeyed.

I remained in line of battle, covering these roads, in sight of the enemy, until near sunset, when I withdrew my command some eight miles and went into camp for the night. On the following morning I marched to Madison Station, where I remained during that and the following days. From this point that portion of Miller's regiment in camp was sent on a reconnoissance to Jackson, which duty was promptly and efficiently accomplished. This command did not rejoin me until the 14th of February. At daylight on the 8th ultimo I marched for Morton, crossing Pearl river at Smith's Ferry, and reached that point with the advance of my column by sunrise the next day. The enemy was, however, ahead of me and skirmishing at once began, and was continued until the volleys of musketry and the presence of infantry in some force satisfied me that it was impossible for me to get between him and General Polk's rear. Accordingly I withdrew my command, leaving a squadron on the Morton road to cover the movement, and

proceeded by the most direct route to Hillsboro. At this point I found General Polk, and was directed to ascertain, first, whether or not the enemy was advancing in force on Hillsboro, from nearest railroad station, and afterwards to push on with my command so as to reach Newton Station before the enemy and cover the embarkation of General French's division on the cars.

Having ascertained that the enemy was not advancing that day on Hillsboro, but had fallen back some little distance, I left Lieutenant-Colonel Maxwell, temporarily under my command, at Hillsboro to cover General Loring's rear, and made a forced march for Newton Station, which point I reached early on the following morning (10th February) and in the vicinity of which I remained during that day and until the following afternoon, when, by General Lee's order, I struck across the country to get between General Loring's rear and the enemy's advance, then near Decatur. This I accomplished by a tiresome and difficult night-march, over roads little travelled and covered up with pine straw, and the next morning (12th February) met the enemy at Chunkey river. From this time until I left the vicinity of Old Marion, on the afternoon of the 18th of February, my command was almost continually engaged with the enemy, the skirmishing at times being kept up until after dark.

On the morning of the 20th of February, I left Almucha to reinforce General Forrest. On reaching Macon General Adams's brigade was temporarily placed under my command, thus giving me a division, with which, by forced marches I reached Starkesville on the 22d of February.

On the 24th February, in obedience to orders from General Lee, I moved my command south to attack General Sherman's retreating column, in flank, on the east of Pearl river.

From information received at Louisville, I changed my plan of operations, and having crossed the Yockanuckamy at La Floor's Ferry, soon encountered the foraging parties of the enemy, which were at once driven in with a loss to them of seven (7) killed and thirty eight (38) captured; to me of one officer and one man wounded. On the following day General Adams's brigade was sent off to operate on the left flank of the enemy and south and west of Canton, and acting under General Jackson's orders, I pushed on directly in the enemy's rear and skirmished with him until he passed beyond Livingston on the 3d March. The next day I marched my exhausted command to Madison Station and went into camp.

I have thus succinctly given a report of operations extending over a

distance of nearly four hundred miles, and under difficulties that severely taxed the fortitude and patriotism of my men. At all times prompt to respond to every order, they boldly engaged the advance of a large and confident army, and unflinchingly held their position until ordered off the field. I regret to say I lost some men by desertion on the route, but with a well organized court this evil can be corrected in the future. To the officers and men of my command who remained with me, and to the officers of my staff, my thanks are due for the zeal and ardor displayed in the performance of their several duties.

I append a list of casualties.

I have the honor Major, to be, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

S. W. FERGUSON, *Brigadier General.*

Major William Elliott,

Assistant Adjutant and Inspector General, Canton, Miss.

REPORT OF GENERAL ADAMS.

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY BRIGADE,

March 12th, 1864.

Captain,—In obedience to orders from division headquarters, requiring a report of the operations of my brigade, during the recent advance of the enemy from Big Black to Meridian, I have the honor to submit the following:

My command having just returned from East Louisiana, whither it repaired under orders from Lieutenant-General Polk, directing me "to threaten Baton Rouge or Manchac," reached, by two days' forced marches, the vicinity of Raymond on the afternoon of the 28th of January.

I was then met by orders from division headquarters to watch closely all the ferries and approaches in the direction of Big Black, south of the railroad bridge, in anticipation of the expected advance of the enemy, and in case he crossed to advance and oppose him, offering all the resistance and at points as near the river as possible.

On the evening of the 3d February, at 6 P. M., I received intelligence from my scouts that the enemy was crossing in force at the railroad bridge and advancing towards Bolton's. I immediately mounted my command, consisting of eight hundred (800) men and a rifled section of King's Battery, and moved beyond Raymond, on the Edwards's Depot Road.

Halting until four o'clock next morning, I again put my command

in motion, marching rapidly towards Bolton's, one mile beyond which I took position; sending Colonel Wood's regiment forward to reconnoitre and ascertain certainly whether the enemy was moving on the Raymond or Bolton Road.

Near Champion Hill, Colonel Wood encountered a dismounted cavalry force, which, after a brief skirmish, was gallantly charged by Captain Muldron's squadron, killing and wounding a number, and capturing eight (8) prisoners. Colonel Wood reported to me that the enemy's cavalry force was on the Raymond Road and consequently moving on my left flank. I at once detached Colonel Dumontiel, and instructed him to move his regiment, Fourteenth Confederate, down the road on which I had come to the junction of the two roads, and hold the enemy in check, reporting to me his numbers movements, &c. With this force he soon became engaged, skirmishing briskly for several hours. I also sent Major Stockdale directly across a field to the same road, to take the enemy in flank, but he encountered an infantry and artillery force, from which he was compelled to retire, bringing off several prisoners.

The main infantry column of the enemy soon afterwards advanced upon the Bolton's Road, deploying a strong line of skirmishers and using one piece of artillery. He was held in check for several hours at this point by Wood's regiment and Stockdale's battalion, dismounted. Nothing could excel the unflinching courage and steadiness of these commands, eliciting at the time the commendation of the Major-General commanding.

About 3 o'clock P. M., the greatly superior force of the enemy having failed to dislodge them, a brigade of infantry, marching in column, was pushed across the creek on my extreme left, and moved rapidly towards some buildings which crowned an eminence on my left. At the same time he advanced in line of battle directly against my front.

The position being no longer tenable, I was ordered to withdraw my command across Baker's Creek Bridge, half a mile in my rear, and send two squadrons of Colonel Wood's regiment to check the enemy's advance on my left. Leaving Major Akins Ninth Tennessee battalion to cover the withdrawal of the command across the bridge, I removed the remainder as promptly as possible. Major Bridges, with two escort companies, supported by Captain Muldron's squadron of Wood's regiment, soon became warmly engaged with the enemy on the left, driving him from the buildings on the hill, but strong reinforcements coming up he was obliged to relinquish them soon afterwards. At this point fell Major Bridges, Lieutenant Wilson and eight men.

I next took position on the Bolton and Clinton road, one mile from that just relinquished.

The enemy advanced in four lines of battle across the field I had just left, but did not advance beyond Baker's Creek that evening.

Throwing out a strong picket and numerous scouts on my front and flanks, I withdrew my command one mile, to Mr. Thomas's plantation, where I fed my horses and encamped for the night.

Before daylight on the morning of the 5th of February, I resumed my position, directing Captain King to train his rifled pieces on the bridge over Baker's Creek, eight hundred yards in my front, and posted Colonel Griffith's Arkansas regiment on the right, and Major Stockdale's battalion on the left, both dismounted as supports for the artillery. I held Colonel Wood and Colonel Dumontiel in reserve—the former dismounted and forming a second line—the latter mounted and in column in the road. At 7 A. M., the enemy advanced in column across the bridge in my front, when I directed Captain King to open fire with his two rifled pieces, which did not, however, check the enemy.

He pressed steadily forward, deploying to the right and left in the open field. A rapid artillery fire was maintained for some time, and when within range, Colonel Griffith and Major Stockdale engaged his whole line, offering the most determined and stubborn resistance and maintaining their position to the last moment. Colonel Griffith and Major Stockdale, as usual, distinguishing themselves by their gallant and fearless bearing. After offering all the resistance possible to the largely superior force of the enemy, I withdrew Colonel Griffith's and Major Stockdale's commands, ordering Colonel Wood to cover the movement. Colonel Wood was released by Colonel Dumontiel and Major Akin successively, as the command retired in perfect order along the Clinton road.

When near Clinton, I was ordered by the Major-General commanding to hold the enemy in check until Colonel Starke's brigade, coming in on the Queen's Hill road, could pass through the town. After the passage of this command, I moved through Clinton, taking the Jackson road beyond. Two miles east of Clinton, I again took position on the eastern limit of an extended open field, and was joined by a section of Craft's and a section of Waties's South Carolina battery. The enemy soon showed himself on my front, but advanced cautiously. His line of skirmishers was promptly driven back by the artillery, the practice of which was excellent. After the lapse of two hours and a careful reconnaissance, he moved an infantry column out of view by a road one mile to my right, and falling into the Jackson road two miles in my

rear. Advancing a six-gun battery at the same time, with a strong infantry support to a commanding elevation on my front and left, and two twenty-pound Parrots in my front, he opened a rapid and vigorous fire of artillery, pushing forward at the same time a strong line of skirmishers under cover of a wood from the column moving past my right.

As the enemy showed no inclination to advance in my front, and my artillery was seriously endangered by the column turning my position, I ordered the artillery and supports to withdraw, following with the remainder of the command. In passing the points where the road on my right entered the Jackson road, the enemy poured a severe volley into Major Stockdale's battalion, acting as a rear-guard.

Colonel Wood's regiment was immediately moved back to his support, but the enemy was so posted as to prevent any effective movement against him.

I then moved my command on the Jackson road, and again took position three-and-a-half miles west of the city, with a broad open field in my front.

Against this the enemy did not advance, but throwing forward an infantry and cavalry force on a road a mile to the left, pushed immediately for Jackson. After an irregular artillery fire at scattering parties of the enemy, I was ordered to withdraw by a lateral road towards the Canton road, the enemy having gained, near nightfall, the road between me and Jackson.

This was done without loss. In these various positions taken between Champions Hill and Jackson, and the severe checks given the enemy, I cannot commend too highly the alacrity, courage and steadiness of my officers and men. They could not have acquitted themselves better. On the march from Pearl river to Meridian but one opportunity was offered of striking the enemy. This was at Decatur, and was discovered by a bold reconnoissance in person of the Major-General commanding. The enemy's wagon train halting in the suburbs of the town, I directed Colonel Wood to make a dash at it with two squadrons, which was executed in gallant style, killing and wounding a number of the enemy, and killing the teams of a large number of wagons.

A heavy infantry force in front and rear of the train precluded all hopes of bringing them off. In these various affairs from Champion Hill to Decatur, I sustained a loss of 129 killed, wounded and missing, and 143 horses.

Marching from Alamucha to Starkesville and hence to Canton, I was ordered by General Jackson to pass that place, then occupied by the

enemy, and operate upon his left flank in his march towards Vicksburg. This was done on the 29th ultimo and 1st and 2d instant, resulting in killing and capturing about sixty of the enemy, and the capture of thirty-three (33) horses, two wagons and teams and a number of small arms.

In these affairs, Major Stockdale, Captain Muldron and Captain Yerger were the most conspicuous and gallant participants. I have to lament the loss of Captain McGruder, of the Fourth Mississippi, who fell seriously if not mortally wounded, whilst leading a charge near Canton.

I am indebted to Captain F. W. Keyes, Captain A. T. Bowie and Lieutenant George Scott, of my staff, and Lieutenant George Yerger, who volunteered his services, for efficient and valuable assistance.

I am, Captain, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

WIRT ADAMS,
Brigadier-General.

Captain George Moorman,
A. A. Gen'l J. C. D.

Memoir of First Maryland Regiment.

By General B. T. JOHNSON.

No. I.

BALTIMORE, April 29, 1881.

[NOTE.—This memoir of the First Maryland regiment, its campaigns and its marches, its services and its aspirations, was written in December, 1862, and January, 1863. It was intended to have been posthumous, as at that time, the probability of my surviving the war, was remote. It is an explanation of the causes which led to the formation of the Maryland organization in the Confederate army, of the hopes which that organization represented, and of the dreams which controlled those of us who looked to an ultimate accession of Maryland to the Confederacy. It was hurriedly written, in the midst of the trying winter of 1862-63, while I was acting as member of a court-martial at Richmond, and I have thought it best not to rewrite or correct it. I submit it in the rough form in which it was first written—appropriate to the times and temper which gave it birth.

Most of it is on Confederate paper and all of it in Confederate ink, which in some places is almost illegible.

BRADLEY T. JOHNSON.]

THE BEGINNING OF THE REVOLUTION.

The election of Abraham Lincoln brought on the issue between North and South, which sagacious men had foreseen for years, and which the events of the two preceding presidential terms had shown to superficial observers to be near at hand.

While the more distant Southern States were moving promptly in defence of their institutions, the people of Maryland were not behind hand in such steps, as their political and geographical position enabled them to take. Their situation was peculiar. The people intensely Southern, with all their hearts, with their brethren of the Cotton States, they were on the frontier of the immense Northern empire exposed to the first assaults of its powers, with the certainty of being overwhelmed in the first shock of arms, and while they were ready to make common cause with the seceding States, the uncertainty of the action of the middle States—North Carolina, Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee—rendered it impossible to concert any action with those on the Gulf until the intervening States had taken their position. At the same time large portions of the people were unable to appreciate the presence of the crisis, and still clung to the hope that the storm might blow over and the Union be preserved. Once convinced that it was lost, they would have been nearly unanimous in taking sides with the South. While this was the condition of the people, the State Government occupied a position more equivocal. Thomas Holliday Hicks thrust into the gubernatorial chair against the popular vote by the fraud and bloodshed of the clubs of Baltimore, was regarded by many as utterly unworthy of belief or trust. His political antecedents made him an object not of distrust, but of absolute aversion and contempt to a large portion of the Southern men. On the other hand, a small, but respectable part of them, believed him to be true at heart to the South. This part was strong, from its political and social position, and by it the remainder was obliged to be checked in order to procure harmonious action.

The legislature was known to be nearly unanimously true to the South. Under these circumstances, all that could be done was to apply to the governor to convene the legislature in extra session, which was done in the latter part of November. On the 3d of December, 1860, he replied with the first of those remarkable specimens of subterfuge, which he subsequently followed up with such masterpieces as have embalmed his reputation as a trickster among the most distinguished that history records.

In a letter to Governor Pratt, he declined *at that time* to convene the legislature, because he was in correspondence with the governors of Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, and North Carolina, as to the best means of preserving the rights of the South, and at the same time most solemnly asseverated his entire devotion to the South, calling God to witness that he would be first to shoulder his musket to protect the South from invasion.

A large body of the people believed his professions, and indeed it was difficult to make them appreciate treachery so great. He was a slaveholder himself, born and living in a slaveholding county, and in old party times had always acted with that wing of the Whig party, which had been intensely Southern in its views and acts. But the revolution moved on, and the people became impatient at his inaction.

They insisted that their representatives should meet, so as to act for them as occasion might require. If Virginia seceded, then to join Maryland to Virginia in one common destiny, for weal or for woe. If the Middle States submitted, then to place Maryland side by side with them in protecting the Gulf States from war.

With this view, St. Mary's and Charles counties provided for elections of delegates to a sovereign convention to take place in January. Frederick held a meeting on the 8th, issued an address, calling the convention for the 22d February, and elected delegates to it.

The lead was followed, and on the 22d February that body met in Baltimore city, composed of the best men of the State—without regard to old party lines. But its action was trammelled. Hicks was out in another publication, most solemnly avowing his devotion to the South, and his fixed determination never to allow the soil of Maryland to be polluted by the tread of northern soldiers marching against the South.

The Middle States had not moved. Indeed, so far as Virginia had expressed an opinion or taken a position, through her convention then in session at Richmond, it had been against the acts of the Cotton States. Nothing could be done but to watch and wait. The convention therefore appointed commissioners to proceed to Richmond to learn, if possible, the probable action of Virginia and report to an adjourned meeting to be held in Baltimore on the 15th March, proximo.

On that day the body convened again, but the conference with Virginia had led to nothing. No one in Richmond was able to indicate the future action of the State, but as far as could be gathered it seemed probable that the convention would submit to Lincoln, while the people would resist, and thus involve the State at once in revolution and civil

war. The Baltimore convention was paralyzed. It could do nothing. The younger members, convinced that Virginia would eventually be forced into the war, insisted upon preparing the people, organizing minute-men, collecting and distributing arms and ammunition, and placing affairs in such a train that the blow once struck in Maryland would rouse the neighbouring States and involve them all in one common cause. The older and more cautious portion were opposed to this and only suggested waiting for Virginia. They had no other plan.

They were told that Virginia might linger until we were overpowered, and then it would be too late, but they were unable to perceive the crisis, and refused to co-operate. The Convention consequently adjourned without action. But the more ardent spirits threw their energies into the work. They organized companies, formed bands of minute men, and prepared for action as quietly and as rapidly as possible. Here again the unspeakable treachery of Hicks was displayed. The Legislature at its session had provided for arming 10,000 minute men, but with foolish confidence had given the disbursement of the fund and the distribution of the arms into the hands of the Governor. When applied to now for them he alleged he had not yet received them—that he did not have them to distribute. On the 19th of April they were taken from his agent in Baltimore to be used against the common enemy.

While the cauldron of popular passion was thus seething in Maryland, Lincoln's proclamation, calling for 75,000 men, came out, Virginia seceded, Harper's Ferry was taken, and, be it known, in the capture were assistants from the neighboring counties in Maryland. The fires on the Potomac lighted all that mountain country, and Catoctin then was as ready to offer her sons as she had done of yore.

On the 19th of April a Massachusetts regiment passing through Baltimore was set upon by *unarmed* citizens and hunted in ignominious rout from the city, the miserable cravens allowing themselves to be *stoned* through the streets. The attack was unpremeditated, and made by unarmed men and boys. Had there been any concert of action, or any preparation, neither man nor officer would have lived to tell the tale.

But the shots fired then by the enemy rang through the State. Everywhere old and young—Whig, Democrat, Know-Nothing, Union men—sprang to arms and commenced pouring towards Baltimore. Early Saturday morning Captain Bradley T. Johnson brought in a company of minute men from Frederick. Then Captain Nicholas seized Pikesville Arsenal with his company; Captain Bond, of Anne

Arundle, took possession of the Annapolis Junction; Captain Gaither, of Howard, brought out his fine troop; Captain Nicholas Snowden patrolled the road from Annapolis to Washington and captured Lincoln's bearer of dispatches, whom he sent by an officer to Hicks, who immediately released him. Everywhere through the counties the young men armed and organized.

Then Hicks convened the Legislature to meet at Frederick "because the State Capitol would not be safe," and in public meeting in Monument Square "called God to witness that he hoped his right arm might drop from its socket if he ever raised it against Virginia and the South."

The Legislature met, ripe for action, but the same temporizing policy that had paralyzed preparations in the State before, now prevented action in that body. Three-fourths were ready to act—to appoint a Committee of Public Safety, to organize a State Guard, to appropriate \$5,000,000 to arm and defend the State, and to form an alliance with Virginia. But a small body of influential, honorable, and sincere members were opposed to *hasty action*. They dallied and delayed and lost a *week*. A *week* in war, never to be recovered. A *week* in Revolution—a century in the tranquil current of civil affairs. They sent commissioners to Washington to parley with Lincoln. He parleyed—but Scott pushed his troops through by way of Annapolis, while at Chambersburg and Harrisburg, on our Northern frontier, he massed other columns. His cavalry marched acrossed from Carlisle to Georgetown. A week's delay and all was lost in Maryland by way of an appeal to arms—40,000 men in Washington and Annapolis to control Baltimore and the lower counties—and heavy masses in border. Pennsylvania to be precipitated on Frederick, Washington and Carroll, when necessary, these effectually crushed out hopes of organized resistance there. From that day to this, Maryland has never been without a garrison equal to 30,000 to 40,000 men.

When the disastrous delay of Virginia and the Middle States, and the want of preparation of our own people, had reduced us to this condition—many persons thought they had but one alternative with honor. This was, temporarily leaving home and friends, to carry the flag of Maryland with the Southern army, and then rallying around it such Maryland men as could be collected together, to form a body which should try to represent the ancestral honor of that old Line which before them, in another Revolution, had illustrated the fame of the State.

Such a Maryland organization would form the nucleus of future

effort, for the redemption of home, would be a common centre of communication with Maryland—would keep alive the sympathies of the South towards our cause—and would be, in the varying fortunes of war, the connecting link between Maryland and the South.

It would be the sole remaining representative of the chivalry, the high-toned honor, the freedom of the "LAND OF THE SANCTUARY," and friends and relations, and well-wishers at home would point to it with pride, as their representative.

By these persons, with such motives, was formed the

FIRST MARYLAND REGIMENT.

As soon as the Legislature assembled in Frederick, the Hon. James M. Mason came there, authorized as commissioner from Virginia to enter into any compact which it might be willing to make with that Commonwealth. When it became apparent that the time for action was lost, Captain Bradley T. Johnson, who resided in that city, procured from him authority to raise troops for the Southern army, and immediately proceeded to Harper's Ferry, where he obtained Colonel Jackson's permission, who was then in command there, to rendezvous and ration his men at the Point of Rocks, the most available point for that section of Maryland.

On the 8th of May, 1861, Captain Johnson marched his company out of Frederick, and proceeded to Virginia, opposite the Point of Rocks, where he reported to Captain Turner Ashby, then in command at that post. On the 9th he was joined by Captain C. C. Edelin, with a company which had marched from Baltimore. The same day Captain Price arrived at Harper's Ferry, also from Baltimore; and in the course of a few days Captain Wilson C. Nicholas, of Baltimore county—Captain James R. Herbert, who had been Captain of the Independent Greys, Baltimore city. Captain Holbroke and Captain Wellmore also reached Harper's Ferry. Captain McCoy first came to the Point of Rocks but soon went to Harper's Ferry.

On, or about the 18th May, the companies organized themselves into a battalion, numbering four hundred and fifty men, of eight companies, as follows:

Company A, Captain Johnson; Company B, Captain Edelin; Company C, Captain Price; Company D, Captain Herbert; Company E, Captain McCoy; Company F, Captain Holbroke; Company G, Captain Nicholas; Company H, Captain Wellmore.

And placed Captain Johnson in temporary command, he having been first in Virginia.

On the 21st May, Lieutenant-Colonel George Deas, Confederate States Army, mustered Companies A and B into service at the Point of Rocks, and the next day mustered in the other six companies into the service of the Confederate States.

As soon as the battalion was mustered in, Mrs. Bradley T. Johnson, under escort of Captain Nicholas, and Second-Lieutenant Shearer, Company A, started for North Carolina to endeavor to procure arms and equipments for it. Proceeding to Leesburg, it was found impossible to go farther, as the enemy had that day taken possession of Alexandria. Returning, she then went by way of Winchester and Strasburg to Richmond and Raleigh. She at once made an appeal to Governor Ellis, as representing her native State, who, after five minutes explanation, gave her rifles and accoutrements for five hundred men. Not satisfied with this, the convention of North Carolina, then in session, contributed a large sum of money, which was further increased by citizens of Raleigh and Petersburg. Bringing with her the arms from North Carolina, in Richmond she called on Governor Letcher, who promptly furnished her with camp equipage, clothing, shoes, nine hundred uniforms, and other necessities. With the money placed in her hands, she purchased tents, and returned to Harper's Ferry, where she had the proud satisfaction of equipping and arming nearly five hundred men, after an absence of fourteen days.

How those arms were used, and what service they did, remains to be seen in the course of this narrative. But while this organization was taking place at Harper's Ferry, other companies were forming in Richmond. Lieutenant E. R. Dorsey, adjutant of the Baltimore City Guard, had formed a company which was mustered into service on the 17th May. Captain William H. Murray, of the Maryland Guard, was mustered in on the 17th, and Captain W. S. Robertson on the 15th June. Captain Lyle J. Clark also had a fine company, which eventually became part of the Twenty-first Virginia.

After the battalion was thus armed, Colonel Jackson ordered Captain Johnson to proceed with it to the Maryland Heights and there support Lieutenant-Colonel Duncan, who was there with the First Kentucky. Owing to a change in the command, by General Joseph E. Johnston having relieved Colonel Jackson, this order was but partially executed, only company A, and parts of companies C, E, and F marched to the Heights. General Johnston, upon taking command, placed the battalion in charge of Captain George H. Steuart, a Maryland officer of the United States cavalry, who had distinguished himself in the frontier war; for whom General Johnston had a high appreciation, which

was abundantly justified by the subsequent history of the regiment.

On the 15th June the whole battalion having been collected, it started on its first march on the evacuation of Harper's Ferry. The weather was intensely hot, and the roads dusty, but the men, though suffering themselves, were too much amused at the straggling marching of the other troops to mind it. They camped that night near Charlestown and the next near Bunker Hill.

On the 17th June news flew through the ranks that Patterson had crossed the Potomac and was approaching to give battle. This was the first flurry of war to the volunteers. Fences were levelled; troops massed or deployed; batteries held together to be put in position; cavalry galloped to and fro, and all the usual preliminaries to battle gone through with. But it was an unfounded anticipation. Patterson hearing of our approach precipitately retreated and recrossed the river, while Johnston marched leisurely towards Winchester.

The first blood of this second revolution was shed by Maryland men on the 19th of April, and the battalion hoped to take part in a second battle of the 17th June at Bunker Hill.

When the army arrived near Winchester it was brigaded and the battalion placed in the Third brigade, Brigadier-General Bernard E. Bee. While here the condition of the men and officers was most deplorable. They had all come from home without a change of clothes—a months campaign about Harper's Ferry and the march had destroyed their shoes and their apparel. The new uniforms and clothing procured by Mrs. Johnson, in Richmond, had not yet arrived and they were as ragged and tattered as Falstaff's crew. Notwithstanding this they were selected by General Johnston to return to Harper's Ferry and finish the destruction of some buildings left there. On the 16th June the First Maryland regiment was organized by adding Captain Dorsey's and Captain Murray's companies to the battalion, and the appointment of Arnold Elzey, a gallant and able officer of United States artillery, Colonel; George H. Steuart, Lieutenant-Colonel, and Bradley T. Johnson, Major. At the time of the above order from General Johnston, Colonel Elzey and the two companies from Richmond, had not arrived. The battalion consequently marched from Winchester under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Steuart.

Near Harper's Ferry he divided it, entering the place on one side with four companies, while Major Johnson, with the remaining four, entered the other, after saving 70,000 seasoned gun stocks, and sending them off by the cars. The rifle factory, and other United States property, was fired and burnt on the return of the command to Win-

chester. General Johnston complimented it in the following order :

HEADQUARTERS, WINCHESTER, June 22d, 1864.

Special Order.

"The Commanding-General thanks Lieutenant-Colonel Steuart and the Maryland regiment for the faithful and exact manner in which they carried out his orders of the 19th instant, at Harper's Ferry. He is glad to learn that, owing to their discipline, no private property was injured, and no unoffending citizens disturbed. The soldierly qualities of the Maryland regiment will not be forgotten in the days of action."

By order of General Johnson.

WM. H. WHITING, *Insp't Gen'l.*

On the 24th of June, Colonel Elzey having arrived, was placed in command of the Fourth brigade, consisting of his own regiment, First Maryland, Thirteenth Virginia, Colonel A. P. Hill; Tenth Virginia, Colonel Gibbons; Third Tennessee, Colonel Vaughan, and the Newtown battery, temporary in charge of Lieutenant Beckham, a young West Point officer of ability. The regiment left Camp Bee, on the Martinsburg road, and joined the brigade at Camp Johnston, on the Romney road, on the outskirts of Winchester. Here, during the last days of June, a further reorganization of the regiment took place; W. W. Goldsborough, a private in Captain Dorsey's company, and an excellent soldier, was elected Captain of Company A, *vice* Major Johnson promoted and Lieutenant J. Louis Smith, Company G, who had distinguished himself during the Harper's Ferry expedition, was made Captain. Company F, Captain Holbrook taking the place of First Lieutenant of Companies C and H, Captains Price and Wellmore, not having the legal quota, were distributed among the other companies, which were then filled up to an average strength of about eighty.

The regiment thus organized was composed of Company A, Captain W. W. Goldsborough: First Lieutenant, G. K. Shellman; Second Lieutenants, Charles W. Blair and G. M. E. Shearer. Company B, Captain C. C. Edelin: First Lieutenant, James Mullen; Second Lieutenant, Thomas Costello. Company C, Captain E. R. Dorsey: First Lieutenant, S. H. Stewart; Second Lieutenants, R. C. Smith and William Thomas. Company D, Captain James R. Herbert: First Lieutenant, G. W. Booth; Second Lieutenants, W. Key Howard and Nicholas Snowden. Company E, Captain H. McCoy: First Lieutenant, E. W. O'Brien; Second Lieutenants, Jos. G. W. Marriott and John

Cushing. Company F, Captain J. Louis Smith: First Lieutenant, Thomas Holbrook; Second Lieutenants, Jos. Stewart and W. J. Broadfoot. Company G, Captain Wilson C. Nicholas: First Lieutenant, Alexander Cross; Second Lieutenant, E. P. Deppish. Company H, Captain William H. Murray: First Lieutenant, George Thomas; Second Lieutenants, F. X. Ward and R. Gilmore.

On the 1st of July the army marched for Martinsburg to meet Patterson. On the 2d it reached Darksville, seven miles from that place, where it remained the 3d, 4th and 5th in order of battle, waiting the approach of the enemy, but Patterson was content with the capture of Martinsburg and declined the challenge, and on the 6th the forces again returned to Winchester, where they remained until the 18th.

History of Lane's North Carolina Brigade.

By General JAMES H. LANE.

CAMPAIGN OF 1864—ANECDOTES ABOUT CAPTAIN G. G. HOLLAND, TWENTY-EIGHTH NORTH CAROLINA TROOPS.

Captain Gold G. Holland, of North Carolina, though a postmaster, a magistrate and over the conscript age, would avail himself of none of these excuses to keep out of the army, but voluntarily entered the Twenty-eighth North Carolina regiment as a private, and rendered himself so conspicuous by his gallantry that he soon won the respect and admiration of the whole brigade, though he knew scarcely anything about tactics. As an officer, he preferred to fare like his men, and always marched with his knapsack on his shoulders, and sometimes he would carry a frying-pan and a camp-stool with him. He was blessed with good health, and though he was in most of the battles of the Army of Northern Virginia, he never was wounded. During the summer of 1864, he was thrown in command of his regiment, and when it was advancing under fire, on the north side of the James, he rushed in front of it, and extending both hands—sword in right and frying-pan in left—exclaimed, "I command the Twenty-eighth North Carolina regiment—men, follow me." The regiment did follow him and did noble work that day.

Not long afterwards, he took a very active part in that glorious charge made by Cooke's, McRae's and Lane's brigades, all North Carolina troops, on Hancock's fortified position at Reams's Station. He was among the first of his brigade to mount the enemy's works, and finding

them filled with troops, he yelled out, "Yankees, if you know what is best for you, you had better make a blue streak towards sunset." The Captain had the satisfaction of seeing a long streak of blue coats pass over the works towards sunset as prisoners of war. The old patriot pushed on, and was soon after seen in an ambulance driving back a pair of spirited horses, in "two-twenty style," which he had captured under fire of the enemy's second line of battle.

BRILLIANT DASH OF THE SHARPSHOOTERS ON THE ENEMY'S SKIRMISH LINE.

Soon after my return to the army, and while we were camped on the outskirts of Petersburg, near "Battery 45," Major Wooten commanding our sharpshooters, asked permission to attack, at night, the enemy's skirmish line at a dwelling owned by Mr. Davis, immediately in our front. Permission was granted, and the attack was made without any loss whatever on our side, while the Major emptied the enemy's rifle-pits of so large a number of prisoners, he and his command were complimented in a *special* written communication from Army or Corps Headquarters, I have now forgotten which. The enemy subsequently burnt the residence at which the attack was made.

This was the beginning of a series of dashes made by Major Wooten and his picked men, on the enemy's skirmish line during the following winter, known to us as Wooten's seine-haulings, in all of which he was very successful, and never lost a man.

BATTLE OF JONES'S FARM.

On the morning of the 30th of September, troops from the right of the line were ordered by General Lee to the north side of the James to support the forces then and there engaged, and the new works near the Pegram House were necessarily left to be defended by a weak skirmish line of dismounted cavalry. After crossing the Appomattox and marching beyond Ettricks, we were ordered back, as our right was threatened.

That afternoon my brigade was formed in line of battle to the right of the road leading to the Jones House, and another of Wilcox's brigades was formed on the left. The enemy were driving our cavalry skirmishers back so rapidly, that Major Wooten, to cover the formation of my line, was compelled to deploy his sharpshooters at a double quick and push rapidly forward. This he did so quickly, so handsomely, and with the capture of so many prisoners, that it elicited the outspoken

admiration of a large group of general officers who witnessed the gallant dash. One of them remarked that it was the handsomest thing of the kind he had seen during the war.

My line was formed just beyond a stream of water, and the ground in front, particularly on the right, was rising, and served, somewhat, to shelter my men. I put the Thirty-third regiment on the right, as I feared a flank movement in that direction, and I had unbounded confidence in the bravery, coolness, and judgment of its Colonel, R. V. Cowan. I made known my fears to Cowan and instructed him, should such a movement be attempted, to manœuvre his regiment at once to meet it and not to await orders from me. Not long after leaving him, and a short time before the general advance, there was heard a volley and a shout on the right. A large body of the enemy had formed perpendicular to Wooten's line of skirmishers, under the impression, I suppose, that it was my line of battle, and were advancing rapidly. But Cowan was on the alert, his men were brought to attention, and when the Yankee line was nearly opposite his colors, he moved his command to the top of the hill, and with a well directed, converging, flank fire, broke the whole line and sent them back in great disorder into the hands of our cavalry, which had been posted still further to the right.

We encountered the main body of the enemy at the Jones House, and after a short but obstinate resistance, drove them back, in the greatest confusion, to the Pegram House. I never saw a richer battle field, as oil-cloths, blankets, knapsacks and the like, were scattered in every direction by the retreating foe; some of whom in their flight actually cut their knapsacks from their shoulders, as evidenced by the appearance of the straps.

In passing through the garden I had occasion to order forward a man who had stopped to plunder, when a *real* soldier arose from one of the walks to my left and said that he was neither a plunderer nor skulker, but was there with his brother who had just been wounded. I went to him, and finding that his brother had been shot through the head, was unconscious and was dying, I replied, you know the orders—the ambulance corps is detailed to take care of all such cases—but as I know what it is to lose a brother under similar circumstances I cannot order you forward. I passed on, and when about to enter the woods beyond the garden, this brave fellow overtook me and remarked, "Here I am, General, I have thought over what you said and I am going to the front." He did go quickly forward, and I soon lost sight of him, as my presence was required on the right, where my flank was again

threatened. I am sorry I cannot give the name of this hero—I only know now that he belonged to the gallant old 7th.

When we had closed with the enemy at the Jones House, McRae's North Carolina brigade, which had been formed in our rear as a support, rushed forward to participate in the fight. Some of my own command requested that they should be kept back, as they were not needed, but this was not done, and the two brigades fought together for the rest of the day. We captured a large number of prisoners in this engagement.

My Aid, Lieutenant Everard B. Meade, and my Brigade-Inspector, Captain E. T. Nicholson, two accomplished officers and gentlemen, displayed great gallantry on this occasion, and were of very great assistance to me, particularly as my physical condition was such as to prevent my moving about rapidly.

About dark we fell back to the edge of the woods—the Jones House side—where we slept on our arms.

ACTION AT PEGRAM HOUSE.

Next morning we advanced through the woods again and formed line of battle in full view of the enemy at the Pegram House. I was informed that our attack here on the 1st October was intended as a feint, and that the main attack would be made on the Squirrel Level road under General Heth. Soon after our line was formed Brander's artillery took position on our right and a little to our front, where it could enfilade the works then occupied by the enemy. Brander's fire was both destructive and demoralizing. As the enemy were rushing back in great disorder, the ever vigilant and courageous Wooten dashed among them with his brave sharpshooters, and brought back twice as many prisoners as he had men. Brander's artillerists seeing these prisoners, and thinking it was an advance of the enemy, turned their guns upon them and fired several times before they discovered their mistake. Some of the prisoners were wounded, and I think a few were killed; but all of our sharpshooters escaped unhurt. Major-General Wilcox was very near being killed by this fire.

Our main line of battle now advanced and took possession of the works where we were subjected to a very annoying fire from the fort to our left and front. Exposed to the rain we held these works until dark, and then returned to the line of works near the Jones House.

The whole brigade behaved nobly in these two engagements, and again proved themselves worthy of the high esteem of our Commanding General.

WINTER QUARTERS.

Not long after the fight at the Pegram House, we went into winter quarters. Our huts were built on each side of the road leading to the Jones House—our right resting near the residence of a widow lady named Banks; and our left extending a little beyond a dam thrown across the stream in front of our works.

List of Casualties in Lane's Brigade from May 5, 1864, to October 1, 1864.

NAMES OF BATTLES WITH DATES.	KILLED.		WOUNDED.		MISSING.		TOTAL.		AGGREGATE.
	Officers.	Men.	Officers.	Men.	Officers.	Men.	Officers.	Men.	
Wilderness, May 5th and 6th.....	3	40	16	213	5	138	24	391	415
Spotsylvania C. H., May 12th.....	6	41	10	106	13	294	29	441	470
Sharpshooting and shelling at Spotsylvania C. H., May 13th to 20th.....	1	1	1	4	1	6	7
Action near Spotsylvania C. H., May 21st.....	1	1	1	12	3	2	16	18
Jericho Ford, May 23.....	1	10	5	74	10	6	94	100
Action at Storrs's farm on Tottapottamoi creek, May 31st.....	2	2	19	2	21	23
Turkey Ridge, near Gaines's Mill, June 3d to 12th.....	1	2	3	27	4	29	33
Action at Riddle's shop, near Frazier's farm, June 13th.....	5	2	7	7
Action 3 miles southeast of Petersburg, June 22d.....	7	4	46	5	4	58	62
Action in front of Petersburg, June 23d.....	1	5	12	1	17	18
Battle of Gravel Hill, July 28th.....	3	8	5	45	4	73	12	126	138
Battle of Fussell's Mills, on Darbytown road, August 16th to 18th.....	2	6	5	49	1	26	8	81	89
Battle of Reams's Station, August 25th.....	2	10	15	82	6	17	98	115
Battle of Jones's Farm, September 30th.....	1	8	10	87	5	11	100	111
Action at Pegram's farm, October 1st.....	4	8	12	12
Grand Total.....	21	145	77	786	23	566	121	1,497	1,618

REMARKS.—Down to Storrs's farm this list was made from official reports. The remainder from written regimental and company lists of killed, wounded, &c., found in the Adjutant-General's desk after the war.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE TWENTY-EIGHTH NORTH CAROLINA REGIMENT.

HEADQUARTERS, TWENTY-EIGHTH N. C. T.,
February 5th, 1864.

Captain,—Complying with the request of the officers and men of the Twenty-eighth regiment, it gives me pleasure to report to General Lane

that his gallant old regiment—knowing that the term of service for which it re-organized under his command would expire in September next, and believing that the cause in which it then enlisted so cheerfully, is just and righteous, and that it still demands the undivided efforts of all—has resolved *to re-enlist for the war*, adopting the resolutions of Company C, which are enclosed herewith.

I only embody the universal sentiment of the Twenty-eighth North Carolina regiment, when I express the hope that the kindly relations, which have heretofore existed between it and its original Colonel, may be perpetuated, and that he may be spared to command us to the close of the war.

I am, Captain, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

W. H. A. SPEER,

Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding.

Captain E. J. Hale, Jr., Assistant Adjutant-General.

RESOLUTIONS OF COMPANY C, TWENTY-EIGHTH N. C. T.

At a meeting held in Company C, Twenty-eighth North Carolina troops, January 30, 1864, Captain T. J. Linebarger was called to the chair, and Corporal G. A. Abernethy appointed secretary.

The object of the meeting having been explained by the President, Lieutenant M. A. Throneburg, and privates J. M. Grice and J. P. Little were appointed a committee to draft resolutions expressive of the sentiments of the meeting.

Lieutenant Throneburg from the Committee on Resolutions reported and read the following preamble and resolutions which were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The term of service for which we enlisted will expire in August next, and whereas, the exigencies of the services demand of every soldier to remain at his post and to do battle for his country's rights; therefore, be it

Resolved, By the officers and men of Company C, Twenty-eighth North Carolina troops, that we, believing our cause to be a holy and just one, do hereby pledge ourselves to re-enlist for the war; and do further declare our intention never to lay down our arms or abandon the struggle till our Government shall be recognized, our soil freed from the invader, our liberties secured, and peace restored to our bleeding country.

Resolved, That we earnestly request a general convention of the regiment to meet on Monday, February 1st, 1864.

Resolved, That the secretary communicate a copy of these resolutions to Brigadier-General Lane; also a copy to Colonel Speer, with the request that they be published on parade this afternoon.

On motion the meeting adjourned.

T. J. LINEBARGER, *President*.

G. A. Abernethy, *Secretary*.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE EIGHTEENTH NORTH CAROLINA REGIMENT.

CAMP OF THE EIGHTEENTH REGIMENT, N. C. T.

February 6th, 1864.

At a meeting of the Eigtheenth regiment, North Carolina troops, held this day, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has been brought to our attention that our brothers in arms, actuated by the justice of the existing struggle for independence, a firm determination of true patriotism in its vindication, and an honest desire to assist our young nation in its establishment, have voluntarily tendered their services, with the solemn pledge of their lives, by a enlistment for the period of the war; and whereas, animated by a like spirit of devotion to our sacred cause, we are determined that no regiment shall surpass us in rendering our arms effective to our country, or in evincing a true desire to uphold our leaders in our struggle; be it

Resolved, by the officers and soldiers of the 18th Regiment, North Carolina Troops, That we do cheerfully tender to the government our services for the period of the war, pledging our lives and our sacred honor, all that we possess—that we will never lay down our arms until the last enemy upon our soil shall be destroyed or driven from it.

Resolved, That the spirit of submission, which, we regret to say, seems to have seized the hearts of many bad men in North Carolina, will, if persisted in, prove ruinous to our cause, dangerous to our liberty, and disgraceful to the fair name of our State; we, therefore, express our entire disapprobation of the course of these traitors, and earnestly appeal to them to desist from their ruinous policy, and sustain our government and leaders.

Resolved, That in President Davis and Governor Vance we recognize the able statesmen, virtuous rulers and true patriots, and pledge ourselves to sustain them throughout these trying times.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to our Brigadier-General; also to the Fayetteville *Observer* and Wilmington *Journal*, with a request that they be published.

HEADQUARTERS LANE'S BRIGADE,
February 6th, 1864.

*To the officers and soldiers of the
Eighteenth Regiment, North Carolina Troops:*

COMRADES:—It were not possible to read the eloquently patriotic resolutions, which were unanimously adopted by you to-day, without emotions of pride and gratitude—of just pride that I have the honor to command such men—of well merited gratitude in the nation's behalf and mine, for this exhibition of high resolve and patriotic action at the time of the nation's greatest need.

Permit me to thank you for sending me a copy of the resolutions, and to pray God speed to you and our great cause.

Believe me, your friend,

JAMES H. LANE, *Brig.-General.*

RESOLUTIONS OF THE THIRTY-SEVENTH NORTH CAROLINA REGIMENT.

37TH REGIMENT N. C. TROOPS,
February 10, 1864.

At a meeting of the 37th Regiment of North Carolina Troops, held this day, the following committee having been appointed to propose resolutions for the consideration of the meeting:

Captain Wm. T. Nicholson, Company E; Captain D. L. Hudson, Company G; Captain A. J. Critcher, Company B; Sergeant J. M. Black, Company A; Private Rufus Holdaway, Company A; Sergeant H. D. Hagaman, Company B; Private P. W. Turnmine, Company B; Sergeant J. W. Alexander, Company C; Private J. W. Barnett, Company C; Private K. M. Hasty, Company D; Private K. M. Dees, Company D; Sergeant Alfred Green, Company E; Private James C. Coffy, Company E; Sergeant R. M. Staley, Company F; Corporal J. C. Duncan, Company F; Corporal C. C. Pool, Company G; Private A. Campbell, Company G; Sergeant J. J. Ormand, Company H; Sergeant R. B. Tucker, Company H; Sergeant J. C. Flow, Company I; Private D. L. McCord, Company I; Private D. H. Douglas, Company K; Private S. V. Box, Company K.

Captain W. T. Nicholson, chairman of the committee, reported the following resolutions as recommended by all of the committee, except Sergeant J. W. Alexander, of Company C. He recommends none in lieu of them:

Resolved, That we are still determined that our country shall be a free and independent nation, notwithstanding the absurd proclama-

tions of Abraham Lincoln; and we do hereby pledge anew our property, our lives, and our honor and our all, never to submit to Abolition tyranny nor Yankee rule.

Resolved, That we originally enlisted as a regiment for twelve month because we believed that our country needed us in the field, and that we afterwards re-enlisted for two additional years of the war before the Conscript Bill had been introduced in Congress, because we thought she still needed us; and that now, actuated by the same belief, we tender to the Government of our country our services in the field for the war, unconditionally and without reserve.

Resolved, That we are perfectly satisfied with the present organization of our army, and have unlimited confidence in the skill, bravery and patriotism of our Generals.

Resolved, That while we endeavor to do our duty, we shall expect the authorities to do theirs; we shall expect them to see all deserters and skulkers from our ranks shot at the stake in disgrace. We shall expect them to allow us to visit our homes once every twelve months, at such times as the exigencies of the service will permit; and shall expect them to feed, clothe and shoe us, and not to allow worthless subordinates to make us suffer by their indolence.

Resolved, That we are ready to endure without a murmur all necessary hardships and privations which the good of the cause may demand.

Resolved, That we call confidently upon all good people at home to give us their sympathy and support, to send us food to sustain life and recruits to fill our wasted ranks.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Congress of the Confederate States, to the Secretary of War, through regular official channels, to His Excellency Governor Vance of North Carolina, and to the newspapers for publication.

The above resolutions were then submitted to the regiment and opportunity was allowed for a fair and free expression of opinion, when it was found that out of nearly 500 who were present, only about twenty were opposed to the resolutions.

The resolutions were accordingly declared adopted, and the meeting adjourned.

WM. M. BARBOUR,
Colonel Thirty-seventh N. C. T., President of Meeting.

The other two regiments of our brigade—the Seventh and Thirty-third North Carolina—were not volunteers. They were raised by the State and organized as *war regiments* from the *first*.

Reminiscences of the Army of Northern Virginia.

By J. WILLIAM JONES.

PAPER No. 6.

FROM PORT REPUBLIC TO THE CHICKAHOMINY.

I closed my last sketch with a brief statement of how "Jackson and his Foot Cavalry" were "caught" at Cross Keys and Port Republic. There is abundant proof that Jackson's plan was, after repulsing Fremont with Ewell's division, to concentrate on Shields early the next morning, crush him, and then return to make finishing work of Fremont. But there was unexpected delay in crossing the river on account of a defect in the bridge, and the attack was thus postponed to a much later hour than was intended. Besides this Shields made a most gallant fight; his position was a strong one, well selected and most stubbornly held, and Jackson was not able to fulfil his purpose as expressed to Colonel Patton, whom he left to confront Fremont on the other side of the river: "By the blessing of Providence I hope to be back by 10 o'clock."

It was after 10 o'clock before all of his troops had crossed the river. Jackson's first attacks were repulsed with heavy loss, and when Shields was finally driven from the field it was too late to go back after Fremont even if it had been deemed advisable to attack him again in the then exhausted condition of our troops.

Why Fremont stood idly by while Jackson was fighting Shields, and did not cross the river (as he could easily have done at several fords) and fall on Jackson's rear, has always been a mystery to us. In the afternoon he advanced into the open ground near the river, and as I gazed upon his long line of battle, his bright muskets gleaming in the rays of the sun, and his battle-flags rippling in the breeze, I thought it the finest military display I had ever seen, and only feared that he would cross the river. But there he stood an idle spectator of the raging battle, content to play no part in the drama, except to throw shot and shell at our ambulances and litter-bearers who were caring for the Federal wounded, and to shell the hospital into which we were gathering and ministering to the wounded of both armies.

Fremont retreated to Harrisonburg and thence down the valley, where he formed with Shields the juncture which they had so long coveted in vain, but which was now too late to be of value.

For five days Jackson rested his weary men in the beautiful valley

just above Port Republic where, on the Saturday following the battle, we were summoned by orders from headquarters to a most delightful thanksgiving service in which the stars and bars of rank knelt in the dust with the rough garb of the private soldier and our great chieftain brought the imperishable glory he had won and humbly laid it at the feet of the Lord of Hosts.

And surely the "Foot Cavalry" were now entitled to at least a few days' rest. In thirty two-days they had marched nearly 400 miles, skirmishing almost daily, fought five battles, defeated three armies, two of which were completely routed, captured about twenty pieces of artillery, some 4,000 prisoners and immense quantities of stores of all kinds, and had done all this with a loss of less than 1,000 men killed, wounded and missing.

The battle of "Seven Pines," as the Confederates called it, or "Fair Oaks," as it is named by the Federals, had been fought and claimed as a victory by both sides; and the Army of Northern Virginia had been deprived of its able commander, General J. E. Johnston, who was severely wounded.

But fortunately for the Confederate cause General R. E. Lee was called to the command. Some time before, when Colonel A. R. Boteler had applied to him from Jackson for an increase of his force to 40,000 men, with which he "would invade the North," General Lee had replied: "But he must help me to drive these people away from Richmond first," and the plan of the great campaign was thus foreshadowed.

JACKSON'S SECRECY.

We were confident that we were to sweep down the Valley again, and the sending of some eight thousand troops from Richmond to reinforce Jackson deceived us as completely as it did the authorities at Washington. I remember to have heard General Ewell say just the day before we broke camp and started for Richmond: "Well, our reinforcements are coming up, and after a few days rest we shall march rapidly down the Valley again and beat up the enemy's quarters about Strausburg," and when some time afterwards I intimated to General Ewell's chief of staff that he had merely made that remark for effect, as he, of course, knew of the contemplated movement, that officer assured me that General Ewell (the second in command) had not the most remote idea of the contemplated move—that when he did move the only orders he received were to march in the direction of Charlottes-

ville—and that as a rule Jackson kept Ewell and the rest of his officers in profound ignorance of his plans and purposes.

General J. A. Walker has recently given me an amusing illustration of this. A few days after Ewell's division moved into Swift Run Gap to take the place of Jackson's troops, who were then marching on Milroy, Walker had occasion to call to see Ewell on important business, but found him in such a towering rage that he took the advice of a member of the staff and did not broach his errand to him. But as he was about to leave Ewell called him and abruptly asked: "Colonel Walker, did it ever occur to you that General Jackson is crazy?"

"I don't know, General," was the reply, "We used to call him 'Fool Tom Jackson' at the Virginia Military Institute, but I do not suppose that he is really crazy."

"I tell you sir," rejoined the irate veteran, "he is as crazy as a March hare. He has gone away, I don't know where, and left me here with instructions to stay until he returns. But Banks's whole army is advancing on me, and I have not the most remote idea where to communicate with General Jackson. I tell you, sir, he is crazy, and I will just march my division away from here. I do not mean to have it cut to pieces at the behest of a crazy man." And as Walker rode away he left Ewell pacing the yard of his quarters in no good humor at being thus left in ignorance of the whereabouts and plans of his chief.

Riding down to see General Elzey, who commanded the brigade, Colonel Walker found that officer in an exceedingly irritable frame of mind over an order he had received from General Ewell, and pretty soon he said: "I tell you sir, General Ewell is crazy, and I have a serious notion of marching my brigade back to Gordonsville." Just then one of the conscripts who had been recently assigned to the Thirteenth Virginia (Walker's regiment), bolted in with a paper in his hand and rushing up to General Elzey exclaimed:

"I want you, sir, to sign that paper at once, and give me my discharge. You have no right to keep me here, and I mean to go home."

As soon as General Elzey recovered from his astonishment at the fellow's impudence, he seized his pistols and discharged two shots at him as the man rushed out of sight. Coming back he exclaimed: "I should like to know, Colonel Walker what sort of men you keep over at that Thirteenth regiment? The idea of the rascal's demanding of me, a Brigadier-General, to sign a paper. Oh! if I could have only gotten hold of my pistols sooner."

"Well," replied Walker, "I don't know what to do myself. I was up to see General Ewell just now, and he said that General Jack-

son was crazy; I come down to see you, and you say that General Ewell is crazy; and I have not the slightest doubt that my conscript, who ran from you just now, will report it all over camp that General Elzey is crazy; so it seems I have fallen into evil hands, and I reckon the best thing for me to do is to turn the conscripts loose, and march the rest of my regiment back to Richmond." This put General Elzey in a good humor, and they had a hearty laugh over the events of Colonel Walker's visits to division and brigade headquarters.

I might as well give here several other illustrations that came under my personal observation, of how Jackson concealed his plans from even his higher officers. A short time before the battle of Slaughter's Mountain our division had been lying all day in the turnpike above Gordonsville, when General Ewell rode up to a friend of mine, with whom I was conversing at the time, and asked:

"Dr. —, can you tell me where we are going?"

"That question," was the reply, "I should like to ask you, General, if it were a proper one."

"I pledge you my word," said the General, "that I do not know whether we will march north, south, east or west, or whether we will march at all. General Jackson simply ordered me to have my division ready to move at early dawn. I have been ready ever since, but have had no further intimation of his plans. And that is about all I ever know of his designs."

On the march to Slaughter's Mountain I remember that I lingered at our camp, three miles above Gordonsville, until sundown, in order to ride in the cool of the evening with a brother chaplain and a sick friend (a gallant artillery officer whom we could not persuade to go to the hospital), and was thus in the rear of our whole column. At Liberty Mills we met a courier who inquired, "How far back is General A. P. Hill?" We replied: "He is not on this road at all; he moved in the direction of Orange Courthouse." "You certainly must be mistaken," he said in great surprise, "I have a very important dispatch for him from General Ewell, who told me that I would find him at the head of his division moving immediately in rear of his own." Upon our assuring him that we saw Hill's division break camp and file off on the road to Orange Courthouse, he said: "Well, I must hurry back and report to the General, for he is expecting an attack, and is relying on General Hill to support him." I learned afterward that General Jackson had made the impression on General Ewell that Hill would follow him closely by the same road, and that upon information (which proved

false) that the enemy was advancing, Ewell was preparing to give battle in the confident expectation of being supported by Hill.

In the autumn of '62, after the rest of the army had crossed the mountains, I was assured by one of our higher officers that our corps would certainly winter in the Valley—that he had gotten an intimation of this from General Jackson himself—and that he had ascertained that the General had rented a house for his family. We marched the next day for Eastern Virginia, and the glorious field of First Fredericksburg.

So completely did General Jackson conceal his plans from his staff and higher officers that it got to be a joke among them when one was green enough to attempt to fathom "Stonewall's ways." The men used to say, "Well, if the Yankees are as ignorant of the meaning of this move as we are 'old Jack' has them."

The movement from the Valley to Richmond was so secretly planned and executed that army, people, and enemy alike were completely deceived. The reinforcements sent to the Valley from Richmond were purposely sent in such a public manner as to have the report reach Washington as soon as possible, where it had the effect of inducing Mr. Lincoln to order General McDowell to delay his intended advance to McClellan's support, and caused the retreat down the Valley of all the forces opposed to Jackson. But the deception was rendered still more complete by a little *finesse* practiced by Colonel Munford, who held the Confederate advance with his cavalry.

A train of ambulances, with their escort, and a number of surgeons had come under flag of truce to Harrisonburg, to ask permission to carry back the Federal wounded, and while detaining them in a room adjoining his own quarters Colonel Munford received Mr. William Gilmer (a widely-known humorist, to whom he had given the cue), who came in with clanking spurs and sabre, and announced in a loud tone, "dispatches from General Jackson." At this the Federal officers stealthily approached the partition to hear what would follow. "Do you bring any good news?" asked the Colonel.

"Glorious news," he answered. "The road from Staunton is chock full of soldiers, cannon and wagons come to reinforce Jackson in his march down the Valley. There is General Whiting, General Hood, General Lawton, and General I-don't-know-who. I never saw so many soldiers and cannon together in my life. People say there are thirty thousand of them."

After a few more questions and answers of like import, framed for the benefit of the eavesdroppers, Colonel Munford dismissed his

"courier," and the whole town was soon agog with the "glorious news." Several hours afterwards Colonel Munford sent back his guests, who, of course, carried "the news" to headquarters. Colonel Munford pushed his advance down to New Market, and the Federal army immediately retreated to Strausburg, where they were busily engaged in fortifying against Jackson at the very time when "the foot cavalry" were thundering on McClellan's flank before Richmond.

Our march was so secretly undertaken and so secretly executed that our higher officers, as well as the men, were in profound ignorance of our destination.

At Charlottesville we expected to turn off through Green county to meet a rumored move of the enemy across the mountains. At Gordonsville I was told by the Presbyterian minister, at whose house Jackson made his headquarters, as a profound secret, not to be breathed, that we "would move at daybreak on Culpeper Courthouse." We moved instead on Louisa Courthouse, where again we were deceived into thinking that we should move across by Spottsylvania Courthouse to meet McDowell's column coming down from Fredericksburg. At Frederick's Hall, Beaver Dam depot, and Hanover Junction, we still expected to head towards Fredericksburg, and it was really not until the afternoon of June 26, when we heard A. P. Hill's guns at Mechanicsville, that we appreciated the true nature of the move we had made, and the bloody work before us.

It was on this march that Jackson met one of Hood's Texans straggling from his command, when the following colloquy ensued:

"Where are you going?"

"I do not know, sir," promptly responded the Texan.

"What command do you belong to?"

"I do not know, sir."

"What State are you from?"

"Don't know, sir."

"Well!" said the General a little impatiently, "what do you know?"

"Nothing at all, sir, on this march for old Stonewall says we must be know-nothings until after the next battle, and I am not going to disobey orders."

At Fredericks Hall, Jackson made his headquarters, by special invitation, at one of those hospitable old Virginia mansions which were so famous in their day. The lady of the house had prepared the next morning an elegant breakfast, and sent to call General Jackson to partake of it; but his room was vacant and no one knew whither he had

gone. He had risen at 1 o'clock A. M., and with a single courier, had started on a ride of fifty-one miles to Richmond to hold a conference with General Lee. He impressed several horses on the route—the owners growling loudly at being compelled to give up their horses to “that grum colonel, who looked as if he would not hesitate to shoot if necessary.”

Mr. Matthew Hope, who resided in the lower end of Louisa county, gave me a very amusing account of his interview with him. Galloping up to his house about 4 o'clock in the morning he aroused Mr. Hope, and asked if he had a good, fleet horse.

“Yes, sir!” was the reply, “I have the best horse in this region.”

“Well, then, bring him out quick, for I want him! I am a Confederate officer, traveling on important business. My own horse is broken down and I must have yours.”

“You shall do no such thing,” was the reply. “I do not keep horses for any straggler that may chance to come along.”

“But my business is urgent, and if you do not let me have the horse I shall be compelled to take him.”

“But what guarantee do you offer me that it is all right?” persisted Mr. Hope.

“None but my word, sir; but I have no time to argue the case, and you will please saddle the horse at once.”

“I shall certainly do no such a thing,” was the irate reply “I do not saddle horses for myself, and I shall not do it for you.”

But Jackson cut the matter short by dismounting, and with the assistance of his courier, saddled the fresh horse and galloped off with the promise that he would return him in a few days.

Mr. Hope says that when the horse came back “with General Jackson's compliments,” his chagrin knew no bounds, as he would have esteemed it a privilege to let him have every horse he had, and to have saddled them for him, too.

Jackson rode into Richmond so quietly that no one knew of his presence; had his interview with General Lee; received all of the instructions necessary to enable him to carry out his part of the great battle which was to culminate in McClellan's “change of base,” and galloped back to the head of his column before it was suspected that he had been absent at all.

And now we hurried forward to bivouac near Ashland, in the “slashes of Hanover,” and to march the next day to our position on the flank, while A. P. Hill led his splendid “Light Division” across the

Chickahominy at Meadow Bridge and opened the great battle by advancing on the enemy at Mechanicsville.

But of these battles, the part borne in them by the "Foot Cavalry" and the masterly retreat made by McClellan in his "change of base," I must speak in my next.

I have only been able to give in this an imperfect sketch of how we were transferred from the mountains to the Chickahominy.

Experiences of a Northern Man in the Confederate Army.

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.

[We have frequently expressed our desire to publish the experiences of intelligent private soldiers as well as of officers, and we are glad to present the following, which will be found of deep interest, and prove the beginning of others of historic value, as giving a private's views of men and things.]

There is, of course, no danger that the great political and military events connected with the war between the States of the American Union will be forgotten. History will forever keep alive the memory of these, but the little details and incidents, too trivial for the historian to recount, are liable to melt away gradually in the mists of time. Yet these trifles may be not without some importance, as they may tend to throw a faint light upon different phases of the great contest, and may, for this purpose, prove worthy of perusal. It is only on this ground that I venture to record some of my recollections of that momentous period.

I was merely a private in the Army of Northern Virginia, but as I was a Southerner neither by birth, blood, nor residence at the commencement of the war, my experiences may be in some respects exceptional. If you ask, kind reader, how it happened, that under such circumstances, I became a Confederate soldier, I answer you in this wise: I was born in a Northern State—was young and ardent. I had the good or evil fortune, as you may choose to consider it, of being a gentleman, and had fair prospects in life. My education had been completed—I was intended for the profession of law. Through my studies and my family surroundings I had imbibed the States-Rights view of the great Constitutional questions then agitating the public mind. This was not surprising, although such an opinion was at variance with the centralizing tendencies of the then dominant party at the North. States-Rights doctrines, in a more or less thorough form, were not at

that time uncommon in the North. The relations of the States under the United States Constitution were more generally regarded as Federal, than National; the words "Nation" and "National" were then not of general use, for the political ideas implied in the use of these terms were not generally current. In fact, from time to time, nearly every Northern State had shown its teeth, and growled about "reserved rights," when the shoe of Federal legislation threatened to pinch. Less than fifty years before this time the Hartford Convention had declared the right and intention of the New England States to secede from the Union, if the war of 1812, deemed by them detrimental to their commercial interests, was not terminated. The ink was not then long dry in the declaration penned by Horace Greeley, that the Southern States had the legal right to secede, and that the Northern States had no right to resist forcibly their secession. When, at present, such ridiculously inapplicable misnomers, as "disloyalty" and "treason," "rebels" and "traitors" are so freely applied by the popular voice to the adherents of the Confederate States, it is very difficult to realize that a few years ago States-Rights views were largely entertained throughout the Northern States. To understand this apparent contradiction it is only necessary to remember, that people are generally influenced in their opinions by what they believe at the time to be their interests, and that they now hold that their material interests are centered in the Union, whereas formerly they attached great importance to local government. *Ergo*, States-Rights doctrines are now at a discount, but that does not prove that they were not correct, or that one was wrong in entertaining them in 1861-1865. If, however, it be a true saying that "nothing is more successful than success," it is equally true that nothing is more unsuccessful than failure. The French have a proverb in which there is much pithy truth, which says "*les absus ont toujours tort*;" from the result of the war we might learn to paraphrase this by saying "the unsuccessful are always in the wrong."

The war had been raging for about two years, a time of suffering and of carnage for the participants on both sides, but also a period replete with wretchedness for the Peace-party at the North. Their political world had entered upon a new and violent geological period; the earthquake of war, and the volcano of revolution were daily effecting sudden, vast, and startling changes. This Peace-party was essentially conservative in its nature, and comprised many of the best and purest men, as well as of the highest, intellectually and socially, in the country. These people believed that the South had a legal right to sustain their secession by force of arms against the aggression of the central Gov-

ernment of the other States. They conscientiously believed that the South was right, and that she was fighting for constitutional liberty against most dangerous revolutionists. Such being their convictions, the members of this party necessarily could not sympathize with the successes of the northern armies, nor deplore the victories of the southern troops. From this state of affairs arose very bitter personal and political animosities between the advocates of the prosecution of the war and the opposers of it. The result was frequent violent quarrels between near relatives, and the angry disruption of many life-long and hereditary friendships. Believing themselves right, only wishing to put a stop to bloodshed, and to preserve liberty and law for both sections, yet these people were constantly denounced by their opponents as traitors of the deepest dye, plotting with armed rebels for their country's ruin. As they had been after the commencement of the war in a minority, they were debarred politically from preferment, and their exertions in private pursuits were much handicapped by the ostracism of the greater number of their neighbors. Meantime battle succeeded to battle, usurpation to usurpation, an endless, hopeless night of misery seemed to envelope the entire land. Altogether the Peace-party had a wretched time of it; their only consolation being their conviction that they were right. Had it been a foreign war, their hearts would have been with their countrymen—right or wrong—for "blood is thicker than water;" but it was a civil war; the southern armies were composed of men of the same blood as themselves, worthy descendants of the grand liberty-loving, hard-fighting, Anglo-Saxon race. How then could they glory in their sufferings? And yet, for not doing so, they were stigmatized by the War-party as traitors.

To this Peace-party I belonged, enthusiastically, devotedly adhered. I clung to the hope that forcible opposition at home might eventually compel the Revolutionists at Washington to stop the wild orgy of war. I longed to draw my maiden sword on the soil of my native State, to do, or die for her dear sake, striking for civil liberty. Months passed by and weariness in waiting was well nigh succeeded by despair. Daily would friends meet, discuss the situation, and groan at their inability to effect any good. One large hotel was the chief rendezvous for meeting. Here at any hour of the day you could find acquaintances who would tell you the latest current news, and also in mysterious whispers impart the gossip from Dixie, the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows, or stories of mutual acquaintances, who were there.

At length the time came when the Government at Washington found the volunteer system (though supplemented by enormous bounty-

giving) no longer adequate to supply fresh food for gunpowder to her depleted legions, and she was compelled to resort to stringent conscription. This was believed by very many to be illegal and unconstitutional, and a disposition to forcibly resist the conscription was evinced in New York. Then, indeed, seemed to have dawned at last the day for action, and gladly was it welcomed. The people turned out in the streets in large numbers, overpowered guards, destroyed and burned conscription bureaus, threw up barricades, and hemmed in the police within their station-houses. Very soon, however, this movement degenerated into a mere riot; the mob took possession of the city; professional thieves thronged from neighboring cities for purposes of plunder; property and life were unprotected; anarchy reigned for several days. Finally order was restored by the military, after some loss of life. I soon saw that no good could come out of this movement and of course had no part in the misdeeds of the rioters; my mortification and disgust were only equaled by my disappointment.

The consequence of the enforcement of the conscription was, that I had to take my chances of being drafted into the Northern army, or of buying a substitute. The latter I was pecuniarily able to do, but there was, in my opinion, no difference morally in fighting in one's own person for an unjust and detested cause, or in sending a hireling to fight for you; no more difference morally than there would be between hiring an assassin to commit a murder for you and doing the deed yourself. At all events, that was the view which I took of it, and I determined neither to fight against my principles in person or by proxy. Hitherto I had been permitted by the government, at Washington, to remain neutral in action, and so long as such was the case, it might be my duty to remain at home, as thus I might, by some possibility, be able to be of use to my own State and my own people. But now the alternative was presented to me of either fighting for or against the principles which I held sacred; I choose the former. In making this decision, I believed I was right, and have never since seen reason to doubt it. I determined to leave at once for the Confederacy, turning my back on ambition as well as upon home, as the family influence, which might have pushed me along, was, of course, confined to the North. I was to go by British steamer from New York to Nassau, running the blockade from there into one of the Southern ports. To get across the military land-lines to the South at that time was an equally uncertain undertaking, and moreover, I wished to carry with me a good out-fit for the field. I had not been long in the Confederacy before I became aware that the bringing of an out-fit was not necessary, as one could procure

easily very good ones there, and at not very high prices either, if calculated in gold, though overwhelmingly high, if estimated in paper currency. Naturally, the little circle of my friends knew of my proposed journey, and much was the sympathy which I experienced from them. During my last evening before starting, so many of my friends dropped in to say good-bye and God-speed, that I had quite a little levee. Nearly every one presented me with some little gift supposed to be suitable for the out-fit of a cavalryman, which I intended to be, so that my trunk became quite a respectable sized arsenal. One had given me a sabre. It was so ponderous and formidable in appearance that we christened it in joke "Durandal," after the far-famed brand of the redoubtable Taladin Roland. The only mode of concealment, when going aboard ship, which I could think of for this unwieldy instrument of destruction, was to tie it up with an umbrella in a roll of army blankets, which was supposed to look to the uninitiated like an ordinary traveling-rug with umbrellas thrust into it innocently; but in point of fact, it did not look a bit so. Why the detectives, of whom there were several unmistakably peering around inquisitively on the wharf, did not bag me, I do not comprehend. I had been a Confederate soldier but a short time before I discovered that this much beloved "Durandal," the bringing of which with me from New York, had given me a world of trouble, was rather an "elephant" on my hands, the use of cold steel having been almost superseded by "villanious saltpetre," and that a sword could at any time be had for the asking.

Soon, however, in spite of my suspicious-looking luggage, I found myself aboard the good steamer "Corsica," safe from molestation, under the flag of Old England.

After leaving I hobnobbed a good deal with an Englishman, an ex-officer in the Horse-Guards, who had given up his commission for a time to enter the service of the Confederacy, whither he was now bound. A nice, plucky fellow he was, of gigantic, athletic build. He served the war out like a man, as I afterwards heard, and then returned to England, having gained no distinction for his trouble, but perfectly satisfied with his adventures nevertheless. I was told that he never complained of the hardships and privations of campaigning, but only grumbled at the difficulty of procuring mounts suitable to his unusual weight. My other fellow-travellers were bent on pleasure, or business; among them were no other recruits for the Southern army, so far as I knew.

After a short and pleasant voyage we arrived at Nassau. Before us lay the city of the blockade-runners floating on the surface of the still,

transparent sea, her dazzling white streets and houses glittering in the sunlight, as if rejoicing in her newly-acquired commercial importance. We found the place teeming with business and speculative excitement. Previous to and after the war it was an insignificant little town, situated on an unproductive island of very limited extent, but during the times of which I am speaking it was the point of arrival and departure for the blockade runners plying constantly between there and Wilmington, Charleston, and occasionally other southern ports. When within this neutral territory they were, of course, safe from molestation by the Federal cruisers. Here, too, arrived from Europe, and, to a limited extent, from the North also, *sub rosa*, supplies intended for the Confederacy, and from here was shipped in return to Europe the much-coveted cotton which had been run successfully through the blockade. It may readily be imagined that the profits of this trade were enormous. The speculators never lost sight of the cardinal principle of their occupation, to buy cheap and to sell dear, so that a few successful ventures often made them a fortune. The consequence was the place had awoke from its siesta of life-long quietude to find itself famous; not being born great it had had "greatness thrust upon it" for a time. At once, on arriving in the harbor, you felt that you were among friends; everyone was "secesh," and glad to welcome you—not the least enthusiastic in this respect being the negroes, who were fully alive to the advantages of the commercial "boom" that had burst in their midst. It was another illustration that what is one's loss is another's gain; the residents of the Island, some refugees from the South, and adventurers of all nationalities (not excepting the inevitable, omnipresent New Englander), were making money fast out of the pressing necessities of the blockaded combatant, who was heroically grappling with his gigantic enemy in a death-struggle. No wonder that they were glad to see one; that they expressed such ardent, devoted affection for the South; that they were ever ready to drink deep at one's expense the good health of the Confederacy; that they were longing to do anything in the world for you—for a *valuable consideration*; we were their bonanza—their gold-mine.

I had been provided with a letter of introduction, and credit by a New York house on the principal firm in the place. These I presented and requested assistance in procuring a passage by the first blockade-runner for the South. This they arranged for me by a steamer to leave two days afterwards. I was informed that the usual fare charged for the trip was \$300 in gold, but the price was fixed for me at \$100 in gold, because I was going as a recruit to the Confederate army. As the pre-

mium on gold in the Confederacy at that time was fifteen to eighteen for one, this sum amounted to \$1,500 to \$1,800, and being a *quasi* export duty on food for gunpowder, struck me as an excessive charge to be made by such kindly disposed, unselfish people. My fellow passenger by the "Corsica," the English cavalryman, arranged to go by this same blockade runner; they charged him too the same export duty on himself of \$100 in gold in the shape of passage money. We afterwards learnt that our captain was greatly disgusted at the small amount of fare received from us, as the larger portion of the passage money, it seems, was his perquisite.

In due course we embarked on our steamer for the short voyage to Wilmington. A trial trip of about an hour's duration was made round the delicately blue transparent waters of the harbor; caution being observed of course to keep well within the marine league from shore—the limit of England's jurisdiction—in the meantime the passengers and some invited friends of the captain or agents were being regaled with ale and champagne, of very inferior quality, in which was drunk success to the expedition. This was done to test machinery and to make sure that everything was in perfect order. This was a very sensible precaution, for the Federal cruisers might be met at any moment lurking in the offing, and then it was a race to escape—the blockade runners being merchantmen entirely without armament. Our vessel was painted of a bluish-white color to make her less likely to be seen at sea, especially at night, but other than this I could perceive no attempt at concealment. Our trial trip ended, we put to sea in a very matter-of-fact manner—no hostile cruisers being visible—so we were disappointed of the excitement of a chase. Indeed, during the entire voyage only one vessel was sighted at sea; she was quite distant, and we did not have the impoliteness to approach any nearer to ask inquisitively about her nationality.

It was intended to reach Wilmington Bar somewhat after midnight, when the moon would be up. This surprised me, as I thought a dark night would have been preferred for making the attempt to run past the Blockading Fleet. It seems, however, that it was considered the lesser of two evils to run the risk of being seen and chased, rather than to take the certain danger of being wrecked, when running in with insufficient light. After a favorable voyage we reached the desired point off Wilmington at the proper time. A brief stoppage was made, when soon the final preparations were completed for running the gauntlet of the Federal Blockaders, who would become visible shortly, as we approached nearer shore. All the lights in the steamer were extinguished,

and all passengers were ordered below, only officers and crew being permitted on deck. The furnaces were replenished with carefully selected coal, which would give the greatest amount of heat, and make the least possible smoke. The last orders were given; every man was at his appointed place. Presently the boilers hissed, and the paddlewheels began to revolve faster and faster, as the fleet little steamer rose higher and higher in the water from the immense force of the rapid strokes; she actually felt like a horse gathering himself up under you for a great leap. After a little while the few faint sounds from the deck, which we could hitherto faintly catch in the cabin, ceased altogether, and there was the stillness of death, except for the sounds necessarily made by the movements of the machinery. Then we realized that we were running for our lives past the line of cruisers, and that at any moment a big shell might come crashing through our cabin, disagreeably lighting up the darkness in which we were sitting.

Our suspense was prolonged for some minutes longer, when speed was slackened, and finally we stopped altogether. Even then we did not know whether we were safely through the lines, or whether we had been brought-to under the guns of a hostile ship, for we could distinguish nothing whatever through the port-holes. However, we were soon released from the cabin, and walked out on deck to find ourselves safely through the blockade. In the offing could be descried several of the now harmless blockaders, and near at hand lay the coast of North Carolina. Soon the gray of dawn was succeeded by a brilliant, lovely sunrise, which lighted up cheerfully the low-lying shores and earthworks bristling with artillery, whilst from a fort near by floated the Southern Cross, the symbol of the glorious cause for which we had come to fight. Then we felt, with a thrill of joy, that we were at length within the Confederacy and would soon be launched amid stirring adventures. I say *we*, but of the passengers the only one besides myself to whom the term was applicable was the quondam Horse-Guardsman, for the rest were business people, seeking no "adventures" except in a commercial sense. At Wilmington we found the moral atmosphere a very great improvement upon that of Nassau, where we had left behind us most of the sordid *canaille* of commerce. The military element was here predominant, and the surroundings partook of the dignity of actual war. Still, the first sight of the Confederate arms as witnessed at Wilmington, was tame in sensations as compared with the deep impressions produced in him, who saw for the first time the Army of Northern Virginia. Composed of the flower of every Southern State, crowned with the glory of numberless victories achieved

against fearful odds, her honor untarnished by a single disgraceful reverse, this army was indeed worthy of her pre-eminent Chieftain, and no higher praise than this is possible. Cold must have been the heart of that man, and dead must he have been to every exalted sentiment, who could gaze for the first time on the veteran columns, the dear grey-jacketed ranks, of the Army of Northern Virginia, without feeling his soul expand with enthusiasm.

We were anxious to get to the front, so after waiting a few hours for a train at Wilmington, my English acquaintance and I had to part. He went direct to Richmond, where he had letters of introduction. I journeyed into the interior to consult an old family friend as to the best place at which "to pitch into the fight." Arrived at his house, I met the warmest of welcomes only tempered by kindly anxiety on my account, and grave regrets for the excellent prospect of my being speedily knocked on the head. On my first reaching his residence, my friend was not at home, but came in a few minutes afterwards. He had been drilling in a company formed for State defence, intended for local purposes. As his age was over seventy, I admired him in more senses than one.

Shortly after my arrival dinner was announced. I then experienced something of

"The stern joy which warriors feel
For foeman worthy of their steel."

For my appetite, unhappily usually one of the best I have ever met with, was then stimulated to great hunger by long fasting. But with the joyful thought of dinner flashed across my mind, the accounts, which we were constantly reading in the Northern newspapers of the great scarcity of food in the South. According to these, not only were the armies in the field destitute almost always of rations, but throughout the country, even in rural districts, far remote from military posts, the people everywhere were starving. To a great extent, I credited these statements. I therefore thought it would be brutally inconsiderate in me to allow myself to consume more than a very moderate portion from my friend's larder; I felt that that even was almost unfair. I determined to do my plain duty by comparative abstinence, but I could not cease regretting the sacrifice even in the charming society of the ladies of the household. Of all feasts, the Barmecide style was the only kind I did not fancy: however, I comforted myself as far as possible by reflecting that it was well for me to have a good deal of practice in fasting to prepare myself for the field.

We sat down to table to a meal rather moderate in quantity, and I

refrained with Spartan fortitude from indulging my desire to eat ravenously. Presently, however, other courses followed, and I found that a plentiful supply of good plain food was around me. You will readily believe that I then quickly changed my tactics and adopted those of the thrifty soldier, Dugald Dalgetty, who victualed himself on suitable occasions to last for a campaign. After this dinner I was not slow in discovering that the newspapers had, as usual, grossly exaggerated and falsified in their accounts of the food-scarcity at the South. Among forces in the field, among persons living in districts, which had been overrun by the armies, and among refugees from homes occupied by the enemy, there were frequently distressing privations, but elsewhere throughout the country there was not, as a rule, an insufficient supply of plain food, say of the homely but sustaining "hog and hominy."

Notes and Queries.

"MANUFACTURING HISTORY." WHO RUNS THE MACHINE?

We clip the following from the *Army and Navy Journal* in order that our readers may see the style, and "historic calmness" with which grave historic questions are being treated by those who charge the Southern Historical Society with being engaged in a "literary conspiracy," which has "turned it into something like a bureau for the falsification of history":

"Jefferson Davis, by his ponderous special pleading in favor of secession in his recently published volumes, has challenged anew the spirit of criticism upon the Southern political leaders which was set at rest for a time by the general disposition to cultivate good fellowship with our erring sisters whom we loved too well to suffer them to depart in peace. Among the rejoinders to Davis's work one appears in the *Atlantic* for September and one in the *North American Review*. In the latter, the writer, Rossiter Johnson, refers to the fact that in the case of every insurrection against slavery—like Nat Turner's and John Brown's—the insurgents suffered the extreme penalty of the law, while in all others, like Shay's rebellion, Fries's, and the whiskey war, they were either pardoned outright or only very mildly punished. He also says sarcastically:

"The atrocities of Andersonville were explained into nothingness long ago. The boys in blue lay on flowery beds of ease within that spacious and airy stockade, listening dreamily to the purl of the crystal brook that babbled at their feet, while the boys in gray at Elmira were suffering the tortures of the Inquisition. Lee, who never won an offensive battle, was the great general of the war. Grant was a blunderer—always blundering into success. General Sherman set fire to Columbia with his own hands, foolishly applying the torch before he had had any opportunity for plunder, while General Early burned his fingers in efforts to put out the fire at Chambersburg. General Butler stole all the silver spoons in New Orleans, but General Floyd was as honest as the day is long."

"He vigorously protests against what he characterizes as a sort of literary conspiracy on the part of Southern writers 'to glorify the achievement which they didn't achieve, to change the apparent motive of the war, to magnify the genius of the rebel generals, and belittle their conquerors—an endeavor to write into respectability the meanest of causes, and invest with a glamor of heroism the most inexcusable of crimes.' 'This disposition,' he says, 'first showed itself in the careful substitution of the term 'civil war' instead of 'rebellion,' uniformly adopted by many standard publications to avoid offending any of their readers. It is true that it was a civil war, and we might generalize still more of its character out of sight by using the invention of a celebrated satirist, and calling it an 'onpleasantnis.' Specifically, it was a rebellion and nothing else. It never rose to the character of a revolution, for it never had possession of the capital or the public archives, never stopped the wheels of the Government for a single day, was suppressed in the end, and attained none of its objects. It is always good rhetoric, and generally good policy to call things by the most specific name they will bear. Then came careful corrections of figures. The Confederate General So-and-so only had so many men at such a battle, instead of the larger number he has always been credited with, and only lost so many, while his Federal antagonist had three times the number, and lost two and a half times as many as the records of the War Department say he did. Then, by some ingenious course of reasoning, a battle that has been scored as a victory for the national troops is shown to have been a sort of quiet triumph for the rebels. And this goes on till the reader wonders what became of all the men who were raked into the Confederate service by the wholesale conscriptions, and why the 'cause' that won such a succession of victories was not finally successful. This literary conspiracy—which appears to have taken possession of the Historical Society at Richmond, and turned it into something like a bureau for the falsification of history—has culminated in the publication by Jefferson Davis of two large volumes, intended to set forth what he and his Confederacy tried to do for the cause of liberty, and how it happened that the powers of despotism defeated his beneficent plans.'"

Now we do not care to reply to these "glittering generalities." When Mr. Rossiter Johnson (we are not informed what part *he* took in "crushing the rebellion"), or any one else, points out any particular in which we have been guilty of a "falsification of history," we promise to confess our error, and do all in our power to correct it. But, to be frank, we confess that we should be slow to accept the guidance of a man who shows such profound ignorance as to say that Lee "never won an offensive battle," [we wonder what he calls "Seven Days" around Richmond, Second Manassas, Chancellorsville, the first days in the Wilderness, Reams's Station, etc.?], and who shows a spirit that would revive the fabrications with which Northern writers flooded the world during and just after the war, and would remand the chief "Rebels" to prison, or the hangman.

GENERAL SHERMAN "MANUFACTURING HISTORY."

We carefully preserved General Sherman's speech before the "Army of the Poto-mac," and although his new version of the "burning of Columbia" has been fully refuted by articles we had previously published [see vol. VII, pp. 156, 185 and 249, and vol. VIII, p. 202], we purpose, at an early day, to take up the question again and to show not only that General Sherman, in his several accounts, palpably contradicts

himself, but that he is guilty of an unmistakable "falsification of history." But meantime we will give him the benefit of the following characteristic letter:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., June 14, 1881.

"CAPT. T. H. LEE:

"My Dear Friend,—I have your ardent and enthusiastic letter of June 13, and am glad you were pleased at my speech at the meeting last week of the Society of the Army of the Potomac at Hartford, Conn. I believe we have conquered the rebellion, and made possible the grand developments our country is already experiencing; and I believe we ought to write its history, and not allow those who surrendered to write their old worn-out theories and impose them on strangers as a truthful account of what they could not help. We must speak and write, else Europe will be left to infer that we conquered not by courage, skill and patriotic devotion, but by brute force and by cruelty. The reverse was the fact. The rebels were notoriously more cruel than our men. We never could work up our men to the terrible earnestness of the Southern forces. Their murdering of Union fugitives, burning of Lawrence, Chambersburg, Paducah, etc., were all right in their eyes; and if we burned an old cotton gin or shed it was barbarism. I am tired of such perversion, and will resist it always.

Truly your friend,

"W. T. SHERMAN."

The "rebels more cruel" than Sherman's men! They burnt towns and General Sherman only "an old cotton gin" occasionally!! And this to prevent "rebels" from succeeding in their "literary conspiracy" to "manufacture history"!!! Will the reader please recall Esop's fable of the lamb who muddied the stream so the wolf could not drink? Or better still will he please read Sherman's Memoirs, Nichol's "Great March to the Sea," or the newspapers of that day. Since this question of the "Conduct of the War" has been revived we propose to take it up and ventilate it, when some choice extracts from General Sherman's orders will show the sincerity of his present utterances.

Riding through South Carolina several years ago in company with a distinguished Confederate General he pointed to the chimneys of burnt houses and called them "Sherman's sentinels left to guard the scenes of his vandalism," and alluding to his attempt to shirk the responsibility of burning Columbia, he said: "If I had burned nineteen towns (as Sherman confesses he did) I should not care a straw if they did charge, or prove, I had burned the twentieth."

But, perhaps, the explanation of General Sherman's anxiety is to be found in a letter we have recently received from another gentleman of world-wide reputation who says: "Sherman's recent attempts to relieve himself of the odium of the burning of Columbia, furnish the best evidence of returning virtue I have seen in the man."

WHAT CONFEDERATE BATTERY FIRED THE LAST GUN AT APPOMATTOX C. H.?

A correspondent having given this honor to the battery then commanded by the gallant Major Jas. D. Cumming, of North Carolina, he wrote at once the following manly disclaimer:

NEW YORK, April 5th, 1881.

Editor Review:—In your issue of 31st ult. I note a communication signed "Con-

federate," which unjustly claims for my old battery the distinguished honor of firing the last shot in the army of Northern Virginia.

Your correspondent is mistaken. This honor has never been claimed by myself or any member of the battery as far as I know, and I think it an act of justice to correct any such impression. While the old battery was more than once named in "general orders" and frequently complimented by Generals Beauregard, Hoke, Pettigrew and others, and I feel proud of its record, I cannot claim for myself what is due some other gallant commander.

Respectfully,

JAS. D. CUMMING.

But the following from our gallant friend, Major Parker, seems to show that the honor really belonged to "*Johnson's Battery*" of Richmond:

* * * * *

The "last artillery shot" was not fired by a battery "stationed in the yard of Mr. Peers," but by a Richmond battery known as "*Johnson's Battery*," and once commanded by the late Major Marmaduke Johnson, of this city. On the occasion referred to this battery was commanded by our popular sheriff, Captain John W. Wright. While waiting for orders to advance with my artillery on the morning of the 9th of April, Lieutenant James Grattan, also of this city, and who was at that time acting as adjutant to my battalion, returned from the front, and, with his eyes full of tears, said: "Major, the army cannot advance; can't you open the way with your artillery." We had not been able to haul enough ammunition from the lines near Petersburg for one hour's active firing, and for six days neither man nor horse had received a single ration from the quartermaster, yet, if anything was to be attempted, here seemed to be the occasion. Riding forward to select a position for the artillery, we had gone but a short distance when, to our surprise and mortification, we found ourselves in the presence of Generals Gordon and Custar, surrounded by a large staff. A glance told the story. The firing was still going on, especially on the left. So soon as recognized by General Gordon, I was ordered to cause the firing to cease. I directed Adjutant Grattan to go to the right while I went to the left, and ascending a hill found "*Johnson's Battery*," commanded, as before stated, by Captain Wright, actively engaged, and when the order was given to "cease firing" the question came from many anxious, trembling lips, "What for? What's the matter?" The reply sent a pang of anguish to every heart too deep for utterance. With the last deep-toned and defiant sound sent forth by this brave Richmond battery, the great heart of the noble Army of Northern Virginia had ceased to beat forever; and then there "was stillness as of death."

* * * * *

Richmond, Va.

WM. W. PARKER,
Late Major of Artillery, C. S. A.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

THE DELAY OF THESE NUMBERS AND THEIR COMBINATION UNDER ONE COVER will be excused by our subscribers when we tell them that it has resulted from the absence of the Secretary from his office and other causes beyond our control. This may happen again, but as we do not issue a newspaper, or Magazine of "serial" stories, we are sure it does not incommode our readers.

Rev. Dr. J. B. HAWTHORNE, of Richmond, kindly delivered in August, at the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, the Rockbridge Alum Springs, Blue Ridge Springs, and the Montgomery White Sulphur, for the benefit of the Society, his famous lecture on "Eloquent Oratory," which theme was most happily illustrated in the distinguished speaker himself.

Hon. J. Randolph Tucker also did us the kindness to deliver, in the same interest, at the Rockbridge Alum, his superb lecture on "*Virginia*." We acknowledge, with thanks, the courtesy of the proprietors of the Springs named, and also of the Alleghany Springs, where we were to have had a lecture. And we especially return thanks to the distinguished gentlemen who favored us with their lectures.

THE VIRGINIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY has been showing of late an enterprise and zeal worthy of all commendation. Their list of members has been rapidly increasing, contributions to their valuable collection are coming in rapidly from every quarter, and Mr. W. W. Corcoran, with characteristic liberality, has purchased for them the famous "Dinwiddie papers."

And we especially congratulate the Society on securing the whole time of their able and accomplished Secretary, Mr. R. A. Brock.

BETHEL CLASSICAL AND MILITARY ACADEMY, of which our accomplished and gallant friend, Major A. G. Smith, is principal, should commend itself not only because it is, in every respect, a first-class school, but because its superintendent and teachers were true Confederate soldiers and our sons who go there will not be made ashamed that their fathers "wore the gray."—(See advertisement).

THE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY—A STATEMENT AND AN APPEAL.

This Society which was organized in New Orleans, in 1869, and reorganized at the Montgomery White Sulphur Springs in August, 1873, has been doing a most important work in collecting, publishing, and preserving invaluable material for the future historian. Already its collection contains well-nigh everything necessary to a true history of the late war, and much that pertains to the Colonial, Revolutionary, and Civil history of the country, and especially of the South.

But the Executive Committee are exceedingly anxious to continue their work on an enlarged scale, and to prosecute yet more vigorously the great objects of the Society. Without the means of purchasing a book, or paying for a manuscript, the

Society has obtained by the voluntary contributions of its friends, a collection which has a very large pecuniary value, but which is beyond price in *real historic value*.

The time has come, however, when we *must* have a larger income to meet the necessary expense of carrying on our work, and the committee have ordered a special effort to be made to raise by the 1st of November at least \$2,000, to meet a pressing need, and also a fund for *permanent endowment*, which shall be safely invested and only the interest used for the annual wants of the Society.

We do not propose to make a *general* appeal to the masses of our people, but have selected a number of gentlemen whom we regard as both able and willing to help us, and to whom we shall send this statement and make a personal application.

Our friends can help us in one or more of the following ways :

1. Make us a contribution, large or small, to our *permanent endowment fund*. We really do not know how better some one of large means could invest money for coming years and hand his name down to posterity as a public benefactor than by linking it with this effort to preserve the history of our people. We know of no better investment for even a small amount. We have already the promise of \$2,500 on condition that we raise as much as \$10,000, and surely we shall be able to meet this condition.

2. Make us a contribution towards raising the fund of \$2,000 by the 1st of November. Can we not find enough friends who will give \$100, \$50, \$20, \$10, or less, to complete this fund at once? If you can send only \$1, please send that.

3. Become a *Life Member* of the Society, which you can do by paying the sum of \$50, and which will entitle you to all future publications of the Society without additional fee. *To any one sending the fee before the 1st of November we will also send a set of back numbers.*

4. Buy the back volumes of SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS, a set of which up to January, 1881, we can furnish for \$13.50 unbound.

5. Send us a list of names of those who would be likely to help us in any of the above ways.

We beg your early attention and prompt response to this appeal.

By order of the Executive Committee,

D. H. MAURY, *Chairman.*

J. Wm. Jones, *Secretary.*

N. B.—The following gentlemen compose the officers and Executive Committee of the Society :

President of Parent Society—General J. A. Early, of Virginia; *Vice-President*—Hon. R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia; *Secretary and Treasurer*—Rev. Dr. J. William Jones, Richmond, Va.

Executive Committee—General D. H. Maury, chairman; Colonel Archer Anderson, Major Robt Stiles, Colonel George W. Munford, Colonel William H. Palmer, Colonel R. L. Maury, Captain A. M. Keiley, Rev. Dr. J. L. M. Curry, Rev. Dr. M. D. Hoge, Rev. Dr. A. W. Weddell, Major C. S. Stringfellow, and Rev. Dr. J. William Jones, of Richmond; Colonel Walter H. Taylor and Captain Theo. S. Garnett, of Norfolk; Colonel Thomas H. Carter, of King William county, Va.; Colonel R. E. Withers, of Wytheville; Colonel William Preston Johnston, of Baton Rouge, La.; Colonel R. H. Dulaney, of Loudoun county, Va.; General Eppa Hunton and General William H. Payne, of Warrenton, Va.; and General G. W. C. Lee, of Lexington, Va.

Vice-Presidents of States—General I. R. Trimble, Maryland; Governor Z. B. Vance, of North Carolina; General M. C. Butler, of South Carolina; General A. H. Colquitt, of Georgia; General E. W. Pettus, of Alabama; Colonel W. Call, of Florida; General Wm. T. Martin, of Mississippi; Rev. B. M. Palmer, D. D., of Louisiana; Colonel T. M. Jack, of Texas; Hon. A. H. Garland, of Arkansas; Governor Isham G. Harris, of Tennessee; General J. S. Marmaduke, of Missouri; General Wm. Preston, of Kentucky; and W. W. Corcoran, Esq., of District of Columbia.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE CAMPAIGN OF CHANCELLORSVILLE. BY THEODORE A. DODGE, United States Army. Published by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

This is one of a series of papers read before the "Military Historical Society of Massachusetts," and gotten up in the admirable style for which the house of J. R. Osgood & Co., is famous.

Our friend, Colonel Wm. Allan (whose study of this campaign and general knowledge of all of the campaigns of Stonewall Jackson, on whose staff he served, peculiarly fit him for the task), is preparing us a full review of the book, which we had hoped to have in time for this issue, and shall publish as soon as received.

We can only say now that we have read the book with deep interest and do not hesitate to pronounce it one of the ablest, fairest and most valuable books which we have seen. Colonel Dodge has carefully studied the official reports, &c., on both sides, has evidently tried to be fair and accurate, and has written in a spirit of candor and painstaking search after the truth, worthy of all praise. While not accepting *all* of his statements or conclusions, we congratulate him on writing a model history, and the Society on making a really valuable contribution to the history of the war. We advise our friends to send \$3 to J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston, and secure a copy of this superb book.

THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN OF GENERAL MCCLELLAN IN 1862.

Being volume I of the papers of the Military Historical Society of Massachusetts. One volume, 8vo, with maps, \$3. It contains: General McClellan's Plans for the Campaign of 1861, and the alleged Interferences of the Government with them, by John C. Ropes, Esq.; The Siege of Yorktown, by Bvt. Brig.-Gen. John C. Palfrey, U. S. A.; The Period which elapsed between the Siege of Yorktown and the Beginning of the Seven-Days Battles, by Bvt. Brig.-Gen. Francis W. Palfrey, U. S. V.; The Seven-Days Battles.—To Malvern Hill, by Bvt. Brig.-Gen. Francis W. Palfrey, U. S. V.; The Battle of Malvern Hill, by Bvt. Brig.-Gen. Francis W. Palfrey, U. S. V.; Comments on the Peninsular Campaign, by Bvt. Brig.-Gen. Charles A. Whittier, U. S. V.

Sent postpaid, on receipt of price, by the publishers, James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

We are also indebted to the publishers for a copy of this beautifully gotten up book, which we have not yet found time to read, and a review of which we must reserve for the future.



Vol. IX.

Richmond, Va., September, 1881.

No. 9.

Annual Reunion of the Virginia Division A. N. Va. Association—Address of Col. Archer Anderson on the Campaign and Battle of Chickamauga.

The annual gatherings of the veterans of the Army Northern Virginia have for some years past been a most interesting feature in the exercises of "Fair week" in Richmond, and have attracted always large crowds and enthusiastic interest. The meeting this year was no exception; and there gathered in the State Capitol Tuesday night, October 25th, such an array of brave men and fair women as these occasions never fail to draw.

Just before the appointed hour General J. A. Early came into the hall, and was greeted with loud and continued applause.

In the absence of the president (General W. H. F. Lee) Colonel T. H. Carter, one of the vice-presidents, called the meeting to order, and stated that the Executive Committee had requested General J. A. Early to preside.

As General Early took the chair he was again greeted with enthusiastic applause. He called on Dr. J. William Jones, who lead in prayer.

On motion of Colonel H. C. Cabell, a committee consisting of Colonel H. C. Cabell, Private J. Hall Moore, Captain J. V. Bidgood, Captain W. G. McCabe, and Captain Maxwell T. Clarke was appointed to recommend officers for the ensuing year.

On motion of Major Robert Stiles, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That in the judgment of this meeting, it is expedient and proper that the office of permanent chaplain to the Association be created, and that the Rev. J. William Jones, whose interest in the Society has always induced him to serve in this capacity without such recognition, be elected to this office.

General Early then stated that while on former occasions the orators of this Association had selected themes which pertained alone to the Army of Northern Virginia, they were fortunate in having on this occasion a competent orator who would speak of a campaign in which our comrades of the West did valiant service. He had great pleasure in introducing Colonel Archer Anderson, who would now speak of "The Campaign and Battle of Chickamauga."

Colonel Anderson was greeted with loud applause, and was frequently interrupted with vociferous and hearty cheers, as, without MS. or notes before him, he delivered in clear, ringing voice, and with graceful gesture the following

ADDRESS:

Comrades of the Army of Northern Virginia:

By the too partial choice of your committee, I am about to speak to you of a campaign which, though the peculiar appanage of the fame of the Army of Tennessee, will yet always be recounted as in one aspect a brilliant episode in the glorious story of the Army of Northern Virginia.

The historian Arnold has observed that military events are rarely worthy of circumstantial narration unless they combine some of the elements of romance, or impart in a striking manner some great lesson in the art of war. I hope I may claim for the events I shall describe some portion of each of these elements of interest. It is of the campaign and battle of Chickamauga I propose to speak. The campaign may be said to have begun in the last days of August; the battle was fought on Saturday, the 19th, and Sunday, the 20th of September, 1863.

If you will recall the circumstances of that summer—the failure to win the decisive battle of Gettysburg, followed immediately by the loss of Vicksburg, and worse still, of the army defending it—the portentous concentration of Rosecrans's and Burnside's armies, threatening an advance through Chattanooga and Knoxville, which would sever the

Confederate power—the gloom, as well as the determination of the greater part of the Southern people, who did not need the after light of history to reckon aright the stunning effect of the blows just received—the rising disaffection of certain portions of the Confederacy under the pressure of the new call of the conscription acts, extending the draft upon our populations upwards to men of forty-five and downwards to boys of eighteen—the growing conception of the colossal power marshalled against us—the sufferings of all the people in their homes—the fierce storm of battle let loose upon Charleston—the calm repose of the only two great armies left to the Confederacy, Lee's in Virginia after the deadly grapple at Gettysburg, defiantly holding its adversary at bay; Bragg's in Tennessee, after vainly weakening itself to succour Vicksburg, waiting the spring of its powerful foe, with no other hope than to avoid it nimbly and retire upon the strong gateway of the South, Chattanooga—if, carrying in your minds all the details of those anxious days of July and August, '63, you will pass rapidly with me over the events which culminated in the battle of Chickamauga, and then, reflecting upon what happened one year later, if it appear that to the men who fought at Chickamauga the Southern people owed one year's respite from their inevitable fate; if I show you that to the extraordinary and romantic presence of two divisions of Longstreet's corps on that field the result of that battle is strictly to be ascribed; if I can impart a proper conception of the magnanimity of your great leader in stripping himself of so large a portion of his strength after such a campaign as that of Gettysburg, or of the exceeding skill and fortune with which that wonderful movement of Longstreet's over nine hundred miles of dilapidated railways was swiftly and secretly conducted, I feel that you will rather tax the temerity of the speaker than the poverty of the theme.

In the last days of June, 1863, General Bragg stood in advance of Shelbyville in Middle Tennessee with about 47,000* men of all arms,

* In comparing the numbers of two armies it is obvious that some common basis of comparison is necessary. The Federal returns contain a column entitled "Present for duty *Equipped*." This is made up by deducting from the aggregate of officers and men reported "Present for duty" all those who, for lack of arms or for some other reason, it is assumed would not stand in line of battle. When the officials of the War Department are asked to report the strength of any army on any field, they use this column of "Present for duty *Equipped*," and it is to be supposed that military writers on the Federal side observe the same practice. In five Federal returns examined by me, the aggregates of this column were less by four, five, six, six and ten per cent., respectively than the aggregates of the "Present for duty."

confronting a lowering mass of war which Rosecrans was preparing to hurl upon him. Rosecrans's army now numbered about 80,000 men. Bragg's had recently been weakened by the detachment to Mississippi of nearly twelve thousand troops, and was no longer fit to cope in the open country of Middle Tennessee with that adversary, whose progress it had so sternly checked six months before on the bloody field of Murfreesboro'. Accordingly, when in the last week of June Rosecrans made a general forward movement threatening the Confederate right flank, Bragg, by rapid marches, passed the Cumberland mountains and took post at Chattanooga—a position marked out by nature, and by the junction of great lines of railway, as an objective point for any army seeking to pass from Tennessee to the Atlantic coast. But Rosecrans was not yet ready to follow his enemy across the mountains. He halted on a line stretching from McMinnville to Winchester, waiting to repair his railways, waiting especially for the corn to grow and for the movement of Burnside's army, then gathering to march on Knoxville, as a cover to Rosecrans's left flank.

Bragg reached Chattanooga on the 7th of July, and it was not until the 29th of August that Rosecrans began the passage of the Tennessee river at Bridgeport, twenty-eight miles below, and three other points.

The Confederate returns contain no such column, but they give a column called the "Effective Total," which is generally made up by adding together the sergeants, corporals and privates *present for duty*. As the Federal returns contain no similar column, this is obviously an unsuitable standard of comparison, and certainly it is rather odd not to count the officers standing in line of battle as part of the effective force of an army.

The column of officers and men "Present for duty" appears in the returns of both armies, and is made up in the same way; the aggregate thus reached is subject in each army to the same influences, tending to reduce it practically in actual line of battle. I have, therefore, uniformly used this aggregate of officers and men "Present for duty" to denote the strength of an army.

By the tri-monthly return of June 20, 1863, made by General Bragg, now in the Archive office of the War Department, the aggregate of officers and men of all arms "Present for duty" in the Army of Tennessee is 47,249, to which the cavalry contributed 14,290. In the tri-monthly return of the "Department of the Cumberland" of June 30, 1863, the aggregate "Present for duty" of all arms is given at 79,681, but there is an obvious error in addition, the correction of which would make the aggregate 81,681; and as the aggregate "Present for duty Equipped" is given at 80,222, the probability is that a further correction of the return would considerably increase the aggregate "Present for duty." The return of June 20, 1863, shows that Bragg had under his command in addition to the "Army of Tennessee": in the District of Tennessee, officers and men, "Present for duty" 1413; in the District of North Alabama "Present for duty" 1745.

There was, therefore, a period of about seven weeks which the Confederate commander might utilize for the equipment and consolidation of his army, and for the study of the country in his neighborhood, now evidently to become the theatre of the campaign. Some show of fortification there was, but it was generally felt that Chattanooga could never be held as a fortress, and the recent loss of Vicksburg was hardly needed to enforce the folly of sacrificing an army to maintain a post. Of the aspect of that gallant Army of Tennessee, as it appeared at that time to observers fresh from your ranks in Virginia, I would particularly speak. A considerable portion of it had just seen their homes abandoned to the enemy, and the first march in retreat would carry them beyond the border of their beloved Tennessee; yet their mood was cheerful and devoted; nay, fierce and warlike. But this was to be expected of the veterans who still stood by the flags which had received their baptism of fire on the field of Shiloh. The unworthy and the meanspirited had been ruthlessly winnowed out, and of those that were left in the older regiments almost every man might claim the title of patriot and soldier. Whilst the temper and spirit of the men were thus in no wise below the heroic pitch of their brothers in the Virginian army, their outward appearance as soldiers moving in large bodies was perhaps not equalled in the Confederate service. Under the influence, doubtless, of General Hardee, much attention had been paid to tactics, and some of the divisions made an imposing display in evolutions of the line. The mention of that honored name, so familiar in the earlier stages of the war in connection with drill and the formal parts of military business, calls up now in the mind's eye of every man who knows the story of the western army, a far different image—a grand and commanding figure of a soldier—the gallant leader on some field of triumph, dashing across fence and ditch at the head of troops electrified by the splendid bearing of the superb horseman, and charging with him always as to assured victory—or, again, in a moment of crisis, galloping up with a regiment of Texas cavalry, to be hurled full plunge through the pine woods on the flank of a Federal infantry division, just in time to save the communications of the army; or better still, in his highest appearance, as the bold and rapid corps commander, who never forgot Napoleon's injunction to "attack vigorously after having observed well where to strike." I reckon it as a serious misfortune that Hardee was not destined to lead a corps in the campaign we are approaching. He had recently been detached to take a command in Mississippi, and the army lost in the crisis of its history the most brilliant corps commander the war produced on our side, after your own Jackson and Longstreet.

But it had lately gained as successor to Hardee in the command of his old corps a stern and dauntless soldier from the Army of Northern Virginia in D. H. Hill, whose vigor, coolness and unconquerable pertinacity in fight had already stamped him as a leader of heroic temper. Of the religious school of Stonewall Jackson, his earnest convictions never chilled his ardor for battle, and in another age he would have been found worthy to charge with Cromwell at Dunbar, with the cry

“Let God arise—let his enemies be scattered.”

At Seven Pines, pressing his division, knee-deep in mud, across an open field, he had gallantly hurled Casey's division out of a formidable redoubt, and quickly turned the captured guns on its late occupants—a most exhilarating sight in war. At South Mountain, by an obstinate rear-guard fight against enormous odds he had secured and protected the concentration of Gen. Lee's army on the field of Sharpsburg. Hill was welcomed to the Army of Tennessee, for in those times there was a radiance surrounding every commander who had worthily led on any of the great days of the Army of Northern Virginia.

But he found there the equals of his late comrades. Polk, the warrior bishop, recalling some of the martial figures of the church militant of the middle ages, a man with many, but perhaps not the highest, qualities for war, Polk commanded the remaining corps, and was destined to give nine months still of his rich and stirring life to the service of his country. Cleburne, who led one of Hill's divisions, was a blunt, impassive, rather heavy man, who had served a rough apprenticeship in the ranks of the British army; but it needed only the flame of battle to kindle his dull features, to stir the depths of his strong nature, and to show forth a soldier for stoutness of heart, for stubbornness of fight, for shining valor and forgetfulness of self rarely to be matched. The other Major-Generals of the force then assembled, A. P. Stewart, Cheatham, Hindman of the infantry, and Wheeler and Forrest* of the cavalry, were men who had won their title to command, step by step, on all the hard-fought fields of the West, and were fit leaders for the serious work in hand. There was not a holiday soldier among them. All had gained the confidence of their troops, and one at least, Forrest, had already shown such a soldier's eye, such enterprise, such intuition, such resource, such overpowering will and passionate valor as have won for him an imperishable name.

Breckinridge, statesman and soldier, Buckner, Preston and W. H. T. Walker, gallant leaders, joined the army later with their commands.

* Forrest commanded a division, but was only a Brigadier-General at that time.

With the mention of one other name I must hasten on. The Commander of the army, Braxton Bragg, was no ordinary man. He had emerged from the Mexican war with a brilliant reputation for conduct and ability. From that day he would have been cited amongst the five or six young officers of the American army, who might be expected to play a leading part in any future contest. In the first months of the war between the States he had signalized his talents for organization and discipline, and on the field of Shiloh he had put his corps into the fight with a vigor and spirit, which gave promise of a brilliant career.

When, on the retirement of Beauregard at Tupelo, Bragg succeeded to the command of the army, there were soon many signs of sleepless activity. He promptly snatched the initiative from Buell, and the march by Chattanooga into Kentucky was a movement, which by its boldness and rich promise seemed at one moment to announce the appearance of a master in war. But hope was a little chilled by the issue of that enterprising campaign. Bragg had not attacked his enemy when that enemy was weakest, and delay would make him stronger. But he had been obliged on his own retreat to deliver an indecisive battle at Perryville, Kentucky, with only a partial concentration of his forces; and from that moment a party in his army had disputed his title to command.

At Murfreesboro', with a resoluteness to fight and a plan of battle which displayed many of the requisites for leadership, he had struck a staggering blow; but wanting that inspired glance which spies out the enemy's real weakness behind his assured front, or the unreasoning tenacity which so often wins by mere inertia, he had thrown away the prize of victory by yielding on the third day the bloody ground which the enemy was ready to surrender. From that memorable moment opinion in the army grew more and more clamorous as to the General's title to command. Wherein then was Bragg wanting in the true quality of a commander?

A great master of speech, Cicero, has, in his praise of Pompey, briefly set forth four elements as essential to make a General: military knowledge, valour, authority, good fortune.

General Bragg had military knowledge—his gallantry cannot be questioned; but the discussions and recriminations among his subordinates growing out of the battles of Perryville and Murfreesboro' had sapped his authority, and it was in the decrees of fate that he should never long enjoy the smiles of Fortune.

What is authority in a General? It is love and faith on the part of the army, it is perfect abandonment of the will of the many to the one

supreme will of the commander. You have seen its daily manifestation throughout the long years during which you followed Robert Lee; you saw its flower and perfect fruit at that dark hour in the Wilderness when the troops made it a condition of their own self-sacrifice that Lee would spare himself. Some here present saw it at Dalton in 1864, when the coming of General Johnston to take command of the Army of Tennessee instantly restored confidence, and the accession of a single man was as welcome as a reinforcement of ten thousand soldiers. But military history is full of such instances of personal ascendancy. You remember how Cæsar quelled the murmurs of his officers at the march against the unknown and dreaded Germans, when calling them about him, he bitterly reproached them for daring to enquire or even speculate as to where the army was to be led, or what were the plans of the General; and then, proclaiming that if nobody else followed he would go with his beloved tenth legion alone to find the enemy, shamed the whole army into obedience and discipline.

There spoke the authority of the General.

Or take Frederick on the eve of Leuthen, in that memorable council of veterans, telling them frankly of the desperate nature of his circumstances, of his meaning nevertheless in spite of the rules of art to attack the enemy, near thrice his own strength, wherever he found him, bidding those who felt unequal to such dangers take their discharge without reproach, and winding up that heart-stirring talk with a cheery "Good night, gentlemen: shortly we shall either have beaten the enemy or we never see one another again."

The General who could use that language felt sure of his authority. General Bragg did not possess this personal ascendancy.

Passing to the other camp we find an army solidly compacted of the best manhood of the West, proud of a long list of substantial, if not brilliant successes, proud of the vast territory that already lay behind them won from us, well equipped, well nourished, moving with the precision of an organization not new to the work and the confidence and practical skill of veterans, full of hope and enterprise.

Its commander, Rosecrans, a man of vigor and talent, had done enough in West Virginia and at Murfreesboro', not indeed to establish his claims as a General, but to make his troops look hopefully to what he was now to perform. We shall see that he had not that rare quality of soul which alone fits men for command-in-chief; and woe to the ambitious soldier who lightly undertakes to tread that giddy path, to breathe that atmosphere of awful solitude and tremendous responsibility!

But Rosecrans was surrounded by men familiar with the best lessons of war, wise and bold to plan—eager and strong to execute. George H. Thomas was there at the head of a corps. There have been times when a Virginian might not be trusted to speak impartially of this famous Virginian; but sixteen years have assuaged the bitterness of civil strife, death has been busy with the great actors of the scene, victors and vanquished alike, and we, their younger contemporaries, have already reached a stage from which the sober judgment of history may be anticipated. It is, however, with his military character that we have now to deal, and discussing that before an assemblage of soldiers, who could fail to do homage to the steadfast soldier whose fortitude saved an army? The men who felt the full weight of his stroke will never forget its strength and majesty; there is abundant mutual esteem in good blows well given and received, and the Father of Epic song is true to the human heart when he suggests that Trojans and Greeks will say of Hector and Ajax

“On mortal quarrel did those warriors meet,
Yet parted thence in friendly bonds conjoined.”

Is not this the present temper of those who wore the blue and the gray?

Besides Thomas there were under Rosecrans, as corps commanders, McCook, Crittenden, and Gordon Granger—men, except the last, of far inferior force. But the Federal divisions were in many cases, most strongly led. Amongst their commanders were Brannan, Baird, Reynolds, Palmer, Steedman, Wood, Sheridan. The chief of staff of the army was that brave and strong man, James A. Garfield.

From the 29th of August to the 4th of September Rosecrans was crossing the Tennessee river with 59,000* infantry and artillery; but at that time Bragg, having received from Mississippi Walker's and Breckinridge's divisions, had only of these arms 42,000 men, soon to be increased by 5,000 brought by Buckner from Knoxville, which Burnside now entered.

Such being the two armies, I must ask you to consider a moment the country in which they were about to operate.

Chattanooga, the gateway of Georgia, stands on the left bank of the Tennessee, just above the point where the river forces a passage through a tremendous barrier of mountains. A little below, on the right bank, and for twenty-five miles down, the outlying chains of the Cumberland range abut precipitously on the stream, leaving no room

*See note next following.

for a good road. In like manner, near Chattanooga on the left bank, two great parallel ranges seventy miles long, Lookout Mountain and Sand or Raccoon Mountain, project their huge masses to the river's edge; but the engineer has found space for a single railway track between the point of Lookout Mountain and the water, and a wagon road climbs a hundred feet or more above the railway. Between these ranges is Lookout Valley. At Chattanooga the railway from Atlanta turns abruptly south of west, crossing the Tennessee at Bridgeport. Thus the great barrier of Lookout Mountain, standing on one flank of Chattanooga, has forced the railway engineer to account with it as it will now interpose with its ponderous mass in all the calculations of the strategist.

Atlanta, 138 miles south and east of Chattanooga, was Bragg's base. His principal line of communication was the railway connecting these two points.

Rosecrans, with his army extending from McMinnville to Winchester, in Middle Tennessee, with Nashville as his base, had in his movement on Chattanooga, to choose whether he would turn the right or the left of the Confederate position. Only sixty miles, as the crow flies, separated the two armies, but you must picture the intervening country to your mind's eye as a sea of mountains.

A mere front attack, following the line of railway, wedged in between the mountains and the river, was, of course, out of the question. Rosecrans has described the country through which he must have moved to turn Bragg's right as rough in itself, traversed by few roads, and almost destitute of supplies. Besides, each day's march would have taken him farther from the railway leading to Nashville. But, on the other hand, each day's march would have brought him nearer to Burnside's army, moving on Knoxville. The disadvantages mentioned seem to have outweighed in his mind the crowning advantage of concentration, and he chose the movement to turn Bragg's left.

Following the railway, he crossed the Tennessee at Bridgeport and three other points by the 4th of September, and by the 7th he concentrated the bulk of his forces in Lookout Valley. Lookout Mountain was now interposed as a great curtain between the two armies. Near its northern end nestles Chattanooga.

Over this precipitous range three roads were practicable for Rosecrans's army. One, following the railway over the point of Lookout Mountain where it rises abruptly from the river, leads directly to Chattanooga; the second passes through Stevens's and Cooper's gaps, some twenty-six miles south of Chattanooga, into a secluded valley, known as McLemore's Cove; the third crosses still farther south, at Winston's

gap, which is forty-two miles from Chattanooga.

Rosecrans determined to move one corps on each of these roads, and on the 8th of September his army was well engaged in this march. Bragg has been censured for permitting this peaceful crossing of the Tennessee, but without reason. He could not encounter Rosecrans at the crossing of the river without placing the tremendous defiles of Sand and Lookout Mountains at his own back. He wisely chose to await his enemy as he issued from these defiles, and, watching his chance, to fall with swift-descending stroke upon the heads of his encumbered columns. And now such an opportunity was about to present itself to the Confederate commander.

On the 7th of September Bragg, having ascertained the movement of the Federal army threatening his left and rear, determined to evacuate Chattanooga and move southward to Lafayette, twenty-six miles distant by a road which runs nearly parallel to the eastern face of Lookout Mountain. He determined that he would not move across the rough country on his right to attack Rosecrans's communications—a march which we have seen Rosecrans himself rejected. In this he was right. He determined that his force was too small to admit of holding on to Chattanooga with a detachment while he confronted the enemy's flanking movement with his main body. He therefore abandoned Chattanooga completely on the 8th of September. In this he was not so clearly right, but we shall see that the blunders of his adversary relieved him of the consequences of this error, if error it was. To have held on to Chattanooga and the point of Lookout Mountain with two divisions, whilst the remainder of the army moved to strike the heads of the turning columns of the enemy, would have been to imitate Gen. Lee's daring at Chancellorsville, when he sent Jackson on his immortal march, and yet left Early to dispute the heights of Fredericksburg. To give up Chattanooga was to place at once in Rosecrans's hands, without a struggle, the prize of the campaign, and who could divine that the Federal commander would still persist in his eccentric movement and offer such brilliant chances to his adversary as I am now to describe? Surely fortune was now about to smile on Bragg.

Try to take in the extraordinary situation. Rosecrans's three corps were in the act to move from three points on the general line of Lookout Mountain, so remote from each other that the centre corps, Thomas's, was distant twenty miles from Crittenden's on the Federal left, and twenty miles also from McCook's on the Federal right, when, on the night of the 8th of September, or certainly on the morning of the 9th, word was brought to Rosecrans that Crittenden's corps had only to walk into Chattanooga. Sherman, in the following year on the receipt of

such a gift of fortune, would instantly have recalled his orders, and concentrated McCook's and Thomas's corps in Lookout Valley upon Crittenden's, now quickly entering Chattanooga. Rosecrans—as if in pursuit of an enemy whom he had already beaten and had only to disperse—persisted in his extended flank movement, and was now about to offer to Bragg the supreme opportunity which comes to most Generals only in their dreams—an opportunity which well used would richly repay the loss of fifty Chattanoogas—an opportunity to crush one detached corps with the concentrated mass of an army. At that moment Bragg may well have rejoiced at the happy inspiration which had made him despise the mere possession of Chattanooga as a cheap thing in comparison with an army gathered close and compact, well in hand, ready to spring.

In peaceable possession of Chattanooga on the 9th of September, Rosecrans pushed Crittenden's corps forward on the 9th and 10th in the direction of Ringgold, on the railroad to Dalton. Every mile of this march increased the distance between his left wing and centre.

At the same time—during the 9th—two divisions of the centre corps (Thomas's) crossed Lookout Mountain into McLemore's Cove, a narrow valley shut in on the east by Pigeon Mountain. The road from Chattanooga along which Bragg had retreated, runs for twenty miles along the eastern base of this Pigeon ridge. It was practicable to pass from this road into McLemore's Cove through two gaps in Pigeon Mountain, or around its northern extremity. If you stand where Bragg's army stood, near Lafayette, and face due north, you may roughly represent the configuration of the mountains by the extended forefinger and thumb of the left hand, the other fingers being clenched. The wrist, hand and forefinger will rudely represent the main chain of Lookout, the thumb the diverging range of Pigeon Mountain, the space between thumb and forefinger McLemore's Cove. Now, on the evening of the 9th September Crittenden was at Rossville, four miles southeast of the northernmost point of Lookout—the forefinger's tip; Thomas was crossing at about its middle point, and McCook was far away to the south at a point represented by the wrist. Bragg's army was stretched along the eastern base of Pigeon Mountain, occupying its gaps. Surely, if ever an army was caught *in flagrante delicto*, caught in its sin, this was now the position of the Federal army. You can judge of the magnitude of its peril when you learn that it took four days of hard marching to effect its concentration after Rosecrans awoke to his situation. It was about fifteen miles from Crittenden's position to Thomas's advance, and the Confederate right was almost interposed between

these two corps. It required, in effect, thirty-seven miles of marching over mountain roads to pass from McCook's corps to Thomas's, and, to crown the opportunity for a swift stroke, Thomas's two advanced divisions were separated by Lookout Mountain from the rest of his corps.

This was the brilliant opportunity which General Bragg lost with his eyes open. With full knowledge of the false position of Thomas's two divisions on the very evening of the day they reached it, he gave orders for an attack on the 10th, which should have crushed them. This attack did not take place on the 10th, through causes which may, perhaps, be accepted as unavoidable; but the enemy was good enough to wait in his false position till after eight o'clock of the morning of the 11th. During three hours of daylight on that morning these two divisions lay at the mercy of 30,000 Confederates.

Can it be denied that the Confederates ought to have been ready to attack at daybreak? The whole of the day and night of the 10th had been allowed for preparation. Why were they not hurled to the attack at dawn on the 11th, why not at six o'clock, why not at seven? The answer to these questions must, I fear, condemn General Bragg as a commander.

Some one has said that the final object of all the machinery of the British Constitution is to get twelve men into a jury box. So we may say that all the art of war lies in bringing three men to your enemy's one upon the decisive point. Here the combination had been ingeniously prepared, the great problem of the art of war had been solved, 30,000 men stood ready to fall upon 10,000; the blow had only to be delivered, thirty minutes would have sufficed to strike it home. Oh, for an hour of Stonewall Jackson's inspired energy! The uplifted arm never descended, the blow was never struck. At about half past eight Negley had taken alarm, and it was not till five o'clock in the afternoon that the Confederates made a feeble demonstration upon an enemy now wide awake, retired from the plain and firmly lodged in the mountain pass.

The loss of the whole of the 10th may perhaps be set down to the accidents of war. The loss of the precious morning of the 11th must certainly be imputed to the commander. General Bragg seemed to know always what ought to be done, to possess the decision and the will to order it to be done, but, by some strange lack of gift, where so many gifts abounded, he could not do it himself and he could not make others do it. Thus was frittered away a brilliant opportunity. But fortune now offered another.

On the night of the 12th Bragg knew that Crittenden's corps was

still separated from Thomas's by some eleven or twelve miles; Thomas's corps being still nearly four days' march removed from McCook's. He therefore ordered Lieutenant-General Polk to attack Crittenden vigorously at daybreak on the 13th, intending to support him with Buckner's and Walker's corps. So earnest was he in the purpose to strike that he sent Polk four orders of the same tenor and the most urgent character during the evening. General Polk made no attack on the 13th. Thus another great opportunity was lost.

These failures to secure the execution of his designs seem to have paralyzed the Confederate commander during the next four days, for it was not until the night of the 17th that Bragg issued another order for a movement against the enemy. And yet these were four days of critical peril for the Federal army.

It was only at midnight of the 12th that McCook on their extreme right received the order to close upon Thomas. It was only on the 17th, after four days' hard marching, that his junction with Thomas was effected. During these four days McCook's corps was as completely annulled as if it had been in Virginia, and during a part of this time there was a wide interval separating Crittenden and Thomas. The Confederate army was perfectly in hand. What chances did those four days not offer to an enterprising commander! But General Bragg's spirit seems to have been damped by the mis-carriages I have described. Rosecrans was, on the other hand, completely aroused. He saw now, as he himself says, that it was a matter of life and death to concentrate his army. During those four days the Federal army marched as men march upon issues of life and death; but the Confederates lay in their camps in idle vacancy. Had some cloud of conflicting rumors settled down upon the Confederate commander's vision, obscuring his perception of the situation of the enemy? Nothing of the sort. All the contemporary evidence shows that the wide dispersion of the Federal forces was perfectly understood at the Confederate head-quarters. Was there lack of resolution to fight? How can this be supposed of that grim and determined soldier who afterwards put forth those repeated and persistent orders which a few days later brought on the tremendous collision of the whole of the two armies? It is true that reinforcements were now about to arrive, but General Bragg well knew they would not counterbalance McCook's corps. The inaction of those four days is not to be explained. They were days of discouragement and uneasiness for the Confederate army. The Confederate soldier, naturally intelligent, had then come to know something of war. The retirement from Chattanooga had been ac-

cepted without a murmur as a measure of strategy. The movement to attack in McLemore's Cove had been hailed with delight; but the disappointment at its impotent conclusion was keen, and when another disappointment followed on the 13th, and day after day nothing seemed to be done, though every private soldier knew that the fate of the Confederacy was hanging in the balance, then a feeling of depression settled upon the army.

Upon the Confederates, thus foiled and despondent, there arose a beautiful vision. Many before me remember the power, the speed and the gorgeous, cloud-capped brilliancy of the rumors that were sometimes blown on mysterious winds through the Confederate camps. At one critical moment England had recognized the Confederacy; at another, when hope was at its last gasp, a French division 10,000 strong had actually marched into Texas from Mexico. And so the wonderful stories ran, the imagination of the inventor being always equal to any need of encouragement and consolation. Such a rumor now gathered head. Men whispered that Longstreet's corps was coming—nay, had come, from Virginia. Received at first lightly, laughed at by the judicious as another appearance of the old, familiar phantom, I well remember the tumultuous joy when the astonishing portent grew into fact; when men came who had seen and talked with Kershaw and Hood, not ten miles off, and the most skeptical could no longer doubt that on the great day of battle now at hand soldiers of the unconquerable Army of Northern Virginia were to stand side by side with the men of Shiloh and Murfreesboro'.

This is what I ventured to promise as the romantic part of my subject. These troops of Longstreet seemed to have descended out of the heavens, so unexpected was their coming; and the strength they added to Bragg's army was not to be reckoned by their mere numbers, for with them came a flood of that mysterious power, that moral force which brings victory in battle.

But the surprise at Longstreet's appearance was not confined to our camp. It was equally great in the Federal ranks. On the 14th September Rosecrans telegraphed to General Halleck, at Washington, to know whether Bragg had been reinforced from Virginia, and on the 15th Halleck responded that no troops had gone from that quarter to Bragg's army. At that time the heads of Longstreet's columns were arriving. The wonderful secrecy of this movement must always give it a remarkable place in military history. Napoleon's descent upon the plain of Marengo was not a greater surprise. The army from which the detachment was made was confronted by the Army of the Potomac,

the ground from which the troops moved was not eighty miles distant from General Halleck's lofty perch of observation at Washington. Yet for many days the movement seems to have been absolutely hidden from the Federal authorities. It was likewise a secret well kept by the few entrusted with it inside the Confederate lines. General Bragg may have known it at an early moment. If he did, he concealed it carefully from his corps commanders until the troops from Virginia were about to appear on his flank.

Many great movements by rail occurred in the course of the war, but this movement of Longstreet's seems to surpass them all in intense and dramatic interest, in hardiness, in secrecy, in success. There was the great distance to be traversed by circuitous and worn-out railways—900 miles; there were the two Confederate armies at the extremities of this long line, each confronting a superior force. The idea that troops of the one could be detached to take part in the operations of the other in the same campaign was a new and hardy conception. But more impressive still was the magnanimity of your great commander. He had recently returned foiled, but not beaten, from the heights of Gettysburg; he had been obliged to abandon his campaign of invasion and retreat into Virginia. The enemy had followed triumphant though respectful, and as the Federal army now outnumbered its adversary by many thousands, it was to be expected that it would soon resume a vigorous offensive.

But Lee, weighing all the hazard, accepted it, and, standing calm, majestic, self sacrificing, stripped himself to succor a distant ally.

Now see, as Cæsar said, how great a thing is firmness of mind in war. Lee's bold countenance imposed on Meade for many days, and by the time the Federal General had penetrated the secret and was gathering himself for a great stroke, Longstreet's guns had been heard at Chickamauga and the sudden wreck of Rosecrans's campaign, vibrating from the Mississippi to the Atlantic, paralyzed Meade's uplifted arm.

But we must turn our minds again to that corner of northwestern Georgia, where a great conflict is approaching. It was not till the night of the 17th of September that General Bragg roused himself to give the energetic orders which were to bring on a general battle. But during the four days preceding Rosecrans had drawn in his distant wings, and the battle now to be fought must be fought with the whole of the Federal army.

What was the strength of the two armies at this time? From an examination of the original returns in the War Department, I reckon in

round numbers the Federal infantry and artillery on the field of Chickamauga at 59,000 *men, and the Confederate infantry and artil-

* The Tri monthly Return of the Department of the Cumberland of September 10th, 1863, furnishes the data for an estimate of the Federal strength on the field of Chickamauga.

The aggregate "present for duty" of all arms there given is,	78,183
From this I deduct for parts of Gordon Granger's corps and Posts's brigade not on the field (estimated),	9,268
and estimate the strength of all arms present for duty at,	68,815

This is a smaller number, when we remember the difference between "present for duty" and "present for duty *equipped*," than that given by the accomplished clerk in charge of the Returns in the War office, Mr. Kirkley, in the following official memorandum furnished to the Adjutant-General January 18th, 1876: "The effective strength (and by this he means the aggregate of all arms 'present for duty *equipped*') of General Rosecrans's army engaged in the battle of Chickamauga as shown by the tri-monthly returns of September 10th, 1863, was 68,101."

From my estimate of,	68,815
I deduct the cavalry present for duty,	10,078
and place the infantry and artillery at	58,737

The last Return of the "Army of Tennessee" before the battle of Chickamauga is that of September 1st, 1863, now in the War Department. Of the reinforcements received by Bragg this return embraces only W. H. T. Walker's division.

The aggregate of infantry and artillery "present for duty" therein shown is,	38,618
Add aggregate "present for duty" of Breckinridge's division as given in his report,	3,769
Aggregate "present for duty" of Gregg's brigade as given in Bushrod Johnson's report,	1,352
Aggregate "present for duty" of McNair's brigade as given in Bushrod Johnson's report,	1,207
Force brought by Buckner from Knoxville, (Preston's division and some artillery) as given in Bragg's report,	5,000
Longstreet's force, consisting of three brigades of Hood's division and two brigades of McLaws's division, estimated by Bragg in his report at,	5,000
And the total is,	54,946

The aggregate "present for duty" of the cavalry shown in the return is, 11,268

I have not been able to ascertain whether any cavalry joined after September 1st, which was not included in the return of that date. Perhaps some came with Buckner, which was not included in the return.

General Longstreet's report gives 22,882 as the aggregate present for duty in

lery, including the troops which arrived on the 20th of September, at 55,000. The Federal cavalry, about 10,000 strong, was outnumbered by the Confederate cavalry by about one thousand men. Thus speak the returns. Perhaps a deduction of 5,000 men from the reported strength of each army would more nearly represent the actual combatants. But in any case it is, I think, certain that Rosecrans was stronger in infantry and artillery than Bragg by at least 4,000 men.

On the night of the 17th General Bragg put forth an order for battle on the 18th. What was then the position of the two armies?

West Chickamauga or, as I shall hereafter call it, Chickamauga creek or river, rises in McLemore's Cove, and flows around the northern end of Pigeon Mountain. The river at that time was crossed by numerous bridges and was fordable at many points, but except at the fords and bridges, it offered a serious obstacle to the movement of guns and troops. The Lafayette road, along which Bragg's army had retreated, crosses the Chickamauga at Lee's Mills. The course of this road is nearly north and south, the general course of the Chickamauga nearly northeast. It is the country in the northeastern angle between river and road which is about to become the bloody field of the first day's battle. It is a rather flat country, not rough or even rolling till you approach the spurs of the low mountains, thickly wooded, with here and there a field of Indian corn, then just ripe, and occasionally an opening of gladelike, treeless land not under any crop, and straggling along on the highway, at intervals of a mile or half a mile, small farmhouses with their stables and cornercribs. Neighbourhood roads lead through the forest from the crossings of the Chickamauga to the Lafayette highway. As you approach the spurs of Missionary ridge, the ground becomes rugged and precipitous. In the angle between river and road there is nothing to remind you of the close vicinity of the mountains, but the impression is of almost unbroken forest, of a rather flat, thinly peopled, poorly tilled, wooded region. The woods offered no serious obstacle to the movement of infantry, but artillery could only move freely along the roads.

McCook's corps of the Federal army had now been united to

the six divisions he led into action on the 20th September, but the men lost on the 19th must be added to this figure in a computation of the whole force. Collating these figures with other returns made up on the field, given in the reports of the five divisions constituting Polk's wing, it is difficult to believe that Bragg had more than 50,000 infantry and artillery on the field. The contemporary estimate in the army was 45,000. There had been some losses and a good deal of straggling between the 1st and the 19th of September.

Thomas's in McLemore's Cove, and Crittenden had moved by his right up the Chickamauga till his left rested near Lee's Mills—a strong position—the river there cutting a channel through high banks.

Rosecrans had at last concentrated his army; but a great change had come over his attitude. He had now given up all idea of an advance and stood strictly upon the defensive, satisfied if only he could maintain what he had won. On the night of the 17th he had already become apprehensive lest Bragg should interpose between his army and Chattanooga. At that moment the two armies were in this position, that the Federal left at Lee's Mills did not cover perhaps more than a third of the Confederate front, and while the Confederate left wing resting where Pigeon Mountain descends to the Chickamauga was protected by that range from attack, the Confederate right stretching down the Chickamauga on its eastern side to the northeast was nearly unopposed and free to swing around, to roll up Rosecrans's left, to seize the Lafayette highway, and, if successful, to force its way through to the valley of Chattanooga creek and thus bar all access to Chattanooga. This was the conception that presented itself to General Bragg's mind on the night of the 17th, and dictated his order of battle for the 18th. If it could have been executed on the 18th, it would no doubt have brought about a brilliant victory for the Confederate arms. But it was impossible to execute it on the 18th. The Confederate troops were too widely scattered, the distances were too great and the roads too narrow, and particularly the crossing of the Chickamauga, against even the slight opposition made by the enemy, was too delicate a movement to admit of rapid marching. It was not until the 19th that the fight planned for the morning of the 18th could actually begin, and the impartial critic, making every allowance for the accidents and vicissitudes inseparable from war, must still conclude that General Bragg did not bring to the preparation of this order that exact knowledge of the country and that minute adaptation of means to measures, which alone ensure success. During this delay of twenty-four hours Rosecrans recognized his danger and marched troops to extend his left with unremitting vigor.

Thomas, marching all through the night of the 18th, reached Kelly's house, on the Lafayette road, about day-break of the 19th with two divisions, a third following not far behind. From points near this position roads ran down eastward to the crossings of the Chickamauga at Alexander's and Reed's bridges. Thomas quickly threw his two divisions across these minor roads, but to their right lay a wide gap unfilled by any Federal troops. Walker's corps, of the Confederate army, had crossed to the

Federal side a little below Alexander's bridge and Bushrod Johnson's division at Reed's bridge, lower down, the preceding afternoon after some fighting with Federal cavalry. Walker's corps had moved up the stream, after crossing, to a position in front of Alexander's bridge, and continued its march in the same direction on the 19th, but Bushrod Johnson had, on the afternoon of the 18th, swept up the Chickamauga some three miles. On the morning of the 19th, therefore, the left of Rosecrans's army, which Bragg was expecting to strike with Bushrod Johnson's and Walker's troops, greatly overlapped the Confederate right. Then there burst a quick flash of light on this straggling march in search of the enemy. Thomas, like the good soldier he was, began to look about him as soon as he reached Kelly's. Learning that a Confederate brigade had crossed Reed's bridge the evening before, he promptly sent Brannan forward with two brigades to see what was there. This reconnoissance brought on the battle of the 19th of September, broke in upon Bragg's initiative, arrested his flank march, put him upon defending his own flank instead of threatening the enemy's, and gave a character of irregularity and chance-medley to the action of that day which makes the despair of him who now attempts to describe it.

Brannan's brigades very soon found Forrest in their path with his dismounted cavalry, one division of which was led by John Pegram, the elder of two brothers whose names will never be mentioned before this Society without the tribute due to purity and valor. Forrest had had the good sense to have a brigade of infantry near at hand, soon to be supported by another. So immediately there was fierce fighting, and Forrest, who was no common judge of excellence in that matter, declared that the performance of Ector's and Wilson's brigades commanded his admiration. The Confederates, with the soldierly instinct which usually taught them how much momentum goes with a fierce attack, when you magnify a small mass by a very great velocity, dashed in impetuously, ran over a battery and drove the enemy back upon his supports, but were soon obliged to retire, of course, before the strong reinforcements we have seen Thomas had at hand. Then W. H. T. Walker hurried up Liddell's division, which, you remember, was on the march two miles off, to regain the lost ground. With the arrival of these troops the Confederate battle-cry again rang out and the face of the field once more changed.

Three brigades of Baird's division of the Federal army were hurled back and scattered, and ten pieces of artillery snatched from their bewildered cannoneers. The Confederate onset seemed irresistible. At

that moment the actual presence of Cheatham's division, then quite near on the march to support Liddell, would have secured the destruction of the Federal left; but Cheatham's division was not there yet, and minutes in war decide battles. What change is this Liddell now sees in the Federal ranks as, after running over two lines, he moves forward to attack a third? There is no longer the same front, but, as far as the eye can range in this wooded country, the dark-blue line extends, and at each extremity a rapid movement shows that the Confederate division is about to be turned on both flanks. We know now what Liddell could only dimly read—Johnson's division of McCook's corps, dispatched by Rosecrans, has appeared on Baird's right in the nick of time, and Brannan, on his left, with a soldier's instinct, feeling no pressure in his front, has urged his men forward on Liddell's right flank. So the tide of battle again surges back. The Confederates beat a sullen retreat to the first line of low hills. Then Cheatham, sent by Bragg himself, as Johnson had been by Rosecrans, came on the field at the head of his noble division, himself an inspiring reinforcement to men in battle. It was not his fault that he had not arrived earlier; he had marched when Bragg had given the order, but Bragg's order was given at 11 o'clock, after Thomas's attack had taken the initiative away from him, and Rosecrans's order to Johnson was given at a quarter-past 10 at the dictate of his own judgment. Upon such minute elements of time hang the issues of war! Had Bragg's order to Cheatham been given at a quarter-past 10 and Rosecrans's order to Johnson at 11, the battle of Chickamauga might have been decided on the 19th by the destruction of the Federal left. But it was fated that the fighting of that day was to be a series of partial battles between successive divisions arriving on either line, in the midst of which victory swayed from side to side till night and the exhaustion of the combatants put a term to the struggle, and reserved for a still more bloody morrow the awful and final award.

Cheatham's division, rapidly forming behind Walker's corps, charged over our men, met the advancing enemy, checked their onset and drove them back upon their lines with heavy loss. It was the fortune of many a brave man in either army on that day to move in opposite directions within the same half hour. Cheatham's division shared this general fate, for it was shortly confronted by new forces of the enemy, had its triumphant advance arrested—nay, converted into a partial retreat—and was fain to take up a strong position to be held without further aggression till sunset. It was the arrival of Palmer's division, followed by Reynolds's and Vancleve's on the Federal side, that produced this

result. The successive arrival of these divisions, soon to be followed by Davis's and Wood's, and then by Sheridan's and Negley's, relieved the Federal Commander of an anxious apprehension, to which I must now particularly advert.

When Rosecrans began his movement to his left, Wood's division remained in the strong position at Lee's Mills, to mask the march of the army. When Thomas took position at Kelley's, there was a gap of two miles or more between his right and Wood's left, which Rosecrans hoped partly to fill by divisions of Crittenden's and McCook's corps, then moving. But events were too rapid for orderly movements. The battle was precipitated by Thomas's reconnoissance, and all these moving divisions were hurried up, without reference to corps formation, to the neighborhood of Kelly's where the fight was raging. The gap in the Federal line still yawned between Wood and Thomas. This gap would gradually be filled as Thomas would throw into it the divisions arriving to his support, and finally in the stress put upon the Northern Commander-in-Chief he was led to close it completely by moving Wood's division to the left, too, abandoning Lee's Mills to the custody of Lytle's single brigade.

But, to make this explanation, I am anticipating the progress of the battle. We had reached the point where Cheatham's appearance on the Confederate right had been completely neutralized by the rapid flood of the Federal movement to their own left. I have spoken of General Bragg's order to Cheatham, given at 11 o'clock, as wrested from him by Thomas's attack on Walker and as a surrender to the enemy's initiative. It is a bad augury in battle when a General thus yields to the stress of his opponent's will and his only idea of meeting an attack is to meet it at the precise point at which it is made and at which the enemy has all the advantages of time and preparation. General Bragg intended to turn his enemy's left flank, when suddenly he became aware that his enemy's left overlapped and overmatched the Confederate right. His only idea then seemed to be to persevere in his first plan, to insist on being stronger on his own right, and for that purpose to hurry Cheatham's division over three miles and Hill's corps over six miles of troublesome country and hours of priceless time.

It is not so that great commanders have met sudden attacks deranging preconcerted plans. They do not meet blow with blow, like the vulgar combatants of the prize-ring, but stroke with counter-stroke. When Napoleon stood on his hill at Austerlitz and calmly watched the tremendous movement of the allied army to turn his right flank, he was not concerned to hurry troops to Davoust's support on that

flank, though he doubtless had the shorter line of march, and could, as Forrest used to express it, have got there first with the most men. No; he wished to meet the enemy's blow with a fatal counterblow, and waiting patiently till they were committed beyond recall to their perilous march, then launched Soult to pierce and destroy their centre.

On the other hand, the Austrians at Leuthen sought to meet Frederick's great attack on their left flank by hurrying troops to fight him there and saw every column beaten in detail.

It is true that great allowances must be made for the Confederate Commander in the nature of the country—a tangled forest, through which you could not see the enemy a hundred yards off, and with no elevated points from which even his distant movements could be observed. If we had not had the spectacle of General Lee's accurate reading of the enemy's movements in the similar forest of the Wilderness, we might ascribe too great weight to this consideration, for after all, both sides labour under the same difficulty.

Under any circumstances it is a solemn moment in the life of a commander—it is a moment never to be forgotten by any observer, when the order of battle has gone forth and the fortune of a great army, and perhaps the fate of a people, hang upon one man's leadership. The facts to which the simple precepts of the art of war are now to be applied are the confused reports of distant outposts or the hurried inferences of hasty reconnoissances—at best but flitting shadows on an opaque curtain which shuts out the enemy from view; the opinions of others on these facts may be heard and weighed, but no advice can be asked, the commander must stand alone—the solitary dictator of the hour; and the tremendous decisions to be taken must be quickly taken—minutes counting for hours of ordinary time—under all the excitements of the field and amid a roar of artillery and a storm of musketry surpassing the worst rage of the elements in nature's tempests.

Surely all the lessons of the schools then shrivel into nothingness if they have not been engraved on the adamant of a great soul.

Fortunate is the General if at that moment he can find some lofty point of observation, like Wellington's at Talavera or Lee's at Fredericksburg, from which he may read with his own eyes the confused incidents of the struggle. Then he may seize that critical moment which they say offers itself in all battles to the eagle glance of genius.

But no one who observed General Bragg about midday of the 19th of September, in the depth of that thick woodland, could fail to be impressed with the extraordinary difficulties surrounding the com-

mander on that obscure and tangled field. He could see nothing with his own eyes, very little through the eyes of others, but every sign must be read through a glass darkly. His bearing was calm, determined, self-contained, and the outward man betrayed none of the perplexity that must have tortured the mind within. At eleven o'clock he had sent Cheatham to the right to support Walker. At twelve he ordered A. P. Stewart to move his division in the same direction. Stewart fortunately did not move very far to the right, but feeling with soldierly instinct that to attack the enemy quickly was the thing wanted, faced to the front where the ground offered the first favourable opening and moved rapidly on the enemy. The attack was gallantly urged, and amidst a furious fire and with great loss of men, ground was quickly gained. The Lafayette highway was passed, some guns were captured, and at the end of an hour of very strenuous fighting the Federal left centre was pierced. Victory seemed once more within the Confederate grasp. But the arrival of fresh troops, Reynolds and Vancleve being now up, skilfully thrown in by Thomas again restored the Federal ascendancy, and Stewart retired and reformed on the east side of the Lafayette highway.

It was not till half past two on an order of General Hood, whether inspired by General Bragg or not is uncertain, that the Confederate centre, consisting of Hood's and Bushrod Johnson's divisions, moved forward to the attack. Its success was immediate and brilliant, the enemy's right centre was crushed in, the Lafayette road was seized, artillery was captured, and for a moment the advantage again appeared decisive. But the counterstroke from the centre, which might have ruled the battle had Bragg ordered it at eleven o'clock, was now too late, the yawning gap in the Federal centre had been filled, Davis, Wood, Sheridan and Negley were now up or coming up, the whole Federal army, except Gordon Granger's small corps, was in line, the advance of Bushrod Johnson, Hood and Stewart, which threatened to cut the enemy in two, was everywhere checked after prodigies of bloody and desperate fighting, and the day was waning.

Meanwhile Hill's corps on our extreme left and Hindman's and Preston's divisions had practically not been engaged. About three o'clock Hill had received an order to march with Cleburne's division to the extreme right of the army. This neutralized his corps for nearly the whole afternoon. At the same time Hindman had crossed to the west bank of the Chickamauga to support Hood, but his division was not put into the fight. Hill arriving with Cleburne's division on our

extreme right a little after sunset was destined to close that busy day with a brilliant night attack on the Federal left.

Thomas, it seems, after the repulse of Cheatham's attack, finding no pressure there had shifted Brannan to his right to restore the imperilled centre, and was about to withdraw Baird's and Johnson's divisions to a stronger position in their rear. Just then Cleburne dashed upon their weakened line with his fiercest onset. It soon grew dark and the furious fire of musketry and cannon was comparatively harmless, but the Federal line was broken and driven, several hundred prisoners and two or three guns were captured, and the tired Confederates were at length allowed to rest with this augury of success for the eventful morrow.

Whilst they lie down about their myriad camp-fires in what now, in the dense fog rising from the Chickamauga, soon took on the bewildering aspect of some enchanted forest—hungry and supperless, for of course the three days' rations supposed to be in the haversack had been eaten on the first day, and the wagons were miles away—let us sum up the results of this bloody day and forecast the chances of the next. The losses had been heavy on both sides, but probably about equal. The battle had consisted in a series of successive combats between fractions of the armies in which the advantage passed from side to side without decisive result, neither winning any important ground from the other. The Confederates had gained the whole line of the river, but the Federals held the Lafayette highway. Yet there was this promise of success to the Confederates for the next day that, whereas nearly all of Rosecrans's infantry had been hotly engaged, of the eleven Confederate divisions of foot, five were substantially fresh. Both armies felt that the battle would be renewed, and that the attack would come from the Confederates.

To direct that attack General Bragg called his lieutenants to his camp-fire soon after nightfall, General Longstreet arriving from Virginia about eleven o'clock. Here General Bragg, changed the organization of his army—a dangerous experiment in the crisis of a battle—by dividing it into two wings, the right under command of Polk, of five divisions, the left under command of Longstreet, of six divisions, one of which, McLaws's from Virginia under Kershaw, only came on the field on the morning of the 20th.

Bragg's plan was to continue his original movement to turn the Federal left and thus cut Rosecrans off from Chattanooga.

To accomplish this he ordered that the advance to the attack should begin at daybreak on Polk's extreme right, and be taken up succes-

sively to the left, the whole army wheeling on Longstreet's extreme left as a pivot. And now began some of the mischances of a foggy night in an enchanted wood filled with ten thousand camp-fires and fifty thousand exhausted sleepers, with no guides and no landmarks. It was easier to order an attack for daybreak than to bring it about. The battle did not begin at dawn. Many annoying miscarriages prevented it, the wearied staff riding all night in vain in bewildering circles: but the delay gave a breakfast to many of the troops who had been without food for twenty-four hours. Cold comfort, but some there was, I hope, for those ragged heroes in the unsavory bread and meat served out on that foggy September morning after one day of bloody battle and on the perilous edge of another! A pot of coffee might have cheered their hearts a little: but the taste of that had long been forgotten by the Confederate soldier.

The necessary preparations being at length completed, Breckinridge, of Hill's corps, at half-past nine advanced rapidly to the attack, and within seven hundred yards his left regiments found themselves confronted by the enemy's breastworks. The Lafayette road indicated the general direction of the Federal line,* their left being on the east of it near Kelly's, and their right crossing it and bending back to the southwest. Before the works which the Federals had hastily thrown up occurred a sanguinary fight in which was again illustrated the natural

* The Federal line on the 20th began on their left at a point four hundred yards east of the Lafayette highway, northeast of Kelly's house, and several hundred yards south of the road leading down from McDonald's house (now occupied by a son of the original Kelly) to Beed's bridge, ran nearly south through the fronts of Baird's, Johnson's and Palmer's divisions, the latter refusing its right to rest upon the Lafayette highway; and, crossing that road, it continued in a southerly and then in a southwesterly direction along the fronts of Reynolds's, Brannen's, Nagley's, Davis's and Sheridan's divisions till its right rested near the widow Glenn's house. That part of the line east of the Lafayette road occupied the crest of a slight undulation, and along nearly the whole Federal front breastworks of logs and fence rails had been thrown up. At the extreme left, the line bent back in a westerly direction towards the Lafayette road. Wood's and Van Cleave's divisions were at first in reserve behind the right and right centre. Gordon Granger's small corps was in observation to the east of Roseville about three miles from Thomas's left. The line seems to have crossed the Lafayette road a little north of Poe's house, to have extended parallel to the road on its western side to a point a little south of Brotherton's house, and then to have bent back to the southwest.

The best map of the field and the adjacent country which I have found is that prepared by the Confederate Engineers, a copy of which made by Mr. W. L. Shepard, in November, 1863, is among the papers of the Southern Historical Society.

superiority of the defence behind the rudest intrenchments against the most determined valor. The left of Breckinridge's division could not take the breastwork, but stubbornly maintained the attack. Meanwhile, the centre and right brigades, meeting no works, and only skirmishers over a part of their front,† had pressed their advance and reached the Lafayette highway.

At this moment, or about fifteen minutes after Breckinridge's attack began, Cleburne, on his left, led his division forward and very soon encountered a furious storm of canister and musketry from the same line of breastworks, extending southward. The wooded ground was such that Cleburne could not use artillery, but for an hour or more his determined infantry pressed their fierce attack at short range. There were no braver troops than Cleburne's, there was no bolder leader than Cleburne, but they could not drive Baird's, Johnson's and Palmer's divisions from that breastwork. But now, perhaps, the Confederate flank attack will dissolve this stout resistance. It might have done so had the Federal troops been of feebler stuff than our own, or their leader, Thomas, not every inch a soldier. For whilst this furious battle raged in front of the breastworks, Breckinridge had, with his two right brigades, reached and crossed the Lafayette road. He found himself then directly on the flank and four hundred yards in rear of the Federal army with about 2,200 bayonets and a single battery. Wheeling to the left till his new front was at right angles to his first front, he pressed his march to sweep down the rear of the Federal lines, the Lafayette road separating his two brigades. And now, if Walker's corps and Cheatham's division, which General Polk had in reserve, or either of them, had been at hand in second line to Breckinridge, the course of history might have been changed. It was a capital moment, but Breckinridge was too weak in numbers to reap its fruits. Stovall's brigade, on his left, soon encountered the northern face of the Federal breastwork, where it bent back to cover their flank, and was checked.

† On the Confederate right, Breckinridge's division was found to overlap the Federal left by the front of more than two brigades, then came Cleburne's division to its left—Hill's corps being thus in front line. The rest of Polk's command—Walker's corps and Cheatham's division—were held in rear of Hill's corps in reserve. At Hill's left stood Stewart's division, then came Hood's with McLaws's division under Kershaw in reserve, then Bushrod Johnson's with Preston's in reserve, and then Hindman's division on the extreme left. Longstreet thus had four divisions in front line and two in reserve; but very early in the battle Kershaw reached the front line, and only Preston's division remained in reserve. The original direction of the Confederate line was nearly north and south.

Adams's brigade, on his right, was soon opposed by the reserve brigades of Thomas's front, hastily thrown out at right angles to the general Federal line, and after a severe combat Adams was driven back.

Breckinridge, now foiled in his flank movement, and recognizing the failure of the assault of Helm's brigade on the breastwork, withdrew his whole line to a position slightly in advance of that from which he had moved in the morning. Cleburne about the same time withdrew and re-formed his division in like manner. But neither of these withdrawals took place till enormous losses had been endured and the fury of the Confederate assault had made a deep lodgment in the minds of the two men directing the battle on the Federal side. Thomas, within a few minutes, sent three pressing calls for help to Rosecrans. Rosecrans—impressed by the terrific roar of the battle on his left, and by his own preconceived notion that Bragg was moving his whole army to that quarter, and under painful stress from Thomas's calls for help—now gave three orders which were worth to the Confederates all the precious blood Hill's corps seemed then to have uselessly poured out. But this reward for so much valor might not, perhaps, have been vouchsafed to the Confederates but for a lucky chance. General Bragg's order had required that each division should take up the attack consecutively from right to left. We have seen that a delay occurred in Cleburne's attack. A still further delay occurred in Stewart's, on his left, arising, perhaps, from the delay of Cleburne's left brigade. So that Rosecrans was led to give the orders I will now mention, under the impression that no attack would be made on his centre and right. Negley's division had, at Thomas's request, already been ordered from the centre to the Federal left, and was to be replaced in line by Wood's. At ten minutes past ten Rosecrans sent to McCook an absolute order to make immediate dispositions to withdraw the right so as to spare as much force as possible to Thomas, then heavily pressed. At half-past ten he ordered McCook to send two brigades of Sheridan's division with all dispatch to Thomas, and the third as soon as it could be withdrawn, adding that they must march as rapidly as possible. They did, in fact, move at the double-quick. About the same time he also ordered Crittenden to send two brigades of Vancleve's division to Thomas.

Surely the desperate assault delivered by Hill's corps was then swaying the battle in a manner that ought to teach every soldier the supreme value of stout fighting, however adverse the immediate result may seem. But Rosecrans gave another order then not less unlucky. He conceived the notion that Wood's division was improperly posted

and directed Wood to close on Reynolds. Now Brannan's division was on Reynolds's right and Wood was aligned on Brannan's right. Wood so interpreted this order as to put his division immediately in motion by the left flank in rear of Brannan, thus leaving a great gap in the Federal line, which Davis vainly attempted to fill with his reserve brigade. Just at this auspicious moment burst the storm which Longstreet had been carefully preparing. Stewart's, Hood's, Kershaw's, Johnson's, and Hindman's divisions dashed impetuously forward, supported by Preston. The Federal right was quickly turned, the right centre was pierced, Wood's division was struck in flank as it moved from position, Negley's two brigades were caught in the air in their march to the left, Brannan was struck in flank, large parts of Sheridan's and Vancleve's divisions moving to the left were swept as before a whirlwind, and several thousand prisoners, forty guns and numerous wagon trains were abandoned to the Confederates.

Never was an attack more brilliantly successful. The Federals had fought gallantly, but to no purpose. Many had fallen refusing to be driven from their ground, and among these heroic dead was the gifted Lytle, who commanded one of Sheridan's brigades. Many a sympathetic voice in either camp murmured his dirge that night in his own brilliant lines:

"I am dying, Egypt, dying,
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast."

Thus, for a moment, genius consecrated by a soldier's death caused the hearts of friend and foe in those angry hosts to beat with a common pulse. But in vain had Lytle and other gallant men poured out their life's blood; the fierce Confederate onset swept forward, and could not be staid. Sheridan's and Davis's divisions and most of Vancleve's and Negley's were driven from the field, forced by a circuitous road across Missionary Ridge to Rossville and practically annihilated for the rest of the day. The General of the army, Rosecrans, and two of his corps commanders, McCook and Crittenden, were hurried along with the torrent, and never stopped till they reached Chattanooga. They did not appear again on that field. Since Frederick's wonderful ride of forty miles from Mollwitz, leaving old Schwerin to win the battle the king had given up for lost, there has been no such sudden eclipse of a General-in-Chief. But a hero worthy to be named with the Prussian marshal remained to gather up the fragments of the Federal battle—at that supreme crisis George Thomas saved the Federal army. That he did not lose heart, that he resolved to stand on such strong ground

as he could hastily seize with the six staunch divisions left, soon to be increased to seven; that he was in person always where prompt decision and high resolve were most needed; that he held that ground, sometimes with only three rounds in his cartridge boxes, against the most persistent and furious assaults of the now triumphant Confederates till night favored his voluntary withdrawal—these are the facts which will secure his enduring fame as a soldier, and with the stern valor of the rank and file on either side furnish the most impressive lessons of that sanguinary field.

These great results had been rapidly won by Longstreet's command. Changing his movement to suit the exigencies of the field, Longstreet had reversed Bragg's order and wheeled his whole wing to the right instead of to the left. The rapidity of the pursuit and the extent of country over which it swept had somewhat disordered the Confederate array. It was now twelve o'clock, and a renewed attack on the Federal left made by Walker's gallant corps, not under his lead, however, ill planned and ill conducted, had just been repulsed. So Thomas had leisure to ride down his line to the rear of Reynold's position, and there dimly learned the disaster which had overwhelmed the Federal right. This must have been about one o'clock, and Bushrod Johnson having reorganized his troops, with Hindman's division partly on his left and partly on his right, must about that time have been sweeping past Vittetoe's house—southern women rushing out of its cellar to cheer the gallant line and kindle to a blaze their flush of triumph. Onward Johnson urged his victorious men till they reached the foot of a spur of Missionary Ridge. Johnson's men were here facing north—they had begun the battle facing west.

Behind the crest of this commanding ridge Thomas now placed Brannan's division, with artillery on its bastionlike spurs, and, posting Wood's division hastily to Brannan's left, he almost covered the strong ground to a junction with his original line at the position of Reynolds, who now drew back his right brigade; but a considerable gap still lay open between Wood and Reynolds. What remained of the Federal right stood nearly at right angles to the rest of their line.

At this time—about two o'clock—Bushrod Johnson formed his own division, with Patton Anderson's brigade on his right, on the brow of the secondary spurs of the ridge, and made a determined attack on this last stronghold of the stubborn enemy. Parts of his line gained the crest, but they came tumbling down again to the protection of their cannon under desperate return attacks. Johnson, finding himself as yet too weak, waited for the arrival of the rest of Hindman's divi-

sion and the coöperation off to the right of the gallant Kershaw, and then under Hindman's direction about three o'clock delivered one of the most vigorous assaults of that bloody day. The Federals fought with the desperation of men standing in their last stronghold, the Confederates with eager yearning for that complete and crowning victory which they now saw suspended like a dazzling prize on the fiery crest of the fated hill. But the hill could not be won. A new force now appeared on the Federal side. Gordon Granger had marched with Steedman's division of his corps, of his own motion, at the continued sound of doubtful battle, from a point three miles away from the Federal left to the mountain ridge on their right, then the scene of this final struggle. Thomas in an instant threw Steedman's division into the fight on Brannan's right, and the Confederate line was hurled stubbornly fighting headlong down the steep. And now the parts were reversed, and for some minutes, so fierce was the Federal onset, it needed all the firmness and all the personal ascendancy of the Confederate officers to maintain their old line below the top of the ridge.

At this crisis Longstreet, with that cool yet inspiring determination which you have witnessed on many fields, gathered his strength for a decisive assault on the frowning bastion in his path. If there was any soldier then living who would resolutely put troops into a place of that sort when he had made up his mind that the thing was to be done, if there was any soldier who had an eye to pierce to the decisive points of a battlefield, I think Longstreet was that man. Longstreet had one fine division, Preston's, which had not yet drawn trigger. This division, containing several Virginian regiments, he about four o'clock determined to use with other forces against the hill, in conjunction with a new display of artillery against the angle of Thomas's line. Preston dashed boldly at the hill, gallantly supported by Kershaw's division, Johnson's, and a part of Hindman's, the action being taken up later to the right by Stewart. For an hour and a half this furious assault was pressed, the fighting having already been almost continuous at this point for two hours and not ceasing till nightfall; but the hill was not carried—not carried in the sense that its defenders were forced from it along the whole line at the point of the bayonet. Here and there the crest would be gained, but the Confederates never got full possession of the position till its defenders abandoned it at the order of their commander in execution of a general movement of retreat.

No doubt it was a question of time. The Confederates were gradually creeping around Steedman's right, the position was fast becoming untenable, and the rapid approach of night was a godsend to Thomas.

But it seems clear now that, after getting up supplies of ammunition, Thomas about half past five o'clock gave the order for the retirement of Reynolds's division through a gap in Missionary ridge in its rear. Corresponding orders were given to all the other Federal divisions. About the same moment orders from General Bragg were reaching the troops on the Confederate right for a third attack. Stewart farther to the left and just opposite Reynolds was preparing to move forward under orders from Longstreet. Liddell's division on the extreme Confederate right, beginning the assault a little ahead of the rest, rapidly reached the Lafayette road for the second time that day, and there had the luck to receive the parting stroke of a sullen, unconquerable giant. Overwhelmed by batteries cunningly placed for the protection of this flank, Liddell was suddenly charged by the whole of Reynolds's division, directed by Thomas himself, as it left its position, upon these daring intruders. Liddell was obliged to retire; but just then a mighty yell rent the skies, and the whole Confederate line, following the lead of L. E. Polk's brigade, which first fought its way into the enemy's works, rushed with fierce joy to the last attack. Night had now fallen, and the enemy, being in retreat or the act to move, gladly welcomed its protecting curtain. With haste and some disorder they rushed through the woods to the gaps in their rear. But the Confederate onset was so sudden that many Federal regiments were captured, and many more would have been overtaken but for a necessity which very quickly arrested pursuit. Longstreet's wing had wheeled to the right, so that at the close of the battle the two wings of the Confederate army stood at right angles to each other. The troops of the Confederate right had not advanced far before they found themselves almost face to face with their own friends, and in the darkness there was great danger of a destructive interchange of fire. A quick halt was therefore ordered, and the Federal army made good its escape through the mountain gaps to rally by unfrequented paths at Rossville.

The struggle was ended. Twenty-seven thousand men* lay dead or wounded on this field of carnage.

* In "Legends of the Army of the Cumberland" the Federal losses are given as follows:

Officers and men killed,	1,687
Officers and men wounded,	9,394
Officers and men missing,	5,255

And the Confederate losses as follows:

Officers and men killed,	2,673
Officers and men wounded,	16,274
Officers and men missing,	2,003

Of these the Confederates had lost some sixteen thousand, but the balance was redressed by the capture of more than five thousand Federal prisoners, fifty-one pieces of artillery and fifteen thousand muskets. The men reported missing in our ranks had been a little over one thousand.

But great as had been the price of victory, no Confederate soldier then felt that it had been too dearly bought. Any sacrifice was welcome if only the invader could be driven back.

Seizing the heights encircling Chattanooga, where as in an entrenched camp the enemy had taken refuge, and firmly grasping the railway at the point of Lookout Mountain, which would be Rosencrans's principal avenue of supply, General Bragg undertook to destroy his powerful adversary by a partial investment which was certainly not less promising than Cæsar's partial investment of Pompey near Dyrrachium. But no crowning victory of Pharsalia was reserved for us.

By what blunders the advantages so dearly won at Chickamauga were thrown away, to what depths of humiliation that proud and triumphant army of Tennessee was soon to be subjected, it is not my province now to tell. Destiny had laid her heavy hand upon the Confederate cause. Valor, self-sacrifice, devotion, were to be vainly lavished in their noblest forms. All our most cherished aspirations were to be wrecked, and for a time hope, ambition, love of country seemed empty names. But, in the darkest moments of that reign of night, a bright gleam always

From the official Confederate returns I cannot find that the Confederate losses were so great. Those returns are complete with the following exceptions:

There are no returns from the cavalry except for Scott's brigade. There are no returns from the following infantry brigades: Maney's, Preston Smith's, Ector's, Gist's.

The Confederate reports give, for the commands furnishing returns, the

killed and wounded at	13,655
Add for Maney's, Smith's, Ector's, and Gist's brigades (estimated), . . .	1,880
at the rate of the average loss, per brigade, in the remaining twenty-nine brigades of infantry, including the artillery attached; and for the remainder of the cavalry, on the basis of Scott's brigade, which reported 49 killed and wounded, say	400

And we have the total killed and wounded as approximately, 15,935

The official reports show only 925 as missing. This number would not probably be carried much beyond 1,000 if the missing in the few brigades not reporting could be ascertained.

The only Confederate returns of losses I have been able to find are those contained in the volume of Official Reports of the Battle of Chickamauga belonging to the collections of the Southern Historical Society.

shone from our sacred fields of heroism and glory, and the disbanded army sustained the pride as it had represented the virtue and the strength of the people. Thus, whatever fate threatened our beloved Virginia, there were treasures laid up beyond the conqueror's reach—we could remember her Lees, her Johnstons, her Jacksons, and take to heart and proudly claim for her “—— in her voiceless woe” that, though trodden under foot, stripped of wealth, territory, political power, plundered, insulted, derided—she did still produce, as the whole world had witnessed,

“——Man and steel, the soldier and his sword.”

After Colonel Anderson's address the committee recommended the following officers, who were unanimously elected:

President, General W. H. F. Lee.

First Vice-President, Colonel Thomas H. Carter; Second Vice-President, General William H. Payne; Third Vice-President, Captain McCorkle; Fourth Vice-President, General B. T. Johnson.

Secretaries, George L. Christian, Leroy S. Edwards.

Treasurer, Major Robert Stiles.

Chaplain, Rev. J. William Jones, D. D.

Executive Committee—the same Executive Committee, who have so faithfully discharged their duty, are recommended for reelection.

General Early, in feeling terms, announced the death of Lieutenant-General J. C. Pemberton, whom he had intimately known, and whose devoted patriotism he fittingly eulogized.

On motion of Major Stiles, the secretary was instructed to enter a suitable minute on the death of General Pemberton.

On motion, the thanks of the Association were returned to Col. Anderson for his able and eloquent address, and a copy solicited for publication.

General Early said that as we have of late been honoring the memory of brave Frenchmen who fought in our first Revolution, he hoped we should not forget the gallant Frenchman, General Polignac, who came to our help in the last revolution.

The Artillery of the A. N. V. in the Last Campaign and at the Surrender.

REPORT OF GENERAL W. N. PENDLETON, CHIEF OF ARTILLERY,
ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

HEAD-QUARTERS ARTILLERY CORPS, ARMY N. VA.,
APPOMATTOX COURTHOUSE, April 10, 1865.

Colonel W. H. Taylor, A. A. General A. N. V.:

Colonel,—I have the honor to submit the following report of the

operations of the artillery under my command from the 1st day of April to the present time. Much to my regret, it has to be made without possible access, as will be seen from the circumstances of the case, to special reports from those superior officers of this important arm, General A. L. Long, Chief of Artillery, Second corps; General E. P. Alexander, Chief of Artillery, First corps, and General R. Lindsay Walker, Chief of Artillery, Third corps.

Owing to the demonstrations of the enemy on the right of our lines, near Petersburg, on the morning of April 1st, I ordered seven guns of Poague's battalion, which had been held in reserve near Howlett's, to march to Petersburg, and on the night of the 1st, by direction of the Commanding General, I ordered down the remainder of the battalion, and at the same time ordered the guns, which had arrived during the day, to proceed on the road towards the right, so as to be out of sight of the town by dawn. Those guns were used with good effect near Mr. Turnbull's house (General Lee's head-quarters) on the morning of the 2d, where the enemy had unexpectedly massed a heavy force against that portion of our line, and succeeded in breaking it, and then, sweeping down towards the city, captured a number of men and guns along the line. While these guns were well contesting the ground and holding the enemy in check, Lieutenant-Colonel Poague arrived with the remainder of his guns, and rendered admirable service in retarding the heavy advance of the enemy until such troops as remained could be withdrawn into the interior line. Three pieces, with Major Brander, were placed on the north side of the Appomattox, so as to annoy the left flank of the enemy and prevent his crossing. On the line, and to the right of the Cox road, were placed four pieces of the "Horse Artillery," under Lieutenant-Colonel Chew and Major Breathed. The enemy had by this time (12 o'clock) fully established his line from Fort Gregg to the Appomattox river. In the fighting attendant upon these operations various batteries of the Third corps were captured. The conduct of officers and men was worthy of all praise; and that of the drivers and supernumeraries of the artillery, Third corps, who had been by General Walker, Chief of Artillery of that corps, armed with muskets, deserves especial mention. Those in Fort Gregg fought until literally crushed by numbers, and scarcely a man survived.

In the meantime the firing on Colonel Jones's front, east of the city, had been severe. During the night of the 1st the fire from mortars and guns was incessant, and the men were very much exposed throughout the 2d. I saw Colonel Jones on the line about 3 P. M., and found his pieces so disposed as effectually to prevent any attempt of the enemy to improve the advantage already gained at the river salient.

I was at Battery 45 during the day, and directed its guns against columns of the enemy moving down the valley towards the Weldon railroad. The officers in charge of that part of the line deeming an attack imminent, I ordered two pieces of artillery to strengthen the position.

In obedience to orders from the Commanding General, I ordered the withdrawal of all the guns at 8 P. M. This was accomplished with entire success. And although the difficulties on Colonel Jones's line were very great, he succeeded in withdrawing all but about ten, which for the most part were not provided with horses, and not intended to be removed. Several mortars were also brought off. Every piece that was abandoned was first disabled. After making all necessary arrangements with regard to this movement, and seeing all the guns safely across the river, about 2 A. M. of the 3d of April I moved on by the Hickory road, and marched all night.

The march on the 3d was very slow and fatiguing, on account of the immense number of carriages with the army. At night I bivouaced on the road-side, about nine miles from Goode's bridge. Amelia Courthouse I reached on the morning of the 4th, and immediately proceeded to arrange for reducing the artillery with the troops to a proportionate quantity, and properly to dispose of the surplus. These arrangements were at length effected; and on the 5th General Walker moved to the right, and west of the line of march of the army, having in charge all the artillery not needed with the troops. Ninety-five caissons, mostly loaded, which had early in the winter been sent from Petersburg to the rear, were here destroyed.

Moving on next morning past Amelia Springs, we by 10 A. M. on the 6th of April reached Rice's station, Southside railroad. Our troops here went into line, and I chose positions for guns, commanding the Burkeville road and sweeping the ground to its left. On this line there was severe skirmishing during the evening, but no attack by the enemy. The enemy's cavalry meanwhile having attacked our wagon train about two miles back on the road, I, happening to be with the Commanding General when he received information of this, was requested by him to see what could be done to prevent any farther loss in that quarter. On the way I met a few wearied men of Harris's brigade, and taking of them some twenty volunteers, proceeded with them to the road where the train had been attacked. While attempting to rescue some of the property most valuable, I discovered a line of the enemy in a thick pine wood, and supposing it to be but a small body I prepared for attack thereon, one of General Cooke's regiments having just reported to me, in consequence of a message previously sent by me to the Commanding

General. This regiment, however, proved unable to hold its ground and fell back some half a mile, until reinforced by two regiments of cavalry. They then again moved forward, but after regaining the original position the infantry was recalled by General Cooke, and the cavalry, by my direction, fell back with a few prisoners they had secured. The enemy had meantime fired our train to prevent anything being saved. The enemy then seemed disposed to quit; and as nothing apparently remained to be accomplished by the small force with me, I directed it slowly to withdraw towards our main body, near the station, and myself returned in that direction. Not long after the enemy made a sudden rush and succeeded in a sort of running over our small cavalry force there and threatening the unprotected rear of our line. Speedily, however, our cavalry rallied, charged in turn and inflicted merited punishment upon their greatly outnumbering assailants.

Shortly after night closed in our guns were withdrawn, and we moved on the Farmville road and reached Farmville early on the morning of the 7th.

As we were leaving Farmville, by the bridges which there cross the Appomattox river, the enemy pressed up close after our rear guard, and guns were placed in position and used to good purpose on the heights north of the river. Guns were again used with effect a mile or two farther on, when General Gordon (then commanding Second corps), with the justly honored General A. L. Long, his Chief of Artillery, pressed back the enemy's line from near the road along which all our wagons were passing so as to allow these to get well on their way. This position was held all day, and it was not until midnight that the column moved on towards Buckingham Courthouse. In spite of the terrible roads quite a long march was effected, and the evening of the 8th saw the head of our column near Appomattox Courthouse. I pushed on in person to communicate with General Walker and found him with his command parked about two miles beyond the Courthouse, on the road to Appomattox Station, Southside railroad. While I was with him an attack, wholly unexpected, was made by the enemy on his defenseless camp. To avoid immediate disaster under this attack demanded the exercise of all our energies. It was, however, at once effectually repelled by the aid, especially, of the two gallant artillery companies of Captains Walker and Dickenson, under command of the former, which, being at the time unequipped as artillerists, were armed with muskets. They met the enemy's sharpshooters in a brushwood near and enabled a number of General Walker's pieces to play with effect while the remainder of his train was withdrawn.

After a sharp skirmish this attack seemed entirely remedied, and I started back, having received by courier a note requesting my presence with the Commanding-General. When I had reached a point a few hundred yards from the court-house, some of the enemy's cavalry, which had, under cover of dusk, gained the road, came rushing along, firing upon everything, and I only escaped by leaping my horse over the fence into a clump of sassafras bushes, and skirting along the left of that road towards our column there advancing, and until I reached a point where the enemy's charge was checked.

While these operations were in progress there was much noise of engines on the Southside railroad. From this circumstance, and from the enemy using artillery in the attack described, I became satisfied that the attacking body, which had at first seemed to me small, was a large and increasing force. And the inference became inevitable that General Walker and his guns must be, if not already, captured. These facts and inferences were of course reported to the Commanding General on my reaching his head-quarters about 1 A. M. of the 9th.

Movements at daylight confirmed all that had been thus inferred. The enemy was found in heavy force on our front, and dispositions were promptly made for a fierce encounter. With alacrity the artillery performed its part, as did cavalry and infantry, in a spirited attack upon the enemy's approaching columns, which soon succeeded in arresting their advance. Two guns were captured from the enemy and a number of prisoners taken. But in spite of this, the conviction had become established in the minds of a large majority of our best officers and men that the army, in its extremely reduced state, could not be extricated from its perilous condition, surrounded by the immense force of the enemy, and without subsistence for men or animals, unless with frightful bloodshed, and to scarcely any purpose: as its remnant, if thus rescued, must be too much enfeebled for efficient service. In view of these convictions, known of in part by him, and of all the facts before his own mind, the Commanding General, before the battle had raged extensively, made arrangements for arresting hostilities. By the respective Commanders-in-Chief, main principles of our surrender were then agreed upon. And, as soon thereafter as practicable, articles in detail were adjusted by a commission of officers on the two sides. Those serving under General Lee's appointment were, General Longstreet, Chief of First Corps, General Gordon, Chief of Second Corps, and the General Chief of Artillery. In accordance with stipulations they adjusted—the artillery was withdrawn, as were the other troops; and it was, as soon as practicable, in due form, turned over to the enemy.

Of 250 field-pieces belonging to the army on the lines near Richmond and Petersburg, only sixty-one remained, and thirteen caissons.

I have the honor to be—

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

W. N. PENDLETON,
Brigadier-General and Chief of Artillery.

LETTER FROM GENERAL A. L. LONG.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., October 19, 1881.

General,—Having heard frequent mention made of the operation of the infantry of the Second corps, Army Northern Virginia, at Appomattox Courthouse, without any allusion to the part taken by the artillery on that memorable occasion, I am induced by a sense of justice to submit to you the following statement, with a request that you will send it to the *Southern Historical Society Papers* for publication, with such comment as you may think suitable.

About 3 o'clock on the morning of the 9th of April, 1865, the Second corps, then commanded by General Gordon, advanced on the road to Appomattox Station, it was thought, to drive back a portion of the enemy's forces that had interrupted our line of retreat. The column reached the Courthouse about light and took position on a ridge a little beyond the village. The infantry, barely two thousand strong, was deployed to the right of the road, while I directed about thirty pieces of artillery, consisting of part of the battalions of Carter, Pogue, Johnston and Stark, to support it. A considerable body of the enemy's cavalry, with a battery of artillery, was discovered holding the road, under cover of a wood, about half a mile in our front, which a spirited fire of our artillery quickly dislodged. Our infantry then advanced, while the artillery covered it from the enemy's cavalry, which still threatened its flank and rear. Our advance was soon arrested by the appearance of heavy columns of the enemy's infantry. General Gordon, being unable to obtain adequate reinforcements, was compelled to fall back towards the Courthouse. The retrograde movement of our infantry was almost immediately followed by an attack upon Armistead's battery of Starke's battalion from the enemy's dismounted cavalry. I at once ordered a section of a battery that was at hand to the support of Armistead, who was gallantly defending himself with canister and schrapnel. At the same time I directed my Adjutant-General, Major Southall, to send in other batteries to his aid. This

order was, however, anticipated by Colonel Carter, who had seen the hazardous situation of Armistead and promptly sent several batteries to his relief. The enemy was soon forced to retire before the storm of shot that was now hurled against him.

While this cannonade was in progress I received a message, through a staff officer of General Gordon's, to cease firing as a flag of truce had been sent to the enemy. I immediately sent to the different batteries this order, with directions to withdraw the artillery towards the Court-house. On my way to that point I observed a battery to the south of the road, on an eminence near the village, firing rapidly across a ravine at an advancing line of infantry. I proceeded to the battery and directed the Captain to cease firing. He seemed surprised, and ventured some remonstrance. I could only say it was necessary to change the position of the battery. The order was reluctantly obeyed and the battery was slowly withdrawn to the place indicated. I regret I do not recollect what battery this was. It was, I believe, either one of Colonel Duke Johnston's batteries or Colonel Pogue's. No doubt there are some survivors of that battery who will recollect the incident above related and be able to identify the battery that fired the last shot for constitutional liberty.

On the last day of our great sectional struggle the artillery moved to the contest with the same alacrity that had characterized it on more hopeful fields, and when the last blow was struck the veterans of a hundred battles did not conceal the manly tears that flowed in sorrow for the lost cause.

Very respectfully,

A. L. LONG,

Chief of Artillery Second Corps, Army Northern Virginia.

General W. N. Pendleton, Chief of Artillery A. N. V.

An Anecdote of Stonewall Jackson,

By B. M. I.

[The following anecdote published in a recent number of the *Richmond Standard* is so characteristic of the great man to whom it refers that it deserves a place in our record of material for the future historian, and we cheerfully insert it. It shows that while very exacting in his demands upon others, he was unwilling to rest for a moment when he found that he had done injustice to another.]

The following little incident in the life of General Stonewall Jackson

shows the hero as verily as any of the grand military achievements which later in life rendered him so famous.

As I stood before his statue in the Capitol Grounds at Richmond the other day I ran over the four years of my cadet life at the Virginia Military Institute and remembered with pride that he was my professor. One day when my class was reciting to him on Bartlett's *Mechanics*, Cadet L—— was sent to the blackboard, had his subject assigned him, which involved a great deal of analytical work. The work done, the cadet faced about, assumed the position of a soldier, saluted the Major (his rank at that time), and indicated his readiness to recite. During the demonstration Major Jackson detected, as he thought, some error in the work—may be the sign was *plus* when it should have been *minus*, or the reverse. The cadet ventured to insist that his work was right, as much as a cadet dare insist on anything with "old Jack" (as the Major was called in cadet parlance). This was offensive to military discipline, and Cadet L—— was ordered to his seat, to which he went with a sad heart, fearing he would not only get a low mark on the class-book, but may be he would be reported for disorderly conduct.

The class was soon dismissed. The day wore on—a cold, stormy, snowy day in January. About nine o'clock that night, or just after we had gone to our rooms from tattoo, we heard the sentinel call for the corporal of the guard, and very soon an officer came to our room. He called out: "L——, old Jack's in the guard-room and wants you." We said: "Ah, old fellow you are gone up for arrest." Down the stoop went the cadet, wondering, fearing. As he entered the guard-room there stood "old Jack" like a grand old Roman, snow on his cloak, his cap, and his beard. The cadet doffed his cap, and saluted him; he returned the salute in his nervous, quick way, and said: "Mr. L——, I have been looking over the subject you had in the lecture-room this morning and comparing it with your analytical work, and I find that you were right and I was wrong and the book was wrong, and I beg your pardon, Mr. L——. I could not sleep feeling that I had injured you, and I came down to tell you so."

The cadet, in his joy, said: "Oh, Major, it made no difference. I would not have had you walk all the way down here in this storm." The Major replied, "That's sufficient, Mr. L——; retire to your quarters, it is very near taps." (Taps was the hour every light was to be put out at the tap of the drum.) Out in that dark howling storm old Stonewall went; his house was fully a mile away; but what cared he for storm or distance; he had wronged a cadet, a private in the ranks, and he could not sleep till the wrong was repaired. The matter was

mentioned next morning at the mess-hall when we were breakfasting. The careless laughed and said "Old Jack is crazy." The more thoughtful laid the matter away in their hearts to reflect on in after years, for many knew that he was a *stonewall* before he was christened by the fire and blood of Manassas. Many little incidents I remember which show the greatness of his soul. I send you this hoping its publication may do good in this day when so few act from conviction and dare to do what is just and right.

Reminiscences of the Army of Northern Virginia.

By J. WILLIAM JONES.

PAPER No. 7.

OPENING OF SEVEN DAYS' BATTLES.

In my last I spoke of the secrecy with which the "foot cavalry" moved from the green fields and clear streams of the Shenandoah Valley to the swamps of the Chickahominy. I am now to speak of those seven days of smoke and noise, and heat, and bloodshed, and wounds, and groans, and sufferings, mingled with loud huzzas and rejoicings, during which Gen. McClellan made his celebrated "change of base" from the Pamunkey to the James. "The situation" at Richmond in May had been indeed gloomy. The evacuation of Norfolk, and the destruction of the ironclad Merrimac (Virginia) left James River open to the gunboats of the enemy, with only a few hastily constructed earth-works, and some incomplete "obstructions" to bar their passage to the wharves of Richmond. The wildest panic ensued. The Confederate Congress adjourned, many of the citizens fled from the city, and the preparations of the government for any emergency which might arise gave color to the rumor that it was proposed to evacuate Richmond without a battle for its defense.

But the Legislature of Virginia passed vigorous resolutions calling upon the President to defend Richmond at every hazard, and to the last extremity. A meeting of citizens (addressed by the Governor of the State and the Mayor of the city) enthusiastically endorsed the action of the Legislature, and President Davis assured the committee that he had no purpose of evacuating the city. On the morning of the 15th of May Commodore Rogers with the Galena, the Monitor, the Aroostook, the Port Royal and the Naugatuck, made an attack on the unfinished batteries at Drewry's Bluff (Fort Darling), nine miles below

Richmond, and received a repulse, which was of the utmost importance as breaking the prestige of the gunboats, blocking the way to Richmond, and restoring the confidence of the people.

McClellan was, however, enveloping Richmond with a cordon of intrenchments (temporarily broken by the Confederate victory of Seven Pines), and was only waiting for McDowell's corps to swoop down from Fredericksburg and join him at Hanover Courthouse in order to make his contemplated assault on the "doomed city." But Jackson's splendid Valley campaign thwarted this plan. On May 24th McDowell received his order from President Lincoln to co-operate in the movement to "capture or destroy Jackson and Ewell's forces," and at once replied to the Secretary of War: "The President's order has been received—is in process of execution. *This is a crushing blow to us.*"

We have seen how Jackson eluded the snare set for him, beat his enemies in detail at Cross Keys and Port Republic, deceived them as to his plans, and hastened to obey the orders he received from General Lee to join him on the Chickahominy. This great commander, who had succeeded to the command of the army on the wounding of General Johnston at Seven Pines, had sent Stuart on his famous "ride around McClellan," had discovered the weak point of his antagonist, and was thus prepared to strike so soon as Jackson should arrive at the designated point on the enemy's flank.

In his official report General McClellan seeks to make the impression that his movements during the seven days' battles were simply a *preconceived* "change of base," and a number of writers have adopted this theory and write as if Lee simply endeavored to prevent McClellan from fulfilling his purpose of moving to the James and was badly repulsed in all of his attacks.

Things did not look that way to an eye-witness and active participant in those stirring scenes, and I do not see how any fair-minded man can read McClellan's dispatches for several weeks before, during, and just after this "change of base" without seeing clearly that it was *forced* and not voluntary.

E. g. On June 25th he telegraphs to Washington:

"The rebel force is stated at 200,000, including Jackson and Beauregard. I shall have to contend against vastly superior odds if these reports be true; but this army will do all in the power of men to hold their position and repulse any attack." * * * Again: "June 27th, 1862, 3 P. M.—We have been fighting nearly all day against greatly superior numbers. *We shall endeavor to hold our own, and if compelled to fall back shall do it in good order, upon James river if possible.*" * * * [*Italics mine.*]

"June 28, 1862, 12:20 A. M.—I now know the full history of the day. On this side of the river (the right bank) we repulsed several very strong attacks. On the left bank our men did all that men could do—all that soldiers could accomplish; but they were overwhelmed by vastly superior numbers, even after I brought my last reserves into action. Had I 20,000 or even 10,000 fresh troops to use to-morrow I could take Richmond; but I have not a man in reserve, and shall be glad to cover my retreat and save the material and personnel of the army. If we have lost the day, we have yet preserved our honor, and no one need blush for the Army of the Potomac. I have lost this battle because my force was too small. I still hope to retrieve our fortunes. I know that a few thousand men more would have changed this battle from a defeat to victory."

These and other quotations which I might make show conclusively that McClellan did not "change base" according to some preconceived plan, but that he was driven from the field by Lee's army.

But I must return to the movements of "the foot cavalry."

General Lee's order of battle contemplated that Jackson should bivouac on the night of the 25th of June near the Central Railroad, eight miles east of Ashland, and to advance at 3 A. M. on the 26th, so as to turn the enemy's works at Mechanicsville and on Beaver Dam Creek and open the road for A. P. Hill, D. H. Hill and Longstreet to cross the Chickahominy and unite with him in sweeping down towards the York River railroad, and thus cut McClellan off from his base of supplies at the White House. But the burning of the bridges and the blockading of the roads by the enemy so impeded our march that we only reached the vicinity of Ashland that night, and were not able to move again until sunrise on the morning of the 26th, and even then we made such slow progress that we only reached Pole Green Church in the afternoon, just as that gallant soldier, A. P. Hill (impatient of further delay, and unwilling to wait longer for Jackson to turn the position), had crossed the Chickahominy at Meadow Bridge and was leading his heroic "Light Division" down on the position of the enemy at Mechanicsville. I shall never forget the scene among the "foot cavalry" when Hill's guns announced that the great battle had opened. Cheer after cheer ran along the whole line, and the column hastened forward with the eagerness of veterans to reach their "place in the picture near the flashing of the guns." But we were too late that evening to get into the fight or help our comrades by turning the strong position which they were assailing.

As we lay down in our bivouac, near Pole Green Church, with orders to move at "early dawn," the muttering of the fight just closing, the

dashing about of staff and general officers and the talks of the men around the Camp fires, all betokened the eve of a great battle.

We broke camp the morning of the 27th and moved forward to the sound of the guns, which told that A. P. Hill, supported by Longstreet (who had crossed the bridge opposite Mechanicsville so soon as Hill drove off the enemy), was renewing his assault upon the strong position on Beaver Dam Creek, which our move was designed to flank. My own regiment, the Thirteenth Virginia, was deployed as skirmishers, and we were thus in advance of the whole of Jackson's column, and the first to enter the deserted camps from which the enemy fell back on our approach, and to see and converse with a number of prisoners whom we captured. But the sound of the battle ceased as we flanked the enemy's position at Ellison's Mill and compelled him to yield to the gallant attack in his front and fall back to his still stronger position about Cold Harbor and Gaines's Mill. The whole of General Lee's columns north of the Chickahominy (A. P. Hill, Longstreet, D. H. Hill, and Jackson) now moved on the position which McClellan had skilfully chosen and heavily entrenched. D. H. Hill was united to Jackson, who was to make a detour to the left in order to attack on that flank, and at the same time prevent the enemy from retreating toward his base at the White House, while A. P. Hill and Longstreet moved nearer to the Chickahominy.

The Army of the Potomac awaits us behind their strong entrenchments and the great battle of Cold Harbor and Gaines's Mill is about to begin.

Notes and Queries.

What Confederate Battery fired the last gun at Appomattox?

We publish with pleasure the following:

MEMPHIS, TENN., September 27, 1881.

Editor Southern Historical Papers, Richmond, Va.:

Dear Sir,—The concluding article in your August number is a statement from Major W. W. Parker that Johnson's battery, from Richmond, Va., should properly be credited with firing the last shots from the Army of Northern Virginia on that memorable Sunday morning at Appomattox Courthouse, whereas I had always been under a different impression; and though it is a matter of no consequence now, still it is

as well to have things stated as they actually occurred, if they are stated at all. And without meaning for a moment to intimate that Major P. would have it otherwise, I think the following statement will be corroborated by every man who was within hearing of General Gordon's voice when he gathered around him that Sunday afternoon the torn and battle-scarred remnant of that noble body of men (the Second corps) who had followed Jackson, Ewell, Early and himself through such trying scenes, to make to them a farewell address. Seeing amongst the number some men without muskets, and supposing them to be of those who had wilfully thrown them away, he ordered them off, saying his remarks were only for those who had held out to the last; but when told that they were artillerymen he recalled them and apologized, saying he had something special to say to them. After mentioning many deeds of which the men then around him should justly feel proud, though it had all gone for naught, he said he wanted particularly to "commend the men that day under the command of Colonel R. F. Hardaway of the First battalion Virginia artillery" (composed of the old Rockbridge battery, Dance's Powhatan battery, one company of the Richmond Howitzers, and Griffin's Salem battery) "who in the beginning of the war in Virginia had fired the first guns from the army"—meaning the Howitzers at Big Bethel in May, 1861,—“and to day, *after firing the last shots* from the Army of Northern Virginia, had retired in as good order as though they were leaving the parade ground,” meaning this last to apply to Griffin's battery, which was stationed just in the village; and if any artillery was fired after this battery ceased firing the sound was not heard within a mile of Appomattox Court-house, or within General Gordon's hearing.

Respectfully,

N. B. JOHNSTON.

What Infantry Regiment accompanied General Stuart to Ely's Ford the night Jackson was wounded at Chancellorsville?

The following letter from our friend, Major H. B. McClellan, explains itself and will, we hope, elicit the desired information:

REV. J. WM. JONES, *Secretary Southern Historical Society:*

My Dear Sir,—On the evening of the 2d May, 1862, after Jackson's first success at Chancellorsville, General J. E. B. Stuart obtained from General Jackson one regiment of infantry, with which he moved toward Ely's Ford to disperse a force of the enemy reported to be at that point, and to take possession of the Ford. Before accomplishing

his purpose he was recalled to the army to take command of Jackson's corps.

Can any of your readers give me the name of the infantry regiment which was employed in this service, and place me in communication with the officer who was then in command, or with any other who personally participated in the attack which was made after Stuart left the regiment to assume command of the corps? If so, I shall esteem it a great favor.

Yours respectfully,

H. B. McCLELLAN.

Lexington, Ky., 26th September, 1881.

Desired return of the Sword of a Federal Officer.

My brother, Lieutenant Aaron Wilkes, Company B, Sixth New Jersey volunteers, was among the killed at the battle of Williamsburg, Va., May 5, 1862. His sword, the scabbard of which, bearing the engraved inscription, "Presented to Lieutenant Aaron Wilkes by Company B, Sixth Regiment New Jersey Volunteers," was taken from his body at the time. I will be duly grateful for its return to me, or for any information leading to its recovery, and will most gladly assume any expense incident thereon.—*Peter Wilkes, Trenton, N. J.*

[We will deem ourselves personally obliged by any attention, as solicited, and request of our good friend, Rev. J. William Jones, D. D., Secretary of the Southern Historical Society and the editor of its invaluable *Papers*, the favor of the mention of the above in its department of Notes and Queries.—*R. A. B.*]

We have clipped the above from the Notes and Queries of the Richmond *Standard*, edited by the accomplished Secretary of the Virginia Historical Society (R. A. Brock, Esq.), and we add a similar request which we have received:

25 HILL ST., NEWARK, N. J.

REV. J. W. JONES, *Secretary Southern Historical Society*:

Dear Sir,—In a conversation with my friend, Colonel Marshall McDonald, formerly of the Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, now of the United States Fish Commission, as to the prospects and best means of regaining my sword, he referred me to you. I hardly need say that any information will be thankfully received because it is self-evident.

All the data I can give is this. The sword is a line-officer's sword (in-

fantry) with leather scabbard. Inscribed on the brass mounting is: "Presented to Lieutenant Fred. W. Mather, by Company I, Seventh New York Artillery." I am not sure about the "W." in the name as I dropped it about that time as a superfluity. I was in the regiment named, First Division, Second Corps Army of the Potomac (Hancock's) and was captured on the 16th June, 1864, near the Jerusalem Plank Road, Petersburg. I think it was Pickett's division, or corps in our front, and although I took the name of the officer to whom I delivered it, it was worn out in my pocket during my nine months confinement. I think he was major of a Georgia regiment, but am not certain. I am aware that this affords you a small margin of information, but it is all I have, and anything which may lead to the recovery of my sword will be gratefully remembered.

I am sir, very truly yours,

FRED. MATHER.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

THE DELAY IN THE PUBLICATION of this number was anticipated and announced in our last; but we hope to be able to issue the remaining numbers of the volume by the last of this month or the first of next. Our subscribers will get their full quota of numbers and of pages, and they will bear with us that we have been compelled by circumstances beyond our control to be tardy sometimes in issuing a given number

COLONEL ANDERSON'S SPLENDID ADDRESS, for the publication of which there has been a general demand, occupies so large a part of this issue that a number of other articles have been crowded out; but we are sure that our readers will thank us for putting within their reach this full discussion of one of the great battles of the war.

THE PLANS OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE for placing our Society on a firm financial basis are being vigorously pressed, and with every prospect of success. We want help in three directions:

1. Contributions to a special fund of \$2,000, to be raised by the first of February.
2. Contributions to a *permanent* endowment fund, which shall be invested and only the income used for the annual expenses of the Society.
3. Subscriptions to our *Papers*, which shall go to meet current expenses.

Can you not help us by a subscription, large or small, to our *special fund*, or permanent endowment? And be sure to *renew promptly* your own and to endeavor to send with yours at least one new subscription.

Those who have been talking of becoming *life* members would greatly oblige us by doing so *now*.



Vol. IX. Richmond, Va., Oct., Nov. and Dec., 1881. Nos. 10, 11 & 12.

State Sovereignty—Forgotten Testimony.

BY CHAS. HARRIS.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 30th, 1881.

*Rev'd J. Wm. Jones, Secretary of the
Southern Historical Society, Richmond, Va.:*

DEAR SIR—The Hon. Jefferson Davis in his admirable argument exposing the absurdity of Judge Story's theory, that the Declaration of Independence implied or declared that the people of the several revolted colonies were "one whole people," (i. e. *one* sovereign political community,) forcibly says, at page 126, of Vol. I of "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," that if so, then the colony of Maryland must have been in a state of "rebellion" against the other colonies, as well as against Great Britain, from 1778 to 1781, "during which period Maryland refused to ratify or be bound by the Articles of Confederation," which instrument, if Judge Story's theory be correct, was, as Mr. Davis pertinently remarks, "binding upon her, as a majority of the 'whole people' had adopted it." Mr. Davis then continues as follows: "*A fortiori*, North Carolina and Rhode Island were in a state of rebellion while they declined to ratify and recognize the Constitution adopted by the other eleven fractions of this united peo-

ple. Yet no hint of such pretension—of any claim over them by the majority—of any assertion of ‘the supremacy of the Union’—is to be found in any of the records of the period.”

The production of Mr. Davis, in the last of the above quoted sentences, of negative evidence only in support of his position as to the attitude of the eleven United States towards North Carolina and Rhode Island, shows, I think, that when he wrote his argument on this subject he could not have been aware of the existence of Government records, proving by the most direct, positive and clear testimony that the United States Government, among the very earliest of its official transactions, (i. e. at the first and second sessions of the first Congress in 1789–90,) formally and by legislative acts, acknowledged North Carolina and Rhode Island to be outside of the jurisdiction of the United States, and no more subject to “the supremacy of the Union” than France or China was, and thereby acknowledged their independence.

That Mr. Davis should not have been aware of the existence of this most important testimony is not at all to be wondered at, when we reflect that writers on constitutional questions, or questions of civil law, when searching among ancient and obsolete statutes in the hope of finding matter pertinent to the objects they have in view, do, as a rule, examine first the title or caption of a law under the impression that it is always a reliable indicator of the contents of the law, and if they see no allusion in the title to the object of their search, they are very apt to conclude that there is nothing in the law relating to it, and to proceed no farther in their examination of the law.

Several years ago, while rummaging among the early statutes of the Federal Government, I discovered* the important testimony which is the principal subject of this paper, and on asking many able and experienced lawyers and jurists, among whom was an eminent ex-judge of a United States District Court, if they knew, or had ever heard of this testimony, I was answered in the negative by each of them.

Appended to this paper will be found the full titles with extracts from and condensed statements of the substance of pertinent parts of certain five statutes or acts passed by the first Congress that ever assembled under the present Constitution.

The dates of those five acts are respectfully: July the 4th, July the 20th, July the 31st, September the 16th, 1789, and February 8th, 1790.

*Although it is a regular record of the proceedings of Congress, and has always been accessible to any person, I call it a discovery from the fact that everybody seems to have forgotten it.

In the course of this paper, I shall cite other acts, which are not appended hereto. The title of neither of the first four of these acts makes any mention of North Carolina or Rhode Island, nor do the two first acts mention either of those States even in their text; but before the reader shall have finished reading in this paper the study of those five acts as taken together, and as bearing on each other, he will see clearly how the text of the two first came to operate on the commerce and ships of North Carolina and Rhode Island, and were *intended* to be made so to operate. The text, however, of the last three of the acts will destroy forever any doubt that may have heretofore lingered in the reader's mind, even if he were Judge Story *redivivus*; who, it is clear to my mind, (if he was sincere in his theory) could never have read and made a study of these five acts grouped together in one body, as it were, and separated from the many other acts that lie between them, but have no bearing on them. Had he done so, he, even if he had been only a second-rate lawyer, would have seen that they constituted a fatal obstacle to the validity of his theory.

The mention of North Carolina by name in the title of the fifth of these acts, (viz.: that of February 8th, 1790,) while Rhode Island is not mentioned in that title, would naturally not be suggestive of anything of the slightest importance to any one searching for information on this subject, inasmuch as he would infer from *the date* of the act (over two months after North Carolina had ratified the Constitution), and from the mention of that State only in the title, that the act had reference only to the entrance of that State into the Union. While the act does provide for extending the laws of the Union over North Carolina, it, at the same time, makes in its text most unqualified admissions of the independent nationality of Rhode Island, (reciting her name,) and of her entire independence of and political alienation from the United States.

From the beginning of the government, in April, 1789, down to the 31st of July, of that year, there was no revenue law whatever of the United State in force. The first act laying "duties on goods, wares and merchandizes," (being the second act of any kind ever passed by Congress) although enacted on the 4th of July, yet, by its own terms, was not nor could it become an operative law until the 1st of August next following. The next revenue act, being the third act ever passed by Congress, was enacted on the 20th of July, 1789, and it imposed duties not on the cargoes, but on the tonnage only of ships or vessels coming into the ports of the eleven United States; but this act, by its own terms, could not become operative law until the 15th of August next

following. The above mentioned two acts were the only revenue acts that were passed during the year 1789.

And now the time has arrived, I conceive, for us to enquire why did Congress postpone the operation of the act of July 4th to the 1st of August, and the act of July 20th to the 15th of August. No reason for this postponement is apparent on the face of either of the acts, and, so far as I know, history assigns no cause for it. Readers of American history well know that there was very strong reason for those two laws to have been passed *early in May*, and to have gone into operation immediately on their passage. The eleven United States of that day were as a Confederacy, utterly impecunious and in very urgent need of immediate revenues, and yet we have before us the strange spectacle of Congress idly waiting, without any visible cause, from April to August before putting into effect any measures for raising much needed revenues.

I have a theory, Mr. Secretary, which explains, I think, this otherwise unaccountable delay of Congress, and furnishes, doubtless, the true reason for it. It is well known that the Congress of the summer of 1789 and all their constituents were exceedingly desirous that North Carolina and Rhode Island should enter the Union. Notwithstanding that each of these two States had already held its own separate convention and had therein refused to ratify the Constitution, yet Congress knew that numerous and able friends of the Union were then, and had been during the prior winter and spring, diligently at work within each of the two States, urging the early assembling of a second convention; and it was known that there was a very fair prospect of such convention being called soon.

[North Carolina did, indeed, call her second convention in November of that year, and ratified the Constitution on the 29th of that month.]

Now if the two States could be induced to ratify the Constitution *before* any legislation of Congress should be effected of a character bearing on them as countries *foreign to the United States*, the friends of the United States could say in Europe as well as in America that there had been no disruption of the Union when Congress assembled in April 1789, and no secession of eleven States from the first union; and that the delay of North Carolina and Rhode Island in ratifying the new Constitution would be spoken of merely as the exceeding caution of those two States, as manifested by their taking ample time to deliberate and decide on a matter of so great importance.

But time wore on, and when the 31st day of July arrived, (one day only, mind you, before the act of 4th July would begin to operate,) and

neither of the two States had yet called their second convention, Congress saw that they were then compelled to take action, and the law of the 31st July was the result of that action.

And now, mark you, how tenderly and in what a conciliatory spirit Congress treated the two recusant sisters in that act while being under the necessity of legislating towards each of them as towards any other foreign country.

Congress well knew, in fact they virtually say so in the act, that unless something were done at once, the General Revenue Act of July 4th, would begin at once, i. e. on 1st August, to take effect on the products and manufactures of the two States when imported into the United States, for that act excepted no country that was outside of the American Union of that date. The second paragraph of the 38th section of the act of 31st July declares that North Carolina and Rhode Island were then outside of the Union, when it says, "this act doth not extend to the collecting of duties within either of the said two States," and it gives the reason why, viz: because they "have not as yet ratified the present Constitution." Being unwilling, *as yet*,* to permit the act of July 4th to operate on the products and home manufactures of North Carolina and Rhode Island when imported into the United States, but at the same time knowing that if *all* goods imported into the United States from those two States were to be exempted from duties, the certain result would be that *no* revenue could be collected in any of the ports of the United States, for all goods from Europe or Asia designed ultimately for the United States *would be sure*, for obvious reasons, to be sent first to North Carolina and Rhode Island. Congress in order to exhibit at one and the same time its conciliatory spirit towards the two States, and to gather also the entire duties from imported European and Asiatic goods, whether coming or not into the United States, through North Carolina and Rhode Island, very neatly effected both objects by the 39th section of the act of July 31st, in the words following:

"SECTION 39.—*Be it therefore further enacted*; That all goods, wares and merchandize, not of their own growth or manufacture, which shall be imported from either of the said two States of Rhode Island and

* I say "*as yet*," for, as we progress in this paper, we will come to the time and shall see when Congress did levy duties under the act of July 4th, on the home manufactures of the two States coming into the United States, as high in amount as were the duties that were levied on the same kinds of manufactures imported from any other foreign country.

Providence Plantations, or North Carolina, into any other port or place within the limits of the United States as settled by the late treaty of peace,* shall be subject to the like duties, seizures and forfeitures as goods, wares or merchandize imported from any State or country without the said limits."

Some reader of that act who may not be overmuch skilled in the interpretation of legal phraseology, might possibly here say to me in perfect sincerity and honesty, "But, Mr. H., the phrase * * * 'imported from either of the said two States of North Carolina and Rhode Island, into *any other* port or place *within the limits* of the United State,' &c., plainly indicates, from its grammatical construction, that Congress meant to assert and did assert by their use of that phraseology that North Carolina and Rhode Island were, on the 31st July, 1789, '*within the limits of the United States.*'"

In reply to such reader, who would most probably be a *Storyite*, with his mind so befogged by the sophistries of his Magnus Apollo as to be unable to perceive the force of any point or argument that might militate against the judge's theory, I should say, "if the phraseology you quote from the act of July 31st had not been followed by the next eight words that are in that act, viz.: '*as settled by the late Treaty of Peace,*' there would, at first blush, appear to be some force in your remark, if we should regard *only* the words you quote isolated from what precedes and follows them. But when we take the words you quote in connection with their whole context, the meaning is very clear, although not what you suppose it to be; but if we suppress the above-mentioned eight important words, we then convert sections 38 and 39 into a jumble of ridiculous contradictions and arrant nonsense. If Congress meant to assert what you say it does assert in section 39, then the collection of duties by United States Custom-House officers in the ports of North Carolina and Rhode Island from foreign goods imported from across the ocean into those two States in August would have been perfectly legal and proper, but Congress, in section 38, denies this legality and divests itself of all authority in the premises when it declares in that section that United States' duties cannot be collected '*within either of the two States,*' and in section 39 declares North Carolina and Rhode Island not to be within the limits of the *then* United States when it directs that goods not of their own growth or manufacture, which "*shall be imported* from either the said two States" shall pay duties on arrival in United States ports. This provision of the act in question shows, by

* The treaty of 1782 with Great Britain.

the way, how the revenue act of the 4th of July was brought into operation on North Carolina and Rhode Island, although neither of those two States is mentioned either in the title or in the text of that act. If the two States were at that time integral portions of the United States, then it would have been utterly impossible, even if both parties were willing, for goods *to be imported* from them into the United States, because the goods would be already *in* the United States before leaving either of the two States, and the Constitution would prohibit Congress from levying duties on them. When we come, however, to analyze the *whole* phrase, including the eight words before referred to, and taken in connection with the entire section, we see at once what Congress meant. The entire phrase, including the eight words referred to, does not describe, nor was it meant to describe the United States of *July*, 1789, but that geographical area on the Continent of America which Great Britain had acknowledged, in the Treaty of Peace, to be free from her jurisdiction in 1782.

Why Congress employed this peculiar and cumbersome phraseology in section 39 is, I think, very apparent. Out of a kind regard for the feelings of their late two political associates they desired, even when framing revenue laws designed to tax goods coming into the United States from those former associates, to employ, and they deemed it politic to employ, language that would, as much as possible, disguise and soften the situation, which it was hoped would be of but short duration. In accordance with this view we find Congress using, in section 38, such mollifying phrases as "for the present" and "as yet." But as time rolled on and the two States still kept out of the Union we find Congress, in the act of September 16th, throwing aside this sentimentality, and speaking right out in church, when they commenced in that act to call things by their plain every-day names without employing any roundabout, namby-pamby phraseology. Let any one read sections 2 and 3 of that act and he will see that if France and Spain had been the only and special subjects of those sections they could not have been mentioned and referred to therein in language more strongly recognizing their unqualified independence of and complete political alienation from the United States of that day than North Carolina and Rhode Island are mentioned and referred to in the act.

In like manner does the 7th section of the act of February 7th and 8th, 1790, enacted after North Carolina entered the Union, and reviving the 2d section of the act of September 16th towards the citizens of Rhode Island, go direct to the point in the fewest possible

words, without beating about the bush, and thereby admits Rhode Island to have then been a country foreign to the United States.

Having, I think, Mr. Secretary, effectually disposed of our imaginary disciple of Judge Story I will now go back to the subject that was before us before he came on the tapis. That subject was my theory attempting to account for the very strange delay of Congress in providing for the collection of revenues for the Treasury of the United States. As additional and corroborative proof of the probable correctness of that theory I now call your attention to the fact that Congress did not, until the 31st of July, divide the seaboard territory of the United States and a part of the Ohio river into revenue districts and establish ports of entry therein. They could very easily have done this in the first week of May, but they refrained from doing so, and why? Plainly because, as I think, they saw that when they should come to do so they could not divide up into revenue districts the territory of *foreign countries* (i. e. North Carolina and Rhode Island), nor establish United States ports of entry in those countries.

They wished, as before said, to avoid as long as possible any legislation that would bear on North Carolina and Rhode Island as *foreign countries*, and that would acknowledge them to be such. But the 1st of August was only one day off, and action *must* be taken, and that action resulted in the first thirty-seven sections of the act of July 31st.

In those sections Congress among other things divided up the territory of eleven only of the States, and certain territory on the Ohio river, from its rapids to its mouth, (being the district of Louisville,) into revenue districts, and established ports of entry therein; but it carefully refrained in that act from dividing the territory of North Carolina and Rhode Island into such districts, and from establishing ports of entry in either of those two States. This, of course, was an open, unqualified admission by Congress that those two States were countries foreign to the United States.

But Mr. Secretary, even if my theory accounting for the delay referred to be without foundation, it cannot have any bearing on nor affect in the slightest degree the impregnability of the *facts* which I have brought forward, and will yet produce in this paper to prove conclusively that the Congress of 1789 did not deem the people of the United States to be "one whole people," one political community possessed of its own original inherent sovereignty, supreme in all respects over every other power in the land.

In addition to the evidences already adduced herein proving the *Confederate* status of the separate people of the several States, and

disproving the alleged consolidated character of the people of the United States, and showing that the people of any one State was, when ratifying the Constitution, a distinct sovereignty itself, and not a mere fraction of *one* sovereign people, I now cite a portion of the 2d section of the act of September 16th, 1789, underscoring the words to which I wish the reader's attention to be particularly directed. That section enacts, "That all the privileges and advantages to which ships and vessels, *owned by citizens of the United States*, are by law entitled, shall be, until the 15th day of January next, extended to ships and vessels wholly owned by citizens of the States of North Carolina and Rhode Island and Providence Plantations."

The citizens of the United States on the one hand, and the citizens of Spain on the other, could not in a legislative act of Congress be placed in stronger antithesis (and here it is *political* antithesis) than the citizens of the United States as one party, and the citizens of North Carolina and Rhode Island as another party, are placed in this act. This section shows also that if it had not been enacted, the provisions of the Tonnage Act of July 20th, which had commenced to take effect on the ships of North Carolina and Rhode Island on the 15th of August, would have continued operating on them after the 16th September, thus showing that although the ships of North Carolina and Rhode Island are not mentioned as such in the act of 20th July, (neither are the ships of other foreign countries mentioned by the names of their countries,) yet they were intended to be embraced by the general expressions in the act, to which the reader is referred.

Pray observe that the concluding clause of the 40th section of the act of 31st July, although not mentioning either North Carolina or Rhode Island by name, (nor does it mention the then Spanish Colonies, Florida and Louisiana, adjoining the United States,) totally prohibits commerce *by land* between those two States and the United States, as well as the Colonies mentioned, in goods not the growth or manufacture of the two States, and it confiscates the goods and "the carriages, horses and oxen that shall be employed in conveying the same."

What stronger evidence than this would you desire to show that North Carolina and Rhode Island were at that time regarded by Congress, and acknowledged as countries wholly foreign to the United States? I omitted mentioning, in its more appropriate place above, the additional strong evidence that the 40th section of the act of July 31st, exhibits when it prohibits vessels of North Carolina or Rhode Island, of a capacity less than thirty tons, from bringing into the United States goods not of their own growth or manufacture.

By the act of the 24th of September, 1789, (not appended hereto, but to be found in any edition of the "United States Statutes at Large") Congress created the Supreme Court of the United States and divided up into thirteen judicial districts the eleven States then composing the United States, mentioning each of them by name, and calling them in the aggregate "The United States"; but it took care not to mention North Carolina or Rhode Island in the act, nor to make either of them part or parcel of those judicial districts. Here was another recognition by the United States of the independence of those two States as foreign countries.

By the act of March 1st, 1790, (not appended hereto) after North Carolina had entered the Union, Congress provided for taking a census of "the inhabitants of the United States." In that act it directs the appointment of marshals and their assistants to execute the objects of the act, and it specifies by name each of the twelve States that, in March of that year, composed the United States, but among the twelve names that of Rhode Island does not appear, and the act appoints no marshals for the enumeration of her inhabitants.

What does this mean but an acknowledgement by Congress of the independence and foreign character of Rhode Island?

After that State entered the Union in May, 1790, Congress by a special act, viz: the act of July 5th, 1790, (not appended hereto) provided for the separate enumeration of her inhabitants.

What I have herein adduced proves, I think, beyond all question that the Government of the United States did in 1789 formally and officially acknowledge the absolute independence and sovereignty in that year of North Carolina and Rhode Island, and of the latter State in 1790 also; that those two States were then not subject to the "supremacy of the Union," and that they were countries as much foreign to the United States as France or Spain was; and it of course utterly demolishes Judge Story's theory (attempted to be based on an expression in the Declaration of Independence) that the people of the United States were, in a political sense, one sovereign consolidated people.

By-the-way, Mr. Secretary, with regard to that expression, viz: "When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for *one* people to dissolve the political bonds," &c., there is a view of it which I have never seen taken, but which, I think, shows that the expression was not intended to mean or to assert that the people of the several colonies then in rebellion were the people of only one sovereign political community, divided up into territorial factions called States. Who

was the author of the Declaration? Thomas Jefferson. Who was the author of the celebrated Kentucky Resolutions of 1798? I answer again, Thomas Jefferson. Now will any sane man who has read those resolutions have the hardihood to assert that he believes Thomas Jefferson, when writing the expression I have quoted from the Declaration of Independence, thought, or intended to assert in that expression, that the people of the several revolted colonies were one sovereign, supreme political community?

To assert such belief is to assert that either in the one or the other of those two documents Mr. Jefferson consciously stultified and contradicted himself in the grossest and most palpable manner imaginable. Is it conceivable that the great statesmen who in 1798 decried the Constitution as a "*Federal Compact*," to which "each State *acceded* as a State and is an integral party, its co-States forming as to itself the other party," that the statesman who was first to declare that "nullification" by a State or States of acts of Congress under certain circumstances "is the rightful remedy," and that "every State has a natural right in cases not within the compact, (*casus non foederis*), to nullify of *their own right*, all assumptions of power by others within their own limits," and who asserted that "Congress [*i. e.* the general government] was not a party [to] but merely the creature of the compact and subject, as to its assumption of power, to the final judgment of" the States, "by whom and for whose use itself and its powers were all created and modified;" and who asserted "that the government created by this compact was not made the exclusive or final judge of the powers delegated to itself, * * * * but that, as in all other cases of compact among powers having no common judge, each party has an equal right to judge for itself as well of infractions *as of the mode and manner* of redress,"—is it, I repeat, conceivable that the author of such views of the Constitution, of the States and the general government, could ever have entertained the idea, much more could have promulgated it throughout the Union and to the world in an important public document, that the people of the several States were only mere territorial fractions of one great sovereign political community possessed by its own inherent, original right of all the powers of absolute sovereignty? Why, the question answers itself, and only in one way to any man of ordinary intelligence who has read the Declaration of Independence and the Kentucky Resolutions of 1798.

Have we any reason to suppose that the signers (other than Mr. Jefferson) to the Declaration of Independence, entertained Judge Story's theory as based on the phrase "one people?" To say nothing of their

being as fully conversant as Mr. Jefferson was with the facts relating to this subject that I have herein presented, let the record of the most important one of their own subsequent acts answer. It is well known that some of them were engaged in framing, about two years after the date of the Declaration, the first Constitution of the United States, and that all of them approved and advocated the ratification of that Constitution by all the States. I append the first three articles of that Constitution.

"ARTICLE I. The style of this *Confederacy* shall be the United *States* of America.

ARTICLE II. Each State *retains* its *sovereignty*, freedom and *independence*, and every power, jurisdiction and right which is not by *this Confederation*" [not this people] "*expressly delegated* to the United *States* in Congress assembled.

ARTICLE III. The said States hereby *severally* enter into a firm *league* of friendship with *each other* for the common defense, the security of their liberties, and their mutual and general welfare, binding themselves to assist *each other* against all force offered to or attacks made upon them, or *any one* of them, on account of religion, *sovereignty*, trade or any pretense whatever."

Is it conceivable that the signers of the Declaration, if they entertained Judge Story's theory respecting the sovereignty of that absurd political myth, "the people of the United States," would have so stultified themselves, have so ignored their own belief, would have been such open and villainous traitors to their supreme sovereign, this alleged one people, as to have framed, advocated and urged upon their constituents the ratification of those three articles—articles flatly contradicting in almost every line the theory which Judge Story foisted upon a deluded [Northern] people? And yet, right in the face of the facts detailed in this paper, and with which the Judge was intimately conversant, he seems to have believed, and unfortunately caused many millions of people to believe sincerely that the people of those thirteen Confederate Sovereign Nations were, at the date of the Declaration of Independence, one consolidated supreme, sovereign people, dominant over the entire country, at the very time that this alleged sovereign people possessed as one people no government whatever, nor did they pretend to have any. To this seeming belief of Judge Story's, I can only respond by quoting in part (and adding to it) the old Roman poet's famous exclamation:

*Credant "Judæus Appella,"
Americanurvue Story! "Non ego."*

I mention the Judge's belief as a *seeming* belief. It may appear harsh, but when we remember that the Judge was a lawyer, and a very able one, I find it exceedingly difficult to entertain the idea that he sincerely believed in his own theory. The historian, Motley, as Mr. Davis shows, published in England during the late war, most glaring misstatements on the general subject discussed in this paper, statements of whose atrocious falsehood he (Motley) could not, in view of his most extensive political erudition, possibly have been ignorant.

It may be possibly asked by some consolidationist, if Mr. Jefferson, by the phrase "one people," did not mean one people, why then did he employ the phrase?

While I have shown, I think, beyond all question, that he could not have meant nor have intended to indicate by the words "one people" that the people of the several States were a consolidated people composing as to the supreme sovereignty only one sole political community, there is no question in my mind, especially when we remember that the Declaration was intended much more as an address and an appeal to the outside world than to the inhabitants of the States, that he employed the words in question only in the sense that as to the common enemy (Great Britain) as well as to the other powers of the world, the people of the Confederate Colonies were, to all intents and purposes, politically one people, while as to the internal political relations between themselves, he well knew they were altogether of another character. The Kentucky resolutions prove that. The people of the States, under the first Constitution as well as under the present Constitution, always have been regarded by foreign powers and treated with as one single political community, one sovereign State, and that, too, very properly. In fact, from the necessity of the case, it could not be otherwise; for when the States, one by one, and at different dates acceded each as an integral State and not as a faction of one people, to the first as well as to the present Constitution, and appointed their common agent, the government of the United States, to be their only medium of political intercourse between themselves and foreign powers, they thereby gave notice to all those powers that *as to them* (i. e., all foreign powers,) they were but one power, one people. This, of unavoidable necessity, *must* be the case in all Confederations of sovereign States, who, by the terms of the compact between the Confederating parties, notify the other powers of the world that political or diplomatic intercourse can be had with them only through their common agent.

It must be further recollected that when the Declaration of Independence was published to the world, there was not the scrip of a pen

between the States in the shape of any form of government or constitution whatever, nor did they pretend that there was then any such form of Federal or general government in existence. The Congress of 1774, as well as that of 1775, was a mere consulting and advisory body so far as its relations towards the several colonies were concerned, and it pretended to no governmental authority over them.

Mr. Rutledge, a delegate from South Carolina to the Congress of 1774, said, in a speech in that body in September of that year, and without contradiction from any one, "We have no legal authority, * * *. We have no coercive authority. Our constituents are bound only in honor to observe our determinations." [*Bancroft*, p. 129, vol. VII, edition of 1858]. Those Congresses enacted no laws bearing on the several colonies or the individual people thereof. They merely passed resolutions *requesting* or *recommending* the colonies (sometimes only the people of a town or county), to do this or that thing or to refrain from doing something. For instance, on 10th June, 1775, even after the war with Great Britain had begun, Congress, "On motion,

"*Resolved*, That it be, and it is hereby earnestly *recommended* to the several colonies of New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and the interior towns of Massachusetts Bay, that they immediately furnish the American army before Boston with as much powder, out of the towns and the publick stocks as they can possibly spare," &c. [*American Archives*," edition of 1843.]

Again, on 1st January, 1776, Congress, by resolution, declared "that it be *recommended*" to the "Conventions or Committees of Safety" of South Carolina, Virginia, and the Provisional Council of North Carolina, "to make a vigorous opposition" to apprehended attacks by British forces on "Charlestown in South Carolina, and several places in Virginia, and probably in North Carolina." [*American Archives*."]

The city and county of New York having, in May, 1775, through their delegates to Congress, asked Congress for its *advice* (not its orders), "how to conduct themselves with regard to the [British] troops" shortly expected to arrive there, Congress, on 15th May, 1775,

"*Resolved*, That it be *recommended* to the inhabitants of New York that if the troops which are expected should arrive, the said colony act on the defensive so long as may be consistent with their safety and security," &c. [*American Archives*.]

If necessary, I could fill pages with these mere recommendations of Congress in 1774, '75 and '76.

If the Congresses referred to were the representatives of one great sovereign people occupying, as such, the territory of the thirteen colonies, we never would have heard of their passing resolutions merely *recommending* the colonies to do this thing or that thing, but we would have found the record of their *Laws* enacted after the usual forms of single sovereign or confederated governments, and *ordering* such and such things to be done by its individual subjects, or making by law, authorized *requisitions* on the States in the Confederacy.

To show what views Congress itself, at the times referred to, entertained of this alleged one sovereign people of the entire country, we have only to turn to their resolution of September 6th, 1774. [They first convened on 5th September of that year.]

Here is the resolution referred to:

"Thursday, September 6th. The Congress, resuming the consideration of Rules of Conduct to be observed in debating and determining the questions that may come under consideration,

"*Resolved*, That, in determining questions in this Congress, each colony or province shall have one vote."

What kind of a Republican one people, pray, was that which permitted the less than seventy thousand people of that tom-tit Rhode Island to have a voice equal in weight and influence with the voice of the several hundreds of thousands of the people of New York, or of Pennsylvania, or of Virginia? Is it presumable that the delegates from either of the three large States last mentioned, if they supposed the people of the Colonies, represented in that Congress, were the people of one sovereign political community, would have been or were such idiotic simpletons as to have agreed to such an utter absurdity (on the theory that the people of all the Colonies were one sovereign people) as the resolution last quoted? But they *did* agree to it; and why? because they knew that each Colony appearing in that Congress appeared as an Independent Sovereign, and they knew that a sovereign community of seventy thousand people is as much a sovereign as one of twenty millions, or a hundred millions of people.

Even after a written form of general government (i. e., the Articles of Confederation) was agreed on, and adopted several years afterwards, Rhode Island had, under it, an equal voice with any one of the larger States in conducting the affairs of the Confederacy. Article V. of that Government says, among other things, "in determining questions in the United States in Congress assembled, each State shall have one vote."

When the Congress of 1774 assembled, nobody in it entertained the idea of separation from Great Britain. The members of it met as a consulting and advisory body, to deliberate on the political status of British America, and to devise some practicable measures whereby to induce redress of their grievances by the British government. Among those measures, and the most important of all of them, was the project to *persuade* the people of the several Colonies to form, as individuals, not as political communities, associations in which each subscribing member pledged himself to the other members not to hold any commercial intercourse with the people of Great Britain until a redress of grievances could be obtained.

On the 22nd of September, 1774, Congress

"*Resolved* unanimously, That the Congress *request* the merchants and others in the several Colonies not to send to Great Britain any orders for goods," &c., &c., until a redress of grievances could be had. [*American Archives*--p. 904, vol. i, 4th series, edition of 1843]* And the members of this Congress, as private individuals, but of course with the hope that the prestige of their position as public delegates, would exert great influence on the people at large, signed on 20th of October, 1774, certain articles of association termed by them the "Non-Importation, Non-Consumption, and Non-Exportation agreement" or association.

I append some extracts from this agreement which contained fourteen articles. It commences--

"We, his Majesty's most loyal subjects, the delegates of the several colonies of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, [naming all except Georgia, who sent no delegates,] deputed to represent them in a Continental Congress, held in the city of Philadelphia on the 5th day of September, 1774, avowing our allegiance to his Majesty," &c., &c. They then go on to say, among other things, that in order to obtain "a redress of grievances," "we are of opinion that a non-importation, non-consumption, and non-exportation agreement, faithfully adhered to, will prove the most speedy, effectual and *peaceable*† measure, and we therefore do for ourselves and the inhabitants of the several colonies whom we represent, firmly agree and associate under the sacred ties of virtue, honor, and love of our country as follows," &c., until certain

*The reader will find ample details of the objects and proceedings of this Congress in vol. i. of "*American Archives*, 4th series, 1774, 1775," published by authority of an act of Congress."

† Italicized by C. H.

acts of the British Parliament shall be repealed. Congress, well knowing that it was not a government of any kind, and knowing therefore its utter lack of authority or power to impose any legal penalties on, or to coerce such inhabitants of the colonies as might treat the objects of the association with contempt and act in violation of its articles, had to content itself with instigating its friends to "Boycott" all persons (inhabitants of the Colonies), who should disregard the agreement and act in violation thereof by publishing them in "*The Gazette*," and by declaring that they should be "deemed foes to the rights of British America," be regarded as "unworthy the rights of freemen," and should be "universally condemned as the foes of American liberty;" and in the fourteenth article they resolved that they "would have no trade, commerce, dealings, or intercourse whatever with any Colony or Province in North America, which shall not accede to or which shall hereafter violate this association." Although the articles of association were endorsed and adopted in some instances by colonial conventions; also by county meetings and lesser assemblages, they yet had not the sanctity and force of law, and nobody pretended that they had. They were merely the expression of a sentiment and a purpose that were entertained by a majority of the people of the Colonies, and an agreement, incapable of enforcement by law, between individual persons, even when adopted by a Colonial Convention. To show how perfectly absent from the minds of the members of this Congress was the purpose or even idea of separation from and independence of Great Britain, I copy here a portion of a foot-note on page 900 of Vol. II of "*American Archives*":

"On Friday, September 16th, the honorable delegates, now met in General Congress, were elegantly entertained by the gentlemen of Philadelphia. * * * * * After dinner the following toasts were drank: 1st. The King. 2d. The Queen. 3d. The Duke of Gloucester. 4th. The Prince of Wales and Royal Family. * * * 10th. May the cloud which hangs over Great Britain and the Colonies burst only on the heads of the present Ministry. * * * 18th. A happy conciliation between Great Britain and her Colonies on a constitutional ground."

In an Address to the King, dated October 25th, that Congress (of 1784) commence as follows:

"Most Gracious Sovereign,—We, your Majesty's most faithful subjects, * * * by this our humble petition, beg leave to lay our grievances before the Throne. * * * * We ask but for peace, liberty and safety. * * * * Your royal authority over us and

our connection with Great Britain we shall always carefully and zealously endeavor to support and maintain."

I have, Mr. Secretary, at the risk of being regarded as prolix, a few more remarks to be made respecting that political myth of Judge Story's, the "one whole people," or "We the people [one people] of the United States."

To say nothing of publicists and jurists, no third-rate lawyer even will deny that any one people, whether called sovereign or not, cannot be in the possession of sovereignty who do not possess that great underlying title which is never surrendered or conveyed when fee-simple titles are granted by sovereigns to private purchasers of their land—I mean that great underlying title, the right of eminent domain in the soil. This right, this inestimable possession, is the very foundation-stone, or, to change the figure, the tap-root, the great and only source upon and from which all the other powers of inherent, original and undelegated sovereignty spring and depend for their vigor and existence.

A monarchy, an oligarchy or a republic that does not by virtue of this great right own the soil which it occupies, cannot be in possession of inherent, original sovereignty. If existing under any form of government whatever, and if it yet does not possess the right of eminent domain in the soil which it occupies, it necessarily cannot be an original sovereign power existing of and from its own right and vitality, but a mere creature, an agent exercising whatever powers it may possess by the permission and at the behest of some real sovereign or sovereigns.

Now, does that political *personnel* called the Government of the United States, or do those associated States, called the United States of America, possess, or do they pretend even at this day to possess, the right and power of eminent domain in the soil of a single State of this Confederacy of States called the United States of America? Of course the only answer to that question is, No, they do not. The practice of the United States Government from its foundation in 1789 down to this day (excepting the four years of the late war, when by the right, so-called, of might it exercised the rights of highway robbers on Southern soil) is alone sufficient to decide any question on that point. But the truth of this matter does not depend on the mere practice, significant as that is, of the General Government. Clause 18 of section 8 of article 1 of the Constitution *acknowledges* that the right of eminent domain in the soil of each separate State rests wholly and solely in the sovereign power and control of that distinct State. If the Government of France, or of Great Britain, or of Spain, should desire to take possession of and oust John Doe (their subject) from his three hundred acres of land at

the mouth of a certain river, for the purpose of erecting fortifications thereon, they proceed at once, without asking his consent, to exercise directly this reserved right of eminent domain and *compel* him, *volens* or *volens*, to give up the land. In these days of civilization they pay him the value of the land as a farm or a fishery, or as a watering-place, but they do not pay him its value as a site of defence against invasion by a public enemy; and no power exists whereby they could be compelled to pay him any price.

Let the United States Government, however, desire to purchase to-morrow for any public purpose from Richard Roe his farm of two hundred acres of land occupying a certain point jutting out into the water from the left bank of the Delaware river, and let the Government offer him thrice its value as a farm, or a fishery, or a bathing-beach; yet if he should say to the Government, "You shan't have it at any price," that Government would stand before him helpless and with no more rights or authority in the case than the Government of Great Britain would. And this one individual could rightfully keep the General Government at bay and prevent its taking possession of the land until his *real* and *only* sovereign, the State of New Jersey, should take the land from him and *permit* the General Government, through a formal deed of cession to possess and occupy the land, but in such manner and for such purposes only as New Jersey might choose to dictate and specify in the deed of cession.*

What becomes now of Judge Story's "one whole people" as a political community, and having as such, any power whatever?

What, too, under this ample exposition of a plain fact of the Constitution, becomes of that much lauded and oft-repeated nonsensical twaddle and clap-trap, uttered by that vastly over-rated individual, Abraham Lincoln, viz: "the government *of* the people, *by* the people, *for* the people"?

Of course no such government as Lincoln meant to indicate by that senseless phrase ever existed, or does now exist, on the area of territory occupied by the United States of America. Each separate State Government in the present Union is indeed, in the broadest and most compre-

* The General Government as the agent of the States can, to be sure, rightfully exercise the right of eminent domain in the soil of all lands belonging in common to all the States, and not lying within the boundaries of any State. The 2d clause of section 3d of Article IV of the Constitution vests such power in Congress or the Government; but take notice, that clause does not say the lands or territory referred to belong to the Government, but it expressly says, " * * * the territory or other property belonging to the United States.

hensive sense, a government of the people, by the people, and for the people; but the people of the United States, as one politically sovereign community, never yet, by deputies or otherwise, framed any form of government, nor put it into execution, nor amended such form, nor did they ever yet elect a President of the United States, nor declare war, nor make peace, nor ever perform any political act whatever.

EXTRACTS FROM AND THE SUBSTANCE OF PORTIONS OF THE FIVE ACTS
OF CONGRESS SPECIALLY REFERRED TO IN THE FOREGOING PAPER.

The Act of July 4, 1789.—Its title is: "An act for laying a duty on goods, wares and merchandise imported into the United States."

Sections 1st and 2d specify various duties which are, "from and after the first day of August next," to be levied on a vast number of enumerated goods, and discriminating as to the amounts of the duties to be paid in favor of goods imported in ships owned by citizens of the United States.

Sections 3d and 4th provide for the payment by Government to importers of goods of drawbacks on certain imports, which shall be exported from the United States within twelve months from the date of their importation.

Section 5th allows a discount to citizens of the United States importing goods in their own vessels of ten cent. on the duties imposed by this act. This discount is not allowed to other persons.

Section 6th provides for the operation of the act up to June, 1796, and to the termination of the next session of Congress thereafter.

No countries besides the United States are mentioned by name in this act, except China and India.

The Act of July 20, 1789.—Its title is: "An act imposing duties on tonnage."

Section 1st imposes a duty of six cents per ton on ships wholly owned by a citizen or citizens of the United States; but on ships built in the United States, but belonging "wholly or in part to subjects of foreign powers," thirty cents per ton. "All other ships or vessels [*i. e.*, not built in the United States and owned by citizens thereof], fifty cents per ton."

Section 2d provides that ships built and owned in the United States shall be required to pay tonnage only once a year while engaged in the fisheries or in the coastwise trade.

Section 3d provides that every ship engaged in the coastwise trade which was not built and owned in the United States shall pay fifty cents per ton on each entry.

Section 4th provides that the act shall go into operation "from and after the 15th day of August next."

The Act of July 31, 1789.—Its title is: "An act to regulate the collection of duties imposed by law on the tonnage of ships or vessels, and on goods, wares and merchandises imported into the United States."

The first thirty-seven sections of this act are taken up with laying off the sea-board of the eleven United States (mentioning each by its name) and a portion of the Ohio river into revenue districts, and in establishing ports of entry in the same, and in making sundry regulations; but neither is North Carolina nor Rhode Island named, nor is any portion or portions of their territory laid off into revenue districts.

The second paragraph of section 38 and the whole of section 39 of this act run as follows:

"*And whereas* the States of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations and of North Carolina have not as yet ratified the present Constitution of the United States, by reason whereof this act doth not extend to the collecting of duties within either of the said two States, and it is thereby become necessary that the following provision with respect to goods, wares or merchandise imported from either of the said States should, for the present, take place:

"Section 39. *Be it therefore further enacted*, That all goods, wares and merchandize, not of their own growth or manufacture, which shall be imported from either of the said two States of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations or North Carolina, into any other port or place within the limits of the United States, as settled by the late treaty of peace, shall be subject to the like duties, seizures and forfeitures, as goods, wares or merchandize imported from any State or country without the said limits."

Section 40 of this act provides that "no goods, wares or merchandize of foreign growth or manufacture subject to the payment of duties, shall be brought into the United States in any other manner than by sea, nor in any ship or vessel less than thirty tons burthen, except within the district of Louisville [on the Ohio river] and except also in such vessels as are now actually on their voyages, * * * * and all goods, wares and merchandize brought into the United States by land, contrary to this act, shall be forfeited, together with the carriages, horses and oxen that shall be employed in conveying the same."

The Act of September 16th, 1789.—Its title is: "An act to suspend part of an act, [i. e., the act of July 31st] entitled 'an act to regulate the collection of duties imposed by law,' &c., &c., and for other purposes."

The 2d section of this act provides "That all the privileges and advantages to which ships and vessels owned by citizens of the United States are by law entitled, shall be, until the 15th day of January next, extended to ships and vessels wholly owned by citizens of the States of North Carolina and Rhode Island and Providence Plantations; provided" that the master of every ship so owned shall prove such ownership by certain described evidence.

Section 3 of this act runs as follows:

"*And be it further enacted*, That all rum, loaf sugar and chocolate manufactured or made in the States of North Carolina or Rhode Island and Providence Plantations and imported or brought into the United States, shall be deemed and taken to be subject to the like duties as goods of the like kinds imported from any foreign State, kingdom or country, are made subject to."

The Act of February 8th, 1790.—Its title is: "An act for giving effect to the several acts therein mentioned in respect to the State of North Carolina, and other purposes." [This is the act that extended the laws of the United States over North Carolina after she had ratified the Constitution.]

The 2d section of this act divides North Carolina up into five revenue districts, and establishes certain ports of entry therein.

The 7th section of the act runs as follows:

"*And be it further enacted*, That the 2d section of the act [i. e., the act of September 16th, 1879] entitled 'an act to suspend part of an act,' &c., &c., passed the 16th day of September last, shall, with respect to the inhabitants and citizens of the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, be revived, and also that the 4th section* of said act shall be revived, and both continue in force until the first day of April next, and no longer."

* The 4th section of the act of September 16th, above referred to, directed that Rehoboth, in the State of Massachusetts, should be continued a port of entry until the 15th of January, 1790.

The above section, viz: the 7th section of the act of February 8th, 1790, revives in favor of Rhode Island until 1st April, 1790, that section (the 2d) of the act of September 16th, which "extended" certain privileges to the ships of North Carolina and Rhode Island until the 15th January, 1790.

General Kirby Smith's Kentucky Campaign.

No. 4.

BY MAJOR PAUL F. HAMMOND.

It is not without anxiety that I now approach that part of the campaign in Kentucky which brought disaster upon our arms. Hitherto I have had to speak only of success and award well merited praise; but it devolves upon me now to deal with failure, and to try to show wherein lay the causes of it. To ascertain how far defeat is the result of inevitable accident, and how far it comes from errors which should have been avoided, to what extent fortune intervenes to wrest away fruits fairly won, and to what extent they are lost by faults of conception or of execution, requires a knowledge of facts in detail and an accuracy and nice discrimination of judgment not easily attained. It is natural, therefore, to approach with diffidence and much misgiving the discussion of these grave and difficult questions.

On the 13th of September General Bragg reached Glasgow, Ky., and on the 15th advanced on Mumfordsville, a fortified post. On the afternoon of the 16th an unsuccessful assault was made by Chalmer's brigade; but during the night the enemy was surrounded, and cannon placed in position on all the commanding eminences, and the following morning the garrison, 4,000 men, surrendered with all their arms and munitions.

These were the first brilliant and auspicious fruits of General Bragg's rapid march from Chattanooga. The hopes of the army, and all the friends of the Southern cause, were raised to the highest pitch. The strategy of the campaign was, up to this point, completely successful in all quarters. Buell, hemmed in at Bowling Green, would, it was firmly believed, be compelled to give battle on such disadvantageous terms that nothing but defeat and destruction awaited him.

Up to the time of General Bragg's entry into Kentucky the two invading armies, pursuing routes widely asunder, and without communication, were entirely distinct. General Smith held the independent command of the Department of East Tennessee, while General Bragg had lately superseded General Beauregard in that of Mississippi. It is true that the troops with which Smith won the battle of Richmond belonged to Bragg's army, having been detached by the latter to assist the former in his movement into Kentucky; but General Smith had a fine army of his own, more than 20,000 strong, which for months he had been engaged in organizing and disciplining with great care and

labor, and in which he justly placed great pride and confidence. The two armies acted in concert, in pursuance of a pre arranged plan, but that of General Smith had not been subject to the orders of General Bragg. To whom, if any one man, is due the credit of planning the campaign into Kentucky it might be difficult to determine, and it is of little consequence to inquire. But when in Kentucky it became necessary for the two armies to be united, General Bragg, of course, assumed command of the whole. Hitherto, whatever either General had accomplished belonged exclusively to his own reputation; hereafter, in assuming the entire command the entire responsibilities devolve upon General Bragg. I do not propose to tire my readers, if ever there should be any, with military or moral dogmas or platitudes, but it is well to remember that, while a commander may be mislead by the advice of subordinate officers, it has never been deemed sufficient excuse for failure, rarely even for palliation, that he received and acted upon false information or the mistaken views of counsellors. To him belongs all the glory of success, and upon him rests equally all the obloquy of defeat. When, moreover, after a campaign is concluded, no charges are preferred, no prominent officers relieved of command, it is fair to infer that there has been no treachery, no gross negligence nor disobedience of orders, no flagrant breach of duty.

General Smith had withdrawn his forces from their position in front of Covington, with the view to coöperate with General Bragg, when, on the 24th of September, he received information that the Federal General, Morgan, had evacuated Cumberland Gap on the 17th instant, and was seeking an outlet by Manchester and West Liberty to the Little Sandy.

Brigadier-General Morgan was at once dispatched to Irvine, with a regiment of cavalry, with orders to get in the enemy's front, and destroying supplies and felling timber along his line of march, retard his progress as much as possible. At the same time General Heth was ordered to Mount Sterling, whither General Smith proceeded the next day. There he learned that Morgan had made his escape, having passed West Liberty. From the declarations of many citizens about Lexington, who professed to know the country well, General Smith was led to believe that Morgan would find the route he attempted impracticable, even for infantry, but he succeeded in getting his artillery safely off. This perilous march, with armies equal to his own in numbers and superior in condition in front and rear, reflects great credit upon the Federal commander. It cannot be denied that the failure to effect his capture rests solely with General Smith. It was owing chiefly to the

unaccountable delay in the transmission of the fact of Morgan's evacuation. General Stevenson should have followed more closely; but that officer abandoned the pursuit at Manchester, and turning abruptly to the left, marched to Lancaster, deeming, probably, that the coöperation of his division with Gen. Bragg's forces was of more consequence than the tiresome pursuit of a flying column, which, if it escaped capture, could not be recruited in time to assist Buell in the stirring events about to transpire in Kentucky.

From Mount Sterling, Heth was sent back to Georgetown, Marshall to Owingsville, to prevent Morgan from taking that route to Cincinnati, and General Smith returned to Lexington.

In the meantime Colonel Duke, with a portion of Morgan's cavalry, had attacked the enemy in the town of Augusta, on the Ohio river, and captured his entire force. In this bloody combat Duke lost several of his best officers, shot, it was said, from the houses after the town had surrendered. It was with difficulty that the justly infuriated soldiers could be restrained from executing summary vengeance.

After the surrender of Mumfordsville General Bragg advanced towards Cave City and offered Buell battle. But the latter would not leave his intrenched position at Bowling Green, and finding it impossible to procure subsistence in that desolated region, Bragg retired to Bardstown. Buell then left Bowling Green, and, actuated by a desperate impulse, marched in a direct line for Louisville, passing immediately in front of Bragg, exposing his entire flank. This movement was accomplished without molestation. It is hardly possible that General Bragg could have been taken by surprise, and yet it is not a little singular that he should willingly refrain from striking an enemy in a disadvantageous position whom but a few days previously he had been eager to engage on equal terms. His incomprehensible failure to attack may be explained on the supposition that Buell's army was much stronger than he had estimated, or that it had been heavily reinforced—opinions in either case which it is now quite certain were incorrect.

Thus the two Federal armies extricated themselves from positions of the greatest peril, and displayed in retreating an amount of audacity, which they had never shown in any attack. Morgan's escape was considered unfortunate, but Buell's was universally regarded as a great if not irretrievable disaster. Now that the prime object of the campaign was lost, the greatest vigor of action and dexterity of conduct were required of General Bragg—vigor and dexterity which, it is due to truth to say, did not characterize the subsequent operations in Kentucky. But perhaps the most lamentable consequence of this failure

was, that it shook, if it did not destroy, the confidence of the army in General Bragg—confidence which, up to this time, he possessed completely.

In the latter part of September General Bragg left his army at Bardstown and came to Lexington. He entered that city on the 2nd of October, and, addressing the citizens from the balcony of the principal hotel, assured them of the security of the Confederate cause in Kentucky. To believe this was a strange infatuation, for it is difficult to see how any one, well informed, could fail to perceive the critical condition of our affairs at this time. It is more than probable, however, that Bragg had already begun to regard his retreat from the State as a contingency by no means improbable, for it was said that at Bardstown he labored under feelings of despondency in striking contrast with buoyant spirits, in which he entered the State. But, a man of variable temperament, subject to the greatest elation at one moment, and equally great depression at the next, it is probable that under the influence of the enthusiastic applause with which he was received by the people of Lexington, his temporary excitement betrayed the reflections of a soberer moment.

His proclamation issued at this time, declaring Confederate Treasury notes a legal tender, was a violent assumption of power and a direct infraction of the Constitution of the Confederacy. There is little doubt that it would have created great dissatisfaction among the people, and met with the bad success usually attending such measures, had subsequent events permitted its enforcement. The inauguration of Captain Hawes, a respectable old gentleman, but not fitted, in vigor or reputation, to hold the reins of power in these tumultuous times, as Provisional Governor of Kentucky, by the General of a free Republic, was also an anomalous act.

The enemy were already reported advancing in considerable strength from Louisville; but it was believed to be only a *reconnaissance en force*. General Smith repaired to Frankfort on the afternoon of the 2nd of October, and concentrated his army there. Stevenson, with 11,000 men, arrived that night. Heth, with 7,000 men, came up from Georgetown almost at the same time. Brigadier-General Davis had been stationed at Frankfort, with two regiments, for some time. Gracie, with one regiment and a battalion, was at Lexington, while Humphrey Marshall, with his brigade, 4,500 men, was ordered from Owingsville, and Cleburne, retiring from Shelbyville before the overwhelming forces of the enemy, fell back to Frankfort. Thus, in a very short time, three and twenty thousand veteran soldiers were collected at Frankford, with

5,000 more within supporting distance. General Bragg's army, 22,000 strong, was still at Bardstown.

The enemy emerged from Louisville in three columns; one in the direction of Bardstown, another by Shelbyville, on Frankfort, and a third upon Taylorsville, apparently for the purpose of interrupting communication between our armies. Perceiving this, General Smith suggested to General Polk, commanding the right wing of Bragg's army, the necessity of defeating it, to which that officer responded promptly, and began manœuvring with his right for that purpose.

On the afternoon of the 3d of October General Bragg came from Lexington to Frankfort, and the following day inaugurated Mr. Hawes Provisional Governor of Kentucky. This idle pageant was not imposing in ceremony, nor likely to be useful in results, while it was conducted to the sound of the enemy's guns, which boomed at intervals eight miles from the town.

That keen, but solemn excitement, which among veteran troops precedes an impending battle, pervaded every rank of the army. I believe that, at this moment, not a soldier or subordinate officer dreamed of retreating. Early in the morning Cleburne's division had been sent in the direction of Taylorsville, but the twenty thousand splendid soldiers who remained ought to have been a match for any force the enemy could bring against this point at this time. But General Bragg thought otherwise, and determining to concentrate his army before risking a battle, early in the afternoon ordered an immediate and rapid retreat. At sunset the bridge over the Kentucky river was fired, and the army took up its line of march for Versailles.

It cannot be denied that our forces were too widely separated, which, however, was equally true of the enemy's, and that in manœuvring to concentrate, General Bragg acted upon the soundest military principle; but it may be questioned if the same object could not have been better gained by using the opportunity offered of defeating the enemy's left wing, while it was quite certain that by retreating he was given the great advantage of taking the initiative, while at the same time that portion of the State was abandoned, in which there were abundant supplies, for another in which there was less. It permitted the Federal commander to develop his attack at his leisure, and in his own way—enabling him to mask his real purposes and heaviest movements, which alone, as will be seen, proved fatal to us—and inspired his new levies with the confidence and *elan* of a pursuing and apparently successful army.

Its effect upon our friends in Kentucky was very lamentable. It

fell among them, literally, like a thunderbolt from a cloudless sky. In vain we assured them, at Versailles and elsewhere along our route, that it was only a strategic movement, and that we would soon return with overwhelming power.

With that unerring prescience of coming and inevitable evil, which sometimes exhibits itself as a mysterious attribute of human nature, these poor people, better than ourselves, divined the real results of all these movements, and were sunk in despondency.

At Versailles, General Smith stopped at the house of Mr. Porter, an ex-Lieutenant Governor of the State—a gentleman of cultivated intellect, possessing considerable property in lands and negroes, and devoted to the Southern cause. With less prudence than many others, he had not refrained from showing his warm sympathies with us, and, consequently could hope for little mercy from the Federal army when it re-occupied the State. The probability was, that he would be sent to Camp Chase, and his property destroyed by the brutality of the common soldiers, or seized and confiscated by the higher authorities. The former result he intended to elude by leaving the State with us, the latter there was no escaping.

These people in Kentucky were very much worse off than those on the southern coast who had been driven from their estates. Unlike them, they had no friendly back country to retire into with all their movable property, but were separated from the South by the nearly impassable barrier of the mountains, infested by a savage Union population. The cruel reverses of fortune which they suffered—reduced from luxurious competence to absolute indigence in a single week—must always be regarded as one of the most lamentable results of the Kentucky campaign, and commend these people to our commiseration and active assistance.

The following morning General Smith moved to the Kentucky river, and placed his headquarters at the house of a Mr. Thornton, near McCown's Ferry. Mr. Thornton had lived fourteen years in Mississippi, in the employment, as an overseer, of General Zachary Taylor. Notwithstanding these antecedents, he frankly confessed himself an Union man, while his wife, an excellent woman, was as staunch in her sympathies with the Southern cause. When I expressed my astonishment to Mr. Thornton that he, an owner of slaves, should continue to be an Union man after President Lincoln's emancipation proclamation, he enquired, with an incredulous air, if Lincoln had really issued that proclamation, stating that his neighbors said it was a Rebel hoax. The monstrous system of downright falsification (to use a mild term)

which the Federal Government has established, and which is endorsed and acted upon by its highest officers, civil and military, in all serious and trivial affairs, ought to be regarded as one of the wonders, and most disgusting moral deformities of this war; but it is not more wonderful than the credulity of the people who, for so long a time, continue to receive its statements with perfect faith, while they treat everything opposed to them with contemptuous disbelief. The processes of the old despotisms of Europe, by which the people are deluded and held in subjection, are easily and readily adopted by this "Free Government," and, apparently, with equal success; and the reports of generals, big and small, and penny-a-liners for the press, imitate and surpass, with the coolest indifference to truth, the exaggerated bulletins of the great Napoleon.

Our kindly demeanor gained upon the confidence of Mr. Thornton, and, coming to put some trust in our assurance, he declared that the emancipation proclamation was more than Kentuckians would bear, and that for himself, although he had always been an Union man, he was one no longer. It is probable that this desperate measure of the Federal Administration would have produced effects favorable to the Confederate cause, had its army been able to remain in the State for a time longer; but it is extremely doubtful withal, if a majority of the Kentuckians could be induced to declare openly for the South by any thing short of the complete overthrow of the Federal power. As a people, they no longer possess the high qualities for which they were once famous. The sturdy woodsmen, who drove the Indians from the State, and rendered her gallantry conspicuous on many battle-field, have ceased to exist. The rocky bluffs of the Kentucky river, illustrious since the days of Daniel Boone, do not now echo the crack of the rifle and the savage war-whoop. The country has grown rich and populous. The indefatigable Yankee has overrun the land, and petty farmers and horse-traders have succeeded the hunters of Yore.

This class constituting the bulk of the population in the wealthier districts, like the same class everywhere, are guided more by their apparent interests than by the higher influence of principle, honor and patriotism. There are others, descendants principally of the Old Virginia settlers, and those from the more Southerly States, who are brave, intelligent, courteous and hospitable, not possessing perhaps the high polish to be found along the Atlantic coast, but compensating for it by the genial vivacity of their manners, and frank and manly bearing. They are, almost without exception, either in the Southern army, or declared adherents of that cause. A distinct people, already men-

tioned, are to be found among the mountains in the South-eastern section of the State, who are scarcely one step removed from savages. They are fiercely and blindly devoted to the Union, and, being under the operation of universal suffrage, the peers at the ballot-box, of the highest in the land, give preponderance to the Northern party.* It will be impossible ever to overcome their prejudices; and should Kentucky ultimately come with the South, great dissatisfaction will not cease to exist among these people until the present generation at least has passed away.

The Campaign of Chancellorsville—By Theodore A. Dodge, United States Army.

A Review by COLONEL WILLIAM ALLAN, Late of Jackson's Staff.

Colonel Dodge has given us a most excellent book. Amidst the mass of rubbish yearly printed about the war, it is refreshing to find an author more anxious to get at the truth than to glorify comrades, or vilify his foes; an author with the honesty, intelligence and patience to pick out the facts from the confused and often conflicting testimony, and the ability to state them clearly and fairly. Colonel Dodge is entitled to the thanks of all fair-minded men belonging to both sides in the late war, for an intelligent and comprehensive discussion of the Chancellorsville campaign, in which the merits and failures of the respective combatants are stated with impartiality, the plans of the opposing leaders criticized in a fair spirit, and the skill and gallantry of Confederate and Federal alike recognized. This book is a valuable contribution to history, and is one of the best, if not the very best result so far, of the labors of the Massachusetts Military Historical Society.

It is because of the high merit of the book, and because of our own conviction that it is destined to hold a permanent place, that we are the more anxious to point out what we consider imperfections in it.

Some criticism might be made upon certain negligences of style which more become the soldier than the scholar, but so clear and straightforward is the narrative, so interesting from its very simplicity, that minor defects are lost in the general excellence.

One is struck throughout by the severity of Colonel Dodge's criticism of General Hooker. Indeed, the whole book is an arraignment of that

* These remarks apply only to the people who inhabit those portions of Kentucky through which the Confederate armies passed. The writer had no opportunities for observation in the western part of the State.

officer's mode of conducting operations, and at times too much space is given to discussing the exact measure of responsibility which attached to him for various failures. This, too, has diverted the author's attention from shortcomings of others that might fairly have come in for a larger share of blame than is assigned to them; not that we think Colonel Dodge is unjust to General Hooker; he is simply not generous. Nor, it must be confessed, has General Hooker, in this matter, any claim to generous treatment. General Hooker proved his ability and courage on many fields, and left behind him a reputation that may well be dear to his friends. But the Chancellorsville campaign, in which, having assumed the offensive at his own time and place, he allowed himself to be thrown upon the defensive, and then beaten by an army less than half as numerous as his own, was a demonstration of incapacity for the chief command of a large army, which needed no additional illustrations to make it satisfactory. His taste, too, was as faulty as his judgment. For his proclamations were as bombastic as his performance was impotent. General Hooker makes an altogether higher and more reputable figure in history than General John Pope, but his orders and despatches during the Chancellorsville campaign often recall the rare series with which Pope illustrated his too brief career in Virginia the preceding summer. This, however, was a small matter, compared with selfish and ungenerous efforts that Hooker always made to throw the blame of his failure on any shoulders other than his own, and which have properly provoked severe treatment from many of his comrades.

But if Colonel Dodge has criticised General Hooker not more severely than he deserved, he has been very kind, to say the least, towards General Sedgwick, and far too lenient, in view of the facts, to General Howard. The manner in which Sedgwick's slowness is explained, and the hesitation with which he is blamed for his feeble handling of the strongest corps in the Federal army is hardly fair. Much less so is the failure to criticise Howard for his mismanagement of the Federal right flank, a mismanagement which placed his own corps, at the very onset of the struggle, *hors du combat*, which initiated a panic whose disastrous effects were probably only checked by the fall of Jackson, and which led, more than any other one thing, to Hooker's subsequent defeat.

General Hooker's outlook, at the beginning of the Chancellorsville campaign, was highly favorable. He had over 130,000 well-drilled and well-equipped soldiers, the mass of them trained to war in the great struggle of 1862. He lay on the north side of the Rappahannock, opposite Fredericksburg, within a dozen miles by railroad of the Potomac and his depôts of supply. In his front, on the south side of the

river, was General Lee, with less than 55,000 men (see official reports in Taylor's "Four Years With General Lee," and General Fitzhugh Lee's address before the Association of the Army Northern Virginia, on Chancellorsville); his only avenue of supply the Richmond and Fredericksburg railroad, sixty miles in length, already in so worn-out a condition that it was impossible to accumulate more than a few days' supplies ahead. Limited means of transportation from the South, and the exhaustion of supplies near at hand had reduced his army to short rations, and the want of food sufficient in quantity and variety was already telling on the health of the Confederate troops. The supply of arms and ammunition in the Confederacy had never been adequate, and it was found in the fall of 1862 that the consumption greatly exceeded the capacity of the Confederate arsenals to supply. Hence much anxiety was felt in regard to the approaching campaign, and the most stringent measures had to be taken to stop waste and needless consumption. Want of forage compelled General Lee to send most of his cavalry to the rear to recruit, so that he had but 2,700 cavalry present to protect his flanks and guard his communications, against the 10,000 or 12,000 Federal cavalry which Gen. Hooker had ready to use.

The Rappahannock formed but a slight barrier to the advance of the Federal army. Commanding the river with his artillery, Burnside had, with no great difficulty, forced a crossing the preceding December in the face of the Confederate army. He had then attempted to carry Lee's lines in his front by main force, and had met with disastrous repulse. But it was easy to turn the Confederate position by crossing above or below it, thus forcing Lee to a battle outside of his lines, or to a retreat, to cover his communications. Hooker decided to turn the Confederate left flank by crossing the Rapidan and Rappahannock above their junction. He first sent forward his splendid body of cavalry about the middle of April, intending that they should cross in advance of the infantry, and, sweeping round to the Confederate rear, do all the damage possible to Lee's depots, and the railroads on which he depended for supplies. Stoneman, with the cavalry, reached the Upper Rappahannock, met with a rain-storm, and some opposition from the Confederates, and then went deliberately into camp near the Rappahannock, and along the Orange and Alexandria railroad. The river was past fording for some time, and Stoneman was allowed to waste two weeks in looking at it, when a day's march would have placed him high enough up the stream to have crossed without difficulty, where only scouts and pickets could have opposed him. At length, on April 27th, Hooker (after having for some days made demonstrations down

the Rappahannock, opposite Lee's right, in order to deceive his enemy,) began his movements in earnest. Three corps—Eleventh, Twelfth and Fifth—were moved up the river to Kelly's Ford. Here they crossed on the 29th, and proceeded towards Germanna and Ely's fords, on the Rapidan. Stoneman, with the mass of his cavalry, set out on the same day from Kelly's, on his way to the Confederate rear. By 2 P. M., on Thursday, April 30th, the three infantry corps had reached Chancellorsville, where they were joined the same evening by two-thirds of the Second corps, which had crossed at United States ford. The Third corps was next ordered up from Fredericksburg, and reached Chancellorsville before midday on Friday, May 1st. Thus Hooker was rapidly concentrating over seventy thousand men at Chancellorsville, on Lee's flank. Meantime, the First and Sixth corps, and Gibbons's division of the Second, had been left at Fredericksburg under Sedgwick, to make demonstrations and distract the enemy. Pontoons had been laid down at Burnside's old crossing places, and troops thrown over the river on the 29th, and the First and Sixth corps, comprising over forty thousand men, there threatened the Confederate lines in front.

Lee's situation was one of great difficulty and danger. With but little over fifty thousand men, he had in front over forty thousand under Sedgwick, while Hooker was gathering seventy thousand on his flank, and Stoneman with ten thousand cavalry was in his rear. To oppose this last force, he had only eight or nine hundred troopers that could be spared. By the night of Thursday 30th, the inaction of Sedgwick, and the rapid advance of large bodies to Chancellorsville, of whose movements Stuart had kept him informed, convinced General Lee that the main attack was to proceed from that quarter. Leaving eight thousand or nine thousand men under Early to hold the lines in front of Fredericksburg, and keep Sedgwick in check, he decided to move out at once with the remainder of his army and give Hooker battle.

Anderson's division was already on Hooker's front. McLaws was ordered to move to Anderson's support, followed by Jackson. The troops were moving during the night of Thursday, and by 8 A. M. Friday Jackson had reached the Confederate front near Chancellorsville, and assumed command until General Lee, at a later hour, reached the field. As soon as the Confederates met the advancing Federals they were formed in line and ordered forward. The Federal skirmishers were driven in, and the heads of the Federal columns attacked with vigor, and after a short and not severe fight, General Hooker ordered a retreat to Chancellorsville. This was a great blunder, and it seems to have been entirely Hooker's. He had reached Chancellorsville on

Thursday. He did not move out towards Fredericksburg until 11 A. M., Friday, thus wasting nearly a day. He had not proceeded over two miles when he met the advancing Confederates, who had marched ten miles to meet him since the night before. Lee's attack was vigorous, but Hooker knew well his adversary's inferiority in numbers, and without any fair trial of strength, he deliberately abandoned his aggressive movement, and with 70,000 men, fell back before less than 45,000. Much is said by General Hooker, and other Federal officers, of the unfavorable ground, covered as it was for the most part with dense woods, and of the difficulty of bringing troops into action in such a wilderness. The difficulty was, no doubt, great, but it was no greater for Federals than for Confederates; and yet, Lee and Jackson, in the next two days, attacked and defeated forces vastly superior to their own, in this very wilderness.

General Lee followed close upon the Federal retreat, and during the afternoon felt Hooker's lines in his front, to see if they presented any favorable point of attack. He found the Federal centre and left flank too strongly posted to invite assault, and on Friday night directed Jackson to move the next day around the Federal army, and attack its right flank and rear. Jackson began this manœuvre in the early morning, taking some 26,000 infantry, while General Lee retained Anderson's and McLaw's divisions, amounting to 16,000 or 17,000 men, opposite Hooker's center and left wing. All day was consumed by Jackson in moving around the front of the Federal army, and in getting into position beyond and to the rear of its right flank. The distance was twelve or fifteen miles, and the route a narrow defile through a dense wilderness. Though conducted with all possible rapidity, secrecy and skill, this movement was discovered early in the day by Sickles, whose corps (Third) was next to Howards (Eleventh), the latter constituting the extreme Federal right flank. Soon after 8 A. M., Sickles was aware of the movement of a strong column across his front. At half-past nine Hooker ordered Slocum and Howard to look well to the right flank, as the enemy was moving in that direction. Sickles was authorized to push two divisions of his corps to the front, and cut the Confederate column. He did so, captured part of a regiment, and knew with certainty, at 2 P. M., that Jackson, with a large force, was moving towards the right flank of the Federal army. He proposed to attack the rear of this force, and was supported by one of Slocum's divisions and a brigade from Howard, who was himself present. Sickles's movements were feeble in the extreme, for Jackson's rear, composed of a few batteries and two small brigades (subsequently replaced by two brigades

from Anderson's division) was sufficient to keep this large force in check; and the only result of the whole day's manœuvring, to the Federals was, that Sickles was out of supporting distance of Howard when the Eleventh corps was attacked at 6 P. M. Howard, Sickles, Hooker himself, became possessed with the notion that Lee was retreating, and irrational as this supposition was, seem to have acted upon no other during the afternoon. Thus Hooker despatches Sedgwick at 4 P. M.: "We know the enemy is flying, trying to save his trains; two of Sickles's divisions are among them." Two hours later Jackson attacks the Federal right, under Howard, with his usual impetuosity. Though Jackson's movement had, for ten hours, been known to the Federal commander; though constant skirmishing had indicated the general direction of his march; though Hooker had warned Howard early in the day to be on his guard from a possible flank attack; though pickets and scouts had informed Howard in the middle of the afternoon that the Confederates were in force on the Orange Plank-road, entirely on his flank, yet, at 6 P. M., in broad daylight, Howard is completely surprised, his lines taken in flank and rear, while his men are for the most part at supper, with arms stacked. The first division met with (Devon's) is quickly routed. Colonel Dodge says he "lost 1,600 out of 4,000 men, and nearly all his superior officers, in a brief ten minutes." Schutz's division is next overwhelmed, and adds to the fearful panic. Bushbeck's brigade, of Steinwher's division, attempts to stay the rout, but is soon carried away. In an hour Howard's 10,000 men have been scattered in disgraceful flight, and without the semblance of organization, are carrying dismay in every direction through the Federal army. Colonel Dodge seems to think that Hooker was chiefly responsible for this disaster, and but mildly blames Howard. Surely history affords few instances of greater incapacity on the part of a corps commander. Hooker has enough to bear without being held responsible for the surprise and dispersion of a body of 10,000 men, whose commander, though entrusted with the protection of the right flank of the army (in a wilderness where attack was so difficult and defense so easy that Hooker was unwilling the day before to move to the attack against half his numbers), though warned of the danger, though aware of the movement of the enemy, allows himself, in broad day, to be so completely surprised as to be beaten before he can form a line of battle.

Sickles is quickly recalled from his fancied attack on Jackson's rear, to protect his own, and Pleasanton makes a brilliant dash of cavalry, and quickly concentrates a mass of artillery on the Confederates. Berry's division is fortunately near Chancellorsville, and is rapidly sent

forward to check, if possible, the advancing wave. These dispositions have some effect. More is perhaps due to the impenetrable forest, which renders it impossible for the Confederates to advance any distance in order. Night adds to their difficulties. While they halt to allow the rear line to take the advance, about 8 or 9 P. M., Jackson receives his death wound, and this great misfortune finally, and more than all else, puts a stop to further advance in the darkness.

At dawn the battle is renewed. Stuart, now commanding Jackson's corps, leads it with reckless valor against the Federal lines, which have been strengthened during the night. General Lee throws Anderson and McLaws against the Federal left and centre. Sickles bears the brunt of Stuart's attack, and most gallantly holds the ground for a time, but is finally driven from his position, as is Slocum, who joins him on the left. Hooker permits the centre of his army to be beaten, while the wings are practically unengaged. Reynolds, with the First corps, had been brought up from Fredericksburg on Saturday, thus making over 90,000 troops in all that had been concentrated at Chancellorsville. But Reynolds and Meade, with the First and Fifth corps, are allowed to remain idle on Sickles's right while he is being defeated; and on the left wing of the army, the Eleventh and part of the Second corps have no enemy in front. Thus more than half of the force that Hooker had at hand did little or nothing towards resisting Lee's onset. Meantime, with all these unemployed troops at hand, Hooker was depending upon Sedgwick to advance from Fredericksburg and strike the Confederate rear. Sedgwick, who had with him over twenty thousand men, had been ordered to push Early aside and make a forced march of ten or twelve miles, on the south side of the Rappahannock, during Saturday night and Sunday morning, so as to reach the rear of McLaws, who held the right of Lee's lines. Early, with less than half the force of Sedgwick, a force, too, scattered over a line of several miles in length, succeeded in delaying the latter's march so much that the battle was already raging at Chancellorsville before Sedgwick was ready to move out from Fredericksburg. It was 11 A. M. before Sedgwick was able, by repeated attacks and at heavy loss, to carry Marye's heights, and thus open his way to go to Hooker's assistance, and at this hour Hooker had already been beaten and driven from Chancellorsville to the position which he took up in rear of it. Sedgwick, now opposed by Wilcox with a single brigade, advanced very cautiously up the plank road towards Chancellorsville. At Salem Church, half way between Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, Wilcox held him in check until McLaws arrived with four brigades, about the middle of

the afternoon. These troops had aided in defeating Hooker in the morning, and now put a stop to all further progress on Sedgwick's part, repulsing him with severe loss. Hooker complains bitterly of Sedgwick's slowness, and certainly his whole movement showed, at the least, want of boldness and enterprise. But it is absurd for a commander who was keeping forty thousand men unemployed under his eye, in the crisis of a great battle, to complain of a subordinate who had ten or twelve miles to march, in the face of a determined and skilful, if inferior, foe.

Skill and courage had given the Confederates great advantages on Sunday, but at nightfall Gen. Lee's position was still one of great difficulty. Ten thousand cavalry were making havoc in his rear, to oppose which he could only spare a small brigade of less than one thousand men. A handful of guards was the only protection he could afford to the large mass of transportation he had left at Guinea's Depot, eighteen miles in his rear. His communications and supplies were necessarily exposed to the greatest danger. In his front was an army seriously crippled by his blows, but twice as numerous as his own, the half of which had not been really engaged, while his right was threatened, in addition, by a splendid corps of over twenty thousand men, which had broken through his lines at Fredericksburg, and advanced within a few miles of Hooker. Audacity had so far been successful. Sedgwick's position invited another bold attack. Lee decided to leave Stuart with Jackson's corps, now reduced to twenty thousand men, to watch and hold in check Hooker's seventy-five or eighty thousand, while he concentrated the divisions of Anderson, McLaws and Early, of twenty-two or twenty-three thousand, against Sedgwick. This plan was carried out on Monday. Early came up behind Sedgwick; Anderson and McLaws pressed him from the Chancellorsville side. Much time was occupied in getting the troops into position. McLaws's movements were very slow. But at 6 P. M. Monday Early and Anderson attacked Sedgwick, and by nightfall the Sixth Federal corps had been forced back, with heavy loss, to Bank's Ford, under cover of the batteries on the north side of the Rappahannock. McLaws from his side followed up the retreating enemy, who was glad to escape over the river before morning. Hooker remained in his trenches at Chancellorsville all day, held inactive by Stuart's twenty thousand men, while Lee with half his army was overwhelming Sedgwick but five or six miles off.

This great stroke rendered Lee's further success reasonably certain. Now that Sedgwick was disposed of, he again ordered a concentration

of his troops at Chancellorsville, with the intention of throwing his whole available force upon Hooker. On Tuesday Anderson's and McLaws's divisions, which had been marching and fighting since Friday morning, returned to Chancellorsville. Before they reached it a violent rain-storm broke over the battle-field, and, impeded by the storm and the mud, it was late in the day before the wet and weary troops were all in position. The attack had to be postponed to the morrow. Meantime Hooker, unwilling after the defeats of Saturday, Sunday and Monday, to risk the chances of battle further, did the wisest thing within his reach. He retreated under cover of the night and the storm, across the Rappahannock.

The raid of Stoneman's cavalry was a failure. It accomplished, if possible, less in proportion than the main army.

Colonel Dodge has been misled by many Confederate authorities into giving Jackson the entire credit of the flank movement on Saturday. This movement was suggested, as well as ordered, by General Lee. (See, General Fitz. Lee's address before The Army of Northern Virginia, October, 1879.) Colonel Dodge criticizes the rashness of the manœuvre, but no Captain ever won victories against great odds without exposing himself to criticism of this kind.

Jackson executed the movement, and too much praise cannot be given for the splendid manner of its execution. No breath of rivalry or jealousy ever came between Lee and Jackson. Said Jackson of Lee, "He is the only man I would follow blindfold." Said Lee, on hearing of Jackson's wound, "He has lost his left arm, but I have lost my right." These two Virginians, worthy representatives of the two stocks that have built up that State, Lee of the English Cavaliers, Jackson of the Scotch Irish, had for each other only feelings of the most generous confidence and affection. Their lives, grand, noble, unselfish; their deaths, such as became soldiers and Christians; their graves within sight of each other in the very heart of the Virginia of their love; their memories, a priceless legacy to future generations; the fame of neither requires enhancement at the expense of the other.

Colonel Dodge's sketch of Jackson is appreciative, and in the main correct. He is mistaken, however, in supposing Jackson "a bad disciplinarian," and "without even average powers of organization." He was strict in discipline, and a careful organizer. His judgment of men was often bad, but no one, we believe, ever held subordinates to a stricter accountability, and no one ever obtained more and better work from those under him. To his mind, nothing ever fully excused failure, and it was but rarely that he gave an officer the opportunity of

failing twice. Jackson used to say, "The service cannot afford to keep in position a man who does not succeed." Nor was he ever restrained from change by the fear of making matters worse. His motto was: "Get rid of the inefficient man at once, and trust Providence for finding a better."

Colonel Dodge well says: "Honesty, singleness of purpose, true courage, rare ability, suffice to account for Jackson's military success. But those alone who have served under his eye know to what depths that rarer, stranger power of his has sounded them. They only can testify to the full measure of the strength of Stonewall Jackson."

The Battle of Mobile Bay.

By CAPTAIN J. D. JOHNSTON, C. S. N.

SAVANNAH, GA., September 22nd, 1881.

To the Editor of the Southern Historical Magazine :

The June number of *Scribner's Magazine* contains an article under the caption of "An August Morning with Farragut," which is so replete with misstatements that I feel it incumbent upon me, as the senior living actor in the stirring scenes of that morning, to ask the publication in your valued periodical of such corrections as my personal knowledge of the facts will enable me to make. I shall endeavor to be as brief as may be consistent with a clear understanding of these facts, in view of the very partial and prejudiced account of them rendered by the army signal officer who, with unparalleled presumption, undertakes to criticise the movements of men-of-war engaged in a deadly struggle, and commanded by men who were competent for such commands before he was born.

Commodore Foxhall A. Parker, of the U. S. Navy, who was distinguished by his high professional attainments, published a full, accurate and impartial description of "The Battle of Mobile Bay" in a neat volume with that title, about two years ago, and I had vainly hoped that the subject was thereby exhausted, as it has long since ceased to possess any special interest with me; not only because my time and attention have been engrossed by far different pursuits, but because I felt on that day, and have felt ever since, that the "famous ram Tennessee," although under the command of one of the most accomplished naval officers who ever lived (Admiral Franklin Buchanan,) failed to achieve the results of which she was capable, and which was so justly expected of her by

the government of the Confederate States. This failure was due in a great measure, to a defect in her construction, which was fully appreciated by the Admiral, but which could not be remedied after the vessel had been taken down to her anchorage near Fort Morgan, as it consisted of the exposure of her steering apparatus on the upper side of the after deck, or *fan-tail*, speaking technically, whereas it ought to have passed under the deck, and would thus have been thoroughly protected. That the efficiency of the vessel was seriously impaired by this defect was abundantly proved by the fact that she was compelled, by the total destruction of her steering gear, to remain as a target for the guns of the fleet without the ability to bring one of her guns to bear on the enemy for more than twenty minutes before her surrender. The result of the engagement would certainly have been changed in some degree, if the vessel could have been kept under the control of her rudder, as upon that alone depended the direction of her battery, but her ultimate destruction or capture by the tremendous power to which she had offered battle, was a foregone conclusion.

But, as it is my purpose only to correct the mistakes in Lieutenant Kinney's article, I will refrain from any further allusion to the causes of the Tennessee's failure to inflict greater damage upon her captors, and confine myself to the original object of this communication. I may be permitted to add, however, that the little squadron of four vessels, manned by about four hundred and seventy officers and men, managed in the brief period of their engagement to place quite their own number *hors du combat* on board the eighteen vessels of the enemy. This is shown by official reports.

Lieutenant Kinney errs in stating that the guns of the Tennessee were of "English make," as they were cast in a Government foundry at Selma, Ala., under the immediate superintendence of Commander Catesby ap. Rogers Jones. He also states that the "rebels" claimed that a shot from one of their heavy guns penetrated the armor of the Tecumseh and caused her to sink. It has never been questioned by those most conversant with the facts, that she was sunk by a torpedo, but there has always been some doubt as to whether that torpedo was one of those planted by the "rebels," or was attached to a spar rigged out from the bow of the Tecumseh, and whose explosion was caused by her coming in contact with a large iron buoy, anchored near Fort Morgan to indicate the channel to blockade-runners. It is a well-known fact that the commander of that ill-fated vessel had asked it as a special favor of Admiral Farragut, before entering the bay, to let him take care of the Tennessee, and I can testify to the fact that he had

reserved his fire up to the moment of the sinking of his vessel, although then within two hundred yards of his intended victim. Whether this was done for the purpose of trying the effect of the torpedo he is believed to have had suspended from his bow before using his 15-inch guns, is more than any one now living can positively know, but the probabilities point so plainly in that direction that I am convinced of the justice of this belief.

It was the intention of Admiral Buchanan to ram the flagship Hartford and sink her, even if the Tennessee went down with her; but the only possible chance of accomplishing this object was by crossing her course as she steamed into the bay. As for catching a vessel going at a speed of twelve miles an hour with one utterly incapable of more than half that speed, it is to be presumed that even Lieutenant Kinney, of the Army Signal Corps, is seaman enough to comprehend the impossibility of such a feat. While endeavoring to cross the course of the Hartford and run into her, the bow gun of the Tennessee (a 7-inch rifle) was fired at her twice, at point-blank range, but from some unaccountable cause, both shots failed to do any execution. The Hartford had avoided the blow by slightly changing her course, and had passed beyond the ram into the bay without having received any material damage.

Just at this moment of supreme disappointment the crew of the Tennessee began to cheer, and upon inquiring the cause my attention was directed to the leading monitor of the fleet, and looking through one of the narrow slits in the side of the pilot-house, I discovered her to be in the act of going down, bottom upward, and one of her boats engaged in rescuing those who had managed to escape from her. Thrilling as such a scene would have been under other circumstances, the necessity for instant and assiduous attention to those who remained, and were now complete masters of the situation, precluded the possibility of giving more than a passing thought to the fate of the gallant souls who had gone down in the Tecumseh.

Lieutenant Kinney states that the "great ram," after making an unsuccessful effort to sink or injure any of the Union vessels, and after receiving a heavier blow from the Monongahela than it had inflicted, also retired to the Fort, and almost in the same breath, he says that both that vessel and the Lackawana had their own prows destroyed, and were otherwise injured, by ramming the Tennessee, while the "huge iron frame of that vessel scarcely felt the shock." This, however, is a mere inconsistency, and conveys the truth; it can, therefore, be the more easily excused in one who attempts to become the histo-

rian of events which, although an eye-witness, he was not capable of comprehending. The same pardon cannot be extended, though, to a direct perversion of the truth, and of this he is certainly guilty when he says that the "great ram" retired to Fort Morgan, after failing to sink any of the flying fleet. The idea of retiring to Fort Morgan never entered Admiral Buchanan's mind, as his order to me, immediately after the fleet had passed into the bay, was to follow them, which was done with all the speed of which the vessel was capable, but in changing her course for this purpose it is not improbable that her head may momentarily have been pointed towards the Fort. The gunboat Gaines was run on the beach near the Fort early in the action to prevent her from sinking, having received several shots below her water-line, but she had done her duty nobly up to this moment. She was burned by her own crew soon afterward. The Morgan was placed at the wharf near the Fort to avoid the fate of the Gaines, and during the following night steamed up to Mobile, through the vessels of the fleet, while their crews slept upon their victory. The Selma was chased by two gunboats and captured a few miles up the bay.

When the Tennessee had approached a point within a mile of the fleet, the entire number of vessels composing it seemed to vie with each other in the rapidity of their firing, and in efforts to prove their efficiency at rams, by endeavoring to sink the devoted "Rebel," who had failed to exhibit his qualities in this modern style of warfare, from lack of the important element of speed. It afterward appeared that in their zeal and haste some of the vessels of the fleet came near sinking their own flag ship, as she was rammed twice by the Lackawana.

The result of such a contest could not have been changed except by the miraculous destruction of the opposing fleet, and if, as Lieutenant Kinney states, there ever was a "moment when he hesitated (Farragut) the fortune of the day must have been against us." I feel quite sure that were the distinguished officer to whom he refers now living, he would scout the idea of such a possibility having ever existed. The forts had virtually been passed without sustaining any injury, save the sinking of the Tecumseh by a torpedo, and nothing remained for the fleet to do but to capture or destroy three little hastily improvised wooden gun-boats and one iron-clad, with a force ten times their superior in every possible element, excepting only the daring and patriotism which impelled Buchanan with his single vessel of six guns and 170 men to attack such a fleet. Had he been enabled by any means in his power to change the fortunes of the day, he would certainly have been justly hailed by the civilized world as the greatest naval commander who

had ever lived. But, though no one could have a more exalted opinion of Admiral Farragut's qualities as an officer or gentleman than I have, I cannot avoid the conviction that he always felt within himself, however he may have welcomed the plaudits of his countrymen at this achievement, that there was a degree of buncombe about the furore created by it, which was repugnant to his nature. He was singularly insensible to the grandeur of the position he occupied professionally, and in his personal character as gentle and unobtrusive as a woman, while possessing all the qualifications of a naval officer of the highest class. There were but few of those under his command who had been favored with a more intimate acquaintance with him, or cherished more kindly personal feelings toward him than myself, and far be it from me to attempt to pluck one leaf from the laurel crown which victory placed upon his brow. But while awarding a just meed of praise to his merits, let it not be said of those who should, with equal pride, remember his gallant and distinguished adversary on the occasion under review, that sectional feeling blinded their eyes to the equally grand and noble qualities of that adversary, especially as they were both Southern men.

In this connection, I must be permitted to express my conviction that the remark which Lieutenant Kinney attributes to Captain Percival Drayton: ("Cowardly rascal, afraid of a wooden ship,") was never made by that officer. There never was the slightest cause for any such remark, and Drayton knew Admiral Buchanan too well to ascribe any action of his on such an occasion to any other motive than a brave and intelligent use of the force under his command. Before he became a "Rebel" he was ranked among the first naval officers of the world, and certainly no one in the navy of the United States before the war, was more universally regarded as the *beau ideal* of a naval commander; nor was there one whose personal courage had been more frequently or positively demonstrated, as could be attested by numerous anecdotes well known to a majority of the senior officers of the present day. Moreover, Drayton's first remark to me, on receiving me on the quarter deck of the Hartford, after the surrender of the Tennessee, was: "Well, Johnston, it must be said that you have nobly defended the honor of the Confederate flag to-day," a compliment which I cheerfully relegate to the gallant officer under whose orders I was proudly serving.

Lieutenant Kinney states that "if Buchanan had possessed the grit of Farragut, it is probable that moment would have witnessed the destruction of both vessels," referring to the moment when the Tennessee approached nearest to the Hartford, and he also states that the former vessel avoided giving the latter a direct blow with her prow,

"not being desirous of so much glory," and struck her "only a glancing blow." This is such a positive and direct violation of the truth that it is difficult to ascribe it to anything short of a wilful perversion of facts. As the commander of the *Tennessee*, I was stationed in the pilot-house, on the forward part of the shield, to watch the movements of the enemy's vessels, and keep her in position to afford the best opportunities for placing her fire effectively, and it is in my power to prove, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that but for the superior speed of the *Hartford* and the changing of her course to prevent the contact, the prow of the *Tennessee* would certainly have entered her side amidships. To these causes alone are due the escape of the *Hartford*, and she was never touched by the hull of the *Tennessee*.

But as I have, so far as is practicable, in this brief space, corrected the errors in the article to which it is intended as a reply, it only remains for me to disclaim any personal grievance toward its author, and to express the hope that time will point to the history of the gallant souls who shared in "The Battle of Mobile Bay," on either side of the contest, with equal pride. Both the principal actors in that tremendous scene have long since passed to others of a more peaceful nature, leaving their deeds of valor and their social virtues as the inheritance of their descendants, and it therefore devolves upon those who once had the honor of being their associates, to see that while history gives due honor to the victor the vanquished shall not be defamed.

Stephen Elliott.

BY MAJOR JOHN A. HAMILTON.

Again (for he had often been before) Captain Elliott and his picked crew were seen preparing for a night visit to the islands adjacent to Port Poyal, now in possession of the Federals. He had learned what he wanted, and was returning. The midnight moon shone grandly on the shimmering river while his fleet boat, with muffled oars, shot against the stream, under the shade of the fringing trees and marsh. "Hush! lay in your oars; jump ashore; drag her well in." The boat had been hardly hidden in the marsh when the regular thump of heavy oars was heard coming from the opposite course. "Lay low; every man to his gun; make it hot, if we must!" and the crash of oars came nearer. It was a moment of awful suspense. The approaching craft was a heavy guard-boat, carrying in her bow a brass carronade and a detachment of infantry. She was skirting the shore; her rowers were

plantation negroes. Slowly the oars fell to the row-locks, but each pull sent the boat swiftly ahead. She was soon upon the little crew lying in the marsh. Every finger of the hidden men touched the trigger of double-barrel guns, well loaded with buck. Again the heavy oars dipped the water, and with a grand sweep were raised; when they fell again it was just beyond Elliott's boat. "They can't keep up!" said the officer in command to the oarsmen. "No, sar; dem bukra ain't usen to rowing wid we." "Another boat coming," said Elliott. The silence was broken now by the receding oars of one and the approaching oars of another boat. Again the firm forefingers touch the triggers, but fortunately to no purpose; the second boat was well out in stream, and passed by. "A close rub!" said one of the men, brushing off the water that fell from the sweeps of the first boat on his face, and the crew shoved out for another time.

Off again. This was at night, too. "He loves night work, and I don't," said a stout young fellow sitting on the thwart. The boat headed for Port Royal Ferry. It was the Federal picket, and had annoyed Elliott very much. "Halt! what boat is that?" came from the Ferry. Elliot, in perfect imitation of the negro idiom, replied: "'Tis me, massa; heap o' man and oman run way to come to you, sar." A laugh was sent back. Contrabands were coming; they'd bring news, &c. "Saxton," was whispered by the daring leader to his crew. "Saxton" was sent from oar to oar. "Haul in closer," came from a second voice at the Ferry, as a lot of soldiers gathered about. Slowly the boat approached. Gradually she exposed her length to the wondering Federals. "We yeddy so much 'bout Gen'l Saxton." A crash, lit with the flame of a dozen flashes, followed; a hail of buckshot scattered the Federal picket. Running and falling, they took away the dead and wounded. Elliott leapt ashore, rifled the picket-house, and returned for another time.

The picket at Pinckney Island was caught and put under guard. Elliott and Mickler, with detachments, started for the house. Night found them about its enclosure. A dread silence reigned as the two leaders posted their men and prepared for the assault. "Surrender!" rang through the old halls. The enemy, completely surprised, attempted to escape from windows and piazzas. Every avenue was cut off; they fell right and left as the terrible summons "surrender" was unheeded. Down the front steps, hand to hand, pistol to knife, came Mickler and a Federal officer. On the ground the brave struggle was ended by the interference of one of the Confederates.

Mickler was wounded; the Federal escaped. Half the garrison were killed, the other half were captured.

Night again—midnight—the Elliott battery was masked on the Chisolm Island strand; Lambkin's Virginia battery was posted a little lower down, and a few larger pieces were at Port Royal Ferry. The cavalry (all we had) were in the woods waiting orders. Why? Well, a large steamer, the "George Washington," had approached too near, and grounded the afternoon before. She had a sixty-four brass gun and swivel, some lighter arms, and a large, armed crew. Elliott got the news about 5 P. M. The writer was mounted, but the B. V. A., like winged demons (they wore red shirts), put me in a run to clear their swift gallop. Elliott swept by. "Gather all the moss you can and follow." I started pulling moss, and followed with a large armful. At the bridges of Chisolm's Island I found the Captain. He was carpeting the bridge with moss, that the gun-wheels would pass over noiselessly. His prescience was wonderful. At midnight he was within three hundred yards of the steamer. His six-pounders were covered, as he waited, watching the huge craft. Just as day began to break was heard the loud breathing steam. She was trying to back clear. A few minutes elapsed, and her stern swung to the tide. "To your guns." Elliott sprang to take a last look. "Aim; fire." The first shot struck and ricocheted over the deck. "Cut her rudder!" called out the soldier. It was done; a well-aimed shot struck the post. "Lace her waist; there's where the fire is." Shot after shot tore through her planking and struck the furnace. The George Washington returned probably two shots, not more; it was too hot for her crew. They found their ship in flames. She burned to the water's edge, and her crew attempting to escape were destroyed, excepting about three. Later in the day a large gunboat approached and shelled the wreck. Elliott was then getting some of the plunder ashore. He waited and saw a flag of truce displayed. Answering it, he went to the gunboat in his canoe. Imagine the fearless Elliott, begrimed with powder, smeared with mud, and utterly unrecognizable, except in his erect, handsome figure, chatting with the Federal officer. "Am sorry I was not on hand when you sunk the George Washington; should like to have taken a part." "Am sorry, indeed, that you were not," returned Elliott. "It might have been otherwise," replied the Federal officer. "No objection to have you try your hand," returned Elliott. "You must let the wreck alone," said the Federal. Elliott laughed. He left, and hung about the wreck day after day. Took out the brass gun, a lot of muskets, uniforms, nails, &c., and unshipped her bell,

which rang, until he broke camp for another field, all guard mountings. The steam whistle of the steamer was cut into buckles for one of his officer's headstalls.

Repulse of Federal Raid on Knoxville July, 1863.

By Capt. B. F. WYLY.

ATLANTA, GA., January 3, 1880.

DR. H. JOS. WARMUTH,

Formerly Surgeon Ninth Georgia Battalion of Artillery:

Dear Sir,—Your kind favor of 21st ult. received and contents duly noted. I have always had so little thirst for notoriety that I do not now recollect all the particulars of the efforts of my battery to protect the Confederate stores and depots at Knoxville, Tenn., from destruction by the Federal raiders under the command of the Federal Colonels Bird and Sanders on the occasion referred to (in the summer of 1863), but will cheerfully state what I do remember.

About July, 1863, Major Leyden, commanding the Ninth Georgia Battalion of Artillery, then stationed at Knoxville, Tenn., received an order to move his command of five batteries of artillery in the direction of Cumberland Gap as rapidly as possible to intercept or check the advance of the Federal raiders, commanded as heretofore said, who were reported to have passed through Cumberland Gap, and were evidently moving on to the East Tennessee and Virginia railroad for the purpose of burning and destroying the bridges and depots of that road and cutting off our communication with Richmond, Va., and Atlanta, Ga. At 4 o'clock next morning after receiving this order our command was on the march, and after moving as rapidly as possible in the direction stated above (all day travelling some twenty-five or thirty miles) night overtook us without our having encountered the Federal raiders referred to.

About this time Major Leyden received an order issued by General Buckner, then stationed at Knoxville, Tenn., stating that the raiders referred to had passed below us, and had struck the East Tennessee and Virginia railroad, near Loudon, Tenn., and was then marching along said railroad in the direction of Knoxville, and ordering Major Leyden, if possible, to send back one battery of artillery, so as to reach Knoxville by sun up next morning, to assist him (General Buckner) in defending that city, as he (General Buckner) had but a small squad of

infantry stationed at that place to protect it. It was then quite dark, the men and horses tired and jaded from the long and hard day's march. I being the junior Captain of the battalion and the youngest man, volunteered to go, provided that Major Leyden would give me a section of Captain Atkinson's battery of Columbus, Ga., with his best horses and youngest men, to manage the guns, and one section of my own battery. This was done, with Lieutenant Wollahan, of Columbus, Ga., and of Captain Atkinson's battery, to assist me in the command; and at 8 o'clock P. M., we started for Knoxville, Tenn., distant about thirty miles, over a mountainous and rough road, with various torch lights distributed along the command from front to rear, to guide us. Notwithstanding we moved rapidly, and at sun-up next morning we were in two miles of Knoxville, Tenn., where we encountered the Federal forces, variously estimated at from one to three thousand strong, drawn up in line of battle, near the road in front of us. Our force consisted of about forty men rank and file, and four twelve-pound guns. I saw in an instant to advance or retreat would result in certain capture, and it occurred to me as the only chance of escape (in which Lieutenant Wollahan readily agreed with me) to wheel and take position in an open field directly to the left of us, and located in front of a dense pine thicket and attack the Federal forces in their position, believing that this action would mislead the Federal forces as to my numbers and strength and purposes, and create the impression with them that my command was a force sent direct to attack them, and further, that they might believe that my command was heavily supported by infantry concealed in the pine thicket referred to. The "bluff game" played by us fortunately succeeded admirably, for when I gave the command to unlimber and prepare for action, and ordered up the commanders of sharpshooters, calling them by name and rank, (of which we had none in fact), in a loud tone and commanding voice; the Federal forces seemed perfectly confused and began to fall back from the road we were travelling—to one approaching Knoxville, and running about parallel with ours. Seeing this, I immediately gave the command to limber up and dash into the city of Knoxville, which was done successfully, receiving the fire of the Confederate pickets as we dashed in, they having mistaken us for the enemy. When the Federal forces saw our limited force pass (seemingly with so much chagrin) they pressed their forces as close on the city limits and lines of General Buckner as they could—both artillery and cavalry—and opened fire. Early in these movements my battery I divided into two sections, taking positions on the two prominent hills in front of the city of

Knoxville, returning the fire of the Federal forces (General Buckner having in Knoxville only about one hundred infantry) with good effect, when after an hour or more firing, and after several attempts of the Federals to get to the Knoxville railroad depot, they finally withdrew and left us in possession. For the success of this *manœuvre* I was very much indebted to Lieutenant Wollohan, of Columbus, Ga. (Battery C), Lieutenant York, of Atlanta, Ga., and also Lieutenant Blount, of Montgomery, Ala. (Battery E); and also to the young and gallant Sergeants John Martin, now of Chattanooga, Tenn., and M. L. Collier, now of Atlanta, Ga., of Battery E, and as gallant and brave a set of young men of our command as ever drew a sword in defense of their country. I cannot remember distinctly the loss, but to the best of my remembrance three men were killed and seven or eight were wounded. I have detailed to you about all of importance that I can call to memory now of my connection with military affairs in Tennessee. You will excuse me in this connection to refer to the personal courage and bravery of Private John Sanders, the last man left at one of my guns (others being either killed or wounded), who, after having had both ram-rods of the gun shot in two by the rifled pieces of the Federals, split a plank and continued loading the piece and firing it, with the assistance of myself and Major Haynes, of General Buckner's staff.

General Buckner, after the engagement, addressed me a very complimentary note thanking me and my command for services on that occasion.

With best wishes and assurances of esteem I remain, very respectfully,

Your friend,

BENJAMIN F. WYLY,

Formerly Captain Commanding Company E, Ninth Georgia Battalion of Artillery.

Memoir of First Maryland Regiment.

By GENERAL B. T. JOHNSTON.

PAPER NO. 2.

FIRST MANASSAS AND SUBSEQUENT MOVEMENTS.

At dawn of the 18th of July we were put under arms, but the regiment did not get off until late in the afternoon. After marching several miles they were halted, and Colonel Steuart read an order from Gen-

eral Johnston, informing them of the attack that day by the enemy at Bull Run, and calling on them to step out and march, so as to be in time for the great battle about to come off. Moving all night, they forded the Shenandoah about sunrise, and never halting once, reached Piedmont after midnight, in a drenching rain. There they halted Saturday, getting scant rations, and about 10 o'clock P. M., were marched to the railroad to get into the cars for Manassas junction. It was 3 o'clock A. M., however, before they got off, and the cars being detained, they did not arrive at Manassas until towards noon.

The division of General Kirby Smith, consisting of the Fourth brigade (Colonel Elzey) and the Fifth (General Smith), was not all up; only the Fourth had arrived. There was then no time for waiting. Colonel Elzey immediately ordered knapsacks to be piled and struck off in a swinging pace for Manassas. Before then the regiment had been using a State flag presented at home to Captain Johnson's company. Captain Snowden, the regimental commissary, brought up a little blue Maryland color sent from Baltimore for the regiment. It was fastened to the lance by the side of the other one. Just then Kirby Smith galloped up. "The watch-word is Sumter, the signal is this," said he, throwing his right hand above his forehead, palm outwards and forward. "Forward Maryland!!" On they sprang at double-quick by the Junction, over the fields, across roads, straight as the crow flies, toward the sound of the quickening cannon.

"What are my orders?" said Smith to an aid galloping up. "Go where the fire is hottest." Forward over the hot Manassas plains went the brigade—First Maryland on the right, Tenth Virginia, then Third Tennessee. The Thirteenth Virginia had been sent another way. The terrible heat stifled the men, the dust choked their parched throats; all were on foot, the officers' horses having been left at Piedmont, but not a man fell out of ranks; now they came to wounded and bleeding men, but they only ran on the faster. They crossed a *stream of mud*, stirred by thousands of men and horses; catching handfuls, they thrust it in their mouths without stopping.

A field officer, without a hat, galloped by. "Hurrah, Maryland," he shouted, and the regiment responded with a cheer and sprang forward with renewed vigor. After running thus five miles they were halted to load, thus giving them a moment's breath. But almost instantly "forward" is the order, and on they push brisk as ever. Rushing up an open slope, crested by a thin wood, they passed over Cash and Kershaw, of South Carolina, waiting orders. Just then half a dozen shots from the woods struck General Smith from his horse. In

a second Company F was at them, and had driven them off before they could be stopped firing. The enemy were some of the Ellsworth Zouaves. Without delay General Elzey ordered a change of front and struck off towards the left.

He formed his brigade in a wood not far from the Chinn House—Third Tennessee on the right, First Maryland in the centre, Tenth Virginia on the left. In the meantime Beckham, on the extreme left, was firing his battery—one, two, three, four—as regularly as if firing a quick salute. Marching in line of battle over an open field, then through a wood, Colonel Elzey halted the brigade at the other edge of it. On the crest of the opposite hill, not four hundred yards off, stretched a long line of men. Over them floated flags which in the hot July afternoon hung listlessly to their lances, and it could not be seen whether they were Confederate or Federal. “Contee, give me a glass,” said Colonel Elzey, in his quick, imperative way, to Lieutenant Contee, his aid. Just then a puff of air threw out the folds of the Union flag, and a gleam of light glanced down their ranks as they brought their guns down to a “READY.” “Fire,” shouted Elzey, and the rattle of small arms drowned the din of battle. “Charge,” cried he, and above the crash of the Maryland rifles rang their cheers as they sprang up the slope. But the enemy was gone. With only two companies of bayonets the regiment had charged the heart of a brigade and their short rifles had cloven it in two. Where the Yankee line had stood lay the dead and dying, but the brigade of General Wilcox was scattered to the winds. Captain Edelin captured a flag from the First Michigan, but they made no further stand that day. Colonel Elzey pursued them rapidly, flanking the Henry House, when General Beauregard rode up to him saying, “Hail, Elzey! thou Blucher of the day.” Thence the brigade followed them beyond the Stone bridge, half way to Cub Run. Here it halted, and about sundown was ordered back to Camp Walker, near Union Mills Ford, reaching there at midnight. Thus these green soldiers, fresh from home, had in three days marched nearly eighty miles on one day’s rations, with only six hours sleep, fought a battle and won a victory.

President Davis, next morning, sent Colonel Elzey his promotion as Brigadier. He said going into battle to an officer (Major Johnson), “Now for a yellow sash or six feet of ground.” He had gallantly won the former.

THE ADVANCE ON FAIRFAX COURTHOUSE.

On Tuesday, July 23d, the First Maryland and Third Tennessee,

with the Leesburgh battery, and some cavalry under command of Colonel J. E. B. Stuart, marched on to Fairfax Courthouse, starting at 3 o'clock A. M. As soon as it became light, the character of the rout was gradually revealed. The road was strewn with small arms and officers' swords, sashes, pistols, caissons, overturned ammunition wagons, loads of provisions, meat, bread, coffee, sugar, sutlers' stores, everything eatable, drinkable, or wearable. In Fairfax were found immense stores of tents, clothing, overcoats, provisions and ammunition. The regiment lived on the enemy in the most luxurious style. After a week's delightful camp at Fairfax, the two regiments rejoined General Elzey and the brigade at Fairfax Station. While here, Colonel Steuart received his promotion as Colonel, Major Johnson as Lieutenant-Colonel, and Captain E. R. Dorsey as Major, to date from the battle of Manassas.

During the residue of July, and the most of August, the regiment was engaged assiduously in drill and the performance of camp duties. Captain Robertson here joined it with his company, which became company I. His officers were: First Lieutenant, Hugh Mitchell; Second Lieutenant, H. Bean; Junior Second Lieutenant, Eugene Digges. Towards the last of the month, the regiment was ordered to the outposts at Mason's Hill, near Alexandria.

THE AFFAIRS OF MUNSON'S AND UPTON'S HILLS.

When we arrived at Mason's Hill, Colonel J. E. B. Stuart was about starting on an expedition against some neighboring posts of the enemy, and upon Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson's suggestion that it would be agreeable to go along, he was ordered to report to him with Companies G and I. After marching through the woods for some miles, the force, consisting of four companies, Thirteenth Virginia, Major Terrill, and the above detachment of the First Maryland, came upon the flank and rear of a strong picket of the enemy on Munson's Hill; Colonel Stuart, with Major Terrill, charged directly on it, while Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson made a dash in the rear to cut off their retreat. But the Yankees were too fleet, and only some half a dozen prisoners rewarded the effort. Thence the two detachments marched by different routes on Upton's Hill, where a considerable body of the enemy were visible. When going through a thicket near the house, Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson suddenly came upon a scout of five, who mistook him for a Federal, one was captured, and the rest escaped. On reaching the house, it was found to have been just left; but the party there only withdrew a short distance, and immediately attacked the position.

Here Lieutenant Mitchell was badly wounded, and Private Fontaine was killed; both of Company I. Colonel Stuart then came up, and taking command of the whole, ordered a charge through the woods. For nearly three miles—over gullies and through streams, up hill and down—the Yankees were pursued, fighting their way with obstinacy but unable to hold their ground at any point. The pursuit was continued until within a mile and three-quarters of Arlington Mills. By this expedition two important posts were gained for our lines. While this was going on, Company A, Captain Goldsborough, and Company B, Captain Edelin, were having a brisk skirmish near Mason's house, where they killed and captured several of the enemy. Afterwards on this line the regiment had several skirmishes. One when Hall's hill was captured; Companies B and H, Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson, were engaged, and one at Padgett's, on the Little River pike, where Companies A and H, Captain Goldsborough, drove the enemy into their works at Alexandria. We became attached to this life. The constant excitement of skirmishing was such an agreeable variety to the monotony of camp, that we were loth to give it up, and frequently asked and obtained permission to double our tours of picket duty there.

The fall of 1861 thus passed pleasantly away. The men in perfect health, constantly improving in their knowledge of the soldier's duties, and as constantly increasing in their pride in their regiment. They were well uniformed, well fed and happy. In October, with the whole army, they fell back to the lines of Centreville, where picket and drill was only relieved by one severe march to Pohick, through the mud, without rations, thirty-six miles, in search of Yankees, who were not to be found.

THE EXECUTION OF THE TIGERS.

During the cantonment at Centreville the most solemn and picturesque scene was enacted that the Army of the Potomac had yet been called on to take part in. Two of the "Tiger Rifles" of the gallant Wheat's battalion, had forced a guard and resisted an officer in the discharge of his duty. They were tried and sentenced to be shot. The division of Major-General Kirby Smith, consisting of Elzey's, Trimble's and Taylor's brigades, was ordered out, without arms, to witness the execution. A large field just south of the camp of Elzey's brigade, on the road to Blackburn's ford, was the place selected. At 12 o'clock meridian, the regiments marched out in columns of companies, and by tap of drum took their positions in close columns by division, on three sides of a square, facing inwards, Taylor on the left, Elzey on

the right, Trimble on the third side. In the centre of the open space were two white stakes, ten feet apart. Then came a covered wagon, escorted by two companies with fixed bayonets and loaded guns. The *cortegé* wheeled slowly round the exterior of the open space; the condemned got out, their coffins were taken from the wagon and placed by the stakes, and they sat on them. Each was attended by a priest, in clerical vestments, whose consolations were eagerly received. They were clad in the picturesque uniform of their company, the scarlet *fez* or skull-cap, light brown jacket, open in front, showing the red shirt, large Turkish trowsers, full and fastening just below the knee, of white and blue stripes, white garters and shoes. When they were in position and the wagon driven away, the left hand corner of the square opened and two sections of their own company, in full and perfect uniform appeared, marching in slow time down the centre, arms shouldered, and wheeled, each section opposite a man and a coffin, at ten paces distant. They ordered arms. The Major-General and staff then rode to the centre. The "Field Officer of the Day" read the findings of the court and the sentences. The officers in charge of the firing parties ordered an inspection of arms. An officer caused the condemned to kneel, tied their arms behind them and around each stake, and drew a black bandage over their eyes. The silence was oppressive; not a breath was heard in that vast concourse. Around the square had gathered thousands from the neighboring camps, but the ring of the ramrods in the empty guns rattled upon the autumn air sharp and clear. The sun shone brightly and lit up the picturesque group around which such interests clustered, like a scene in some grand drama. The words of command vibrated quick and sharp: "Load at Will; Ready! Aim! Fire!!" One volley as from one gun, and the condemned sprang forward and fell over, the one on his face, the other on his side. Such was the first military execution in the Army of the Potomac.

THE MARYLAND ELECTIONS.

On the first Wednesday of November, the election day at home, the regiment determined that inasmuch as Maryland would not have an opportunity to express her sentiments free from Yankee interference, a poll should be opened in camp, at which Marylanders should exercise the elective franchise.

Notice was given, and all Marylanders from surrounding camps invited to attend.

A convention was held according to custom, and a ticket duly and

regularly nominated. General Benjamin C. Howard, of Baltimore, headed it for Governor, and an electoral ticket pledged to the support of Jefferson Davis and A. H. Stephens was added. Judges of election were appointed, and the voting commenced. But in the course of the day it became manifest that the time-honored customs of a Baltimore election were not forgotten. Pins were stuck into unhappy voters, individuals from the rural districts of Tennessee and Virginia were "cooped," and voted indiscriminately. "Blood-Tubs" and "Black-Snakes" contended for possession of the polls, and were in turn swept away by a charge from "Limerick," "Conservative" gentlemen in store clothes attempting to vote were elbowed and squeezed and twisted so that they could not tell, for the life of them, which side they were on, or which they desired to support. And so it went for one whole day of boisterous fun and frolic, officers and men, all entering heartily into the spirit of the hour, forgetful for the moment of the 300,000 bayonets that kept them from their homes.

The polls were closed and it was found that the Howard and Davis ticket had received a regular old-fashioned "Plug-Ugly" majority, the vote being large and unanimous.

The "assembly" sounded for dress parade and the regiment resumed its discretion and its propriety.

As the cold weather came on the men suffered for warm clothing, which being made known through the *Richmond Enquirer*, large and liberal contributions were at once sent on from Virginia and the South. Over \$20,000 worth of supplies of clothes and money was thus collected in a few weeks. Richmond was foremost in the work. Virginia, ever liberal, exceeded herself, and the whole South lavished generosity. Wherever there was a group of Maryland people they took pride in supplying their kindred in the field. Colonel George Schley and Dr. Steiner, of Augusta, Ga., sent Colonel Johnson \$1,100 from themselves and other Marylanders. A gentleman of New Orleans, born in Prince George's, sent General Johnson \$1,000. Hundreds of the sons of the "old land," scattered through the Confederacy, sent their contributions until at last it was necessary to decline any further additions to the treasury. The clothing and blankets thus collected supplied the regiment to some extent during the remainder of the time it was in service.

In December it was decided to put the troops in winter quarters and the division moved back along the line of Bull Run by Union Mills.

The Fourth brigade was quartered near the ground it bivouaced on the night after the memorable march and fight of July 21st. Pitching the camp on the hill just above Union Mills, towards McLean's Ford,

every one set to work cleaning a place to build huts in. Hard work for a month, with few tools and nails, delaying all the time in hope of getting plank to roof with, at last gave a neat, regular village of log houses, with streets and ditches, well ventilated and well drained. This was christened Camp Maryland, and the different streets and houses bore the names of loved and cherished localities at home. Every care was taken by weekly inspections to ensure cleanliness, light, warmth and dryness in these houses. Many were roofed with canvas, many with earth, and some with boards and shingles. They were among the best, probably the best, in the army. But the experience of the winter showed conclusively that troops ought never, in this climate, to be wintered in close houses or huts. The regiment was proverbially healthy; its per cent. of sick was smaller than any. Up to the time it went into winter quarters it had not, out of an effective force of 720 men, lost six by disease. After remaining for ten days penned up in these houses, during the winter weather, one battalion always took its turn of picket. It stayed three days in bivouac, most frequently without shelter, in snow, rain and sleet; the consequence was pneumonia, rheumatism, and inflammatory diseases. Every picket cost us in this way valuable men. Had the regiment been living in open shelters, or even in tents, the change would not have been marked. When it left Manassas it never had a tent again. From the 9th of March it was constantly in the field, sometimes with open flies, which answered capially; but generally with not even those, which was better.

The monotony of winter quarters was greatly relieved by a fine library which Mrs. Johnson purchased—partly with money collected by herself and partly with a portion of the Georgia contributions. She was enabled in the same manner to send on a large supply of yarn socks and gloves.

In February Companies A and B, "twelve-month's men," concluded to re-enlist "for the war" and take the furlough. This was peculiarly gratifying, as they were the companies first formed, and though only mustered on the 21st of May had been in active service since the 8th and 9th of May, 1861. Company A had served under Colonel Johnson in Baltimore during the week succeeding the 19th of April. Most of the men of these companies re-enlisted and went off on furlough. Captain Goldsborough, with his old men and some recruits, reorganized Company A, and was in every fight of the regiment. Captain Edelin, having volunteered to go to North Carolina, did not get back until after the Valley campaign, but was in time with his company to do good service in the battles around Richmond. A number of Company H also reënlisted, and some of Company I.

History of Lane's North Carolina Brigade

BY GENERAL JAMES H. LANE.

CAMPAIGN 1865.

MARCH TO JARRATT'S STATION AND BACK.

During the winter of 1864-5, about the time General Early returned from his Valley campaign, the Federal cavalry made a raid on the Petersburg and Weldon railroad, and our brigade formed a part of the force sent to Jarratt's Station. On our march to that point we suffered intensely from the hail and the snow, and a high and bitter cold wind. When we reached the station the enemy had retired, and we had to return to our winter quarters over the hard frozen ground.

On our return one of our brigade, seeing a barefooted Floridian slowly picking his way over the frozen ground, left ranks, and approaching him, said: "Look here, mister, I don't know who you are, but I can't stand that." Taking off his knapsack, he took out a pair of new shoes, put them on, and handed his old ones, a very good pair, to the poor fellow, with the remark: "Here, take these, and I will wear my new ones which I drew just before leaving camp." The bare-footed and sore-footed rebel from the "Land of Flowers" soon had them on, and the kind-hearted "Tar Heel" was cheered by his gallant comrades as he returned to ranks.

I was sitting by a fire on the roadside, to see that my command was properly closed as it marched by, when two thinly-clad and sickly-looking soldiers came up to warm their feet. Their toes were all exposed, the uppers of their shoes being ripped from the soles. I soon found out that one of them was from East Florida and the other from Middle, and that both were disgusted with Virginia on account of the cold. When I informed them that I had once lived in West Florida, one of them said: "Mister, ain't Florida a great place? There the trees stay green all the time, and we have oranges and lemons, and figs and bananas, and it is the greatest country for *taters* you ever did see."

The following will speak for themselves:

HEADQUARTERS TWENTY-EIGHTH N. C. T., Feb. 5, 1864.

Captain,—Complying with the request of the officers and men of the Twenty-eighth regiment, it gives me pleasure to report to General Lane

that his gallant old regiment, knowing that the term of service for which it reorganized under his command would expire in September next, and believing that the cause in which it then enlisted so cheerfully is just and righteous, and that it still demands the undivided efforts of *all*, has resolved to *reënlist for the war*, adopting the resolutions of Company C, which are enclosed herewith.

I only embody the universal sentiment of the Twenty-eighth North Carolina regiment when I express the hope that the kindly relations which have heretofore existed between it and its original Colonel may be perpetuated, and that he may be spared to command us to the close of the war.

I am, Captain, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

W. H. A. SPEER,

Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding.

Captain E. J. Hale, Jr., A. A. G.

RESOLUTIONS OF COMPANY C, TWENTY-EIGHTH NORTH CAROLINA TROOPS.

At a meeting held in Company C, Twenty-eighth North Carolina Troops, January 30th, 1864, Capt. T. J. Linebarger was called to the chair and Corporal G. A. Abernathy appointed secretary.

The object of the meeting having been explained by the president, Lieutenant M. A. Throneburg and privates J. M. Grice and J. P. Little were appointed a committee to draft resolutions expressive of the sentiments of the meeting.

Lieutenant Throneburg, from the Committee on Resolutions, reported and read the following preamble and resolutions, which were unanimously adopted :

Whereas, the term of service for which we enlisted will expire in August next, and whereas the exigencies of the service demand of every soldier to remain at his post and to do battle for his country's rights ;

Therefore, be it resolved by the officers and men of Company C, Twenty-eighth North Carolina Troops, That we, believing our cause to be a holy and just one, do hereby pledge ourselves to reënlist for the war, and do further declare our intention never to lay down our arms nor abandon the struggle till our Government shall be recognized, our soil freed from the invader, our liberties secured, and peace restored to our bleeding country.

Resolved, That we earnestly request a general convention of the regiment to meet on Monday, February 1st, 1864.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate a copy of these resolutions

to Brigadier-General Lane; also a copy to Colonel Speer, with the request that they be published on parade this afternoon.

On motion, the meeting adjourned.

T. J. LINEBARGER, President.

G. A. Abernathy, Secretary.

CAMP OF THE EIGHTEENTH REGIMENT, N. C. T.,
February 6th, 1864.

At a meeting of the Eighteenth North Carolina Troops, held this day, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, It has been brought to our attention that our brothers in arms, actuated by the justice of the existing struggle for independence, a firm determination of true patriotism in its vindication, and an honest desire to assist our young nation in its establishment, have voluntarily tendered their services, with the solemn pledge of their lives, by a reenlistment for the period of the war; and whereas, animated by a like spirit of devotion to our sacred cause, we are determined that no regiment shall surpass us in rendering our arms effective to our country, or in evincing a true desire to uphold our leaders in our struggle; be it

Resolved by the Officers and Soldiers of the Eighteenth Regiment, N. C. T., That we do cheerfully tender to the government our services for the period of the war, pledging our lives and our sacred honor, all that we possess, that we will never lay down our arms until the last enemy upon our soil shall be destroyed or driven from it.

Resolved, That the spirit of submission, which, we regret to say, seems to have seized the hearts of many bad men in North Carolina, will, if persisted in, prove ruinous to our cause, dangerous to our liberty, and disgraceful to the fair name of our State; we, therefore, express our entire disapprobation of the course of these traitors, and earnestly appeal to them to desist from their ruinous policy, and sustain our government and leaders.

Resolved, That in President Davis and Governor Vance we recognize the able statesmen, virtuous rulers, and true patriots, and pledge ourselves to sustain them throughout these trying times.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to our Brigadier-General; also to the Fayetteville *Observer* and Wilmington *Journal*, with a request that they be published.

HEADQUARTERS LANE'S BRIGADE, February 6th, 1864.

To the Officers and Soldiers

Of the Eighteenth Regiment, N. C. T.:

Comrades,—It were not possible to read the eloquently patriotic

resolutions, which were unanimously adopted by you to-day, without emotions of pride and gratitude—of just pride that I have the honor to command such men—of well merited gratitude in the nation's behalf and mine, for this exhibition of high resolve and patriotic action at the time of the nation's greatest need.

Permit me to thank you for sending me a copy of the resolutions, and to pray God-speed to you and your great cause.

Believe me your friend,

JAMES H. LANE,
Brigadier General.

RE-ENLISTMENT OF THE THIRTY-SEVENTH REGIMENT.

THIRTY-SEVENTH REGIMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA TROOPS,
February 10, 1864.

Governor,—At a meeting of the Thirty-seventh regiment of North Carolina troops, held this day, the following committee having been appointed to propose resolutions for the consideration of the meeting—Captain W. T. Nicholson, Company E; Captain D. L. Hudson, Company G; Captain A. J. Critcher, Company B; Sergeant J. M. Black, Company A; Private Rufus Holdaway, Company A; Sergeant H. D. Hagaman, Company B; Private P. W. Turnmire, Company B; Sergeant J. W. Alexander, Company C; Private J. W. Barnett, Company C; Private K. M. Hasty, Company D; Private K. M. Dees, Company D; Sergeant Alfred Green, Company E; Private James C. Coffy, Company E; Sergeant R. M. Staley, Company F; Corporal J. C. Duncan, Company F; Corporal C. C. Pool, Company G; Private A. Campbell, Company G; Sergeant J. J. Ormand, Company H; Sergeant R. B. Tucker, Company H; Sergeant J. C. Flow, Company I; Private D. L. McCord, Company I; Private D. H. Douglas, Company K; Private S. V. Box, Company K.

Captain W. T. Nicholson, chairman of the committee, reported the following resolutions, as recommended by all of the committee except Sergeant J. W. Alexander, of Company C. He recommended none in lieu of them:

Resolved, That we are still determined that our country shall be a free and independent nation, notwithstanding the absurd proclamation of Abraham Lincoln; and we do hereby pledge anew our property, our lives and our honor, and our all, never to submit to Abolition tyranny nor Yankee rule.

Resolved, That we originally enlisted as a regiment for twelve months because we believed that our country needed us in the field and that we afterwards reenlisted for two additional years or the war before the conscript bill had been introduced in Congress, because we thought she still needed us; and that now, actuated by the same belief, we tender to the government of our country our services in the field for the war, unconditionally and without reserve.

Resolved, That we are perfectly satisfied with the present organization of our army, and have unlimited confidence in the skill, bravery and patriotism of our Generals.

Resolved, That while we endeavor to do our duty we shall expect the authorities to do theirs; we shall expect them to see all deserters and skulkers from our ranks shot at the stake in disgrace. We shall expect them to allow us to visit our homes once every twelve months, at such times as the exigencies of the service will permit; and shall expect them to feed, clothe and shoe us, and not to allow worthless subordinates to make us suffer by their indolence.

Resolved, That we are ready to endure, without a murmur, all necessary hardships and privations which the good of the cause may demand.

Resolved, That we call confidently upon all good people at home to give us their sympathy and support, to send us food to sustain life, and recruits to fill our wasted ranks.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Congress of the Confederate States, to the Secretary of War, through the regular official channels; to his Excellency Governor Vance of North Carolina, and to the newspapers for publication.

The above resolutions were then submitted to the regiment, and opportunity was allowed for a fair and full expression of opinion, when it was found that out of nearly 500 who were present only about twenty were opposed to the resolutions.

The resolutions were accordingly declared adopted, and the meeting adjourned.

WM. M. BARBOUR,

Colonel Thirty-seventh North Carolina Troops, President of Meeting.

The other two regiments of our brigade—the Seventh and Thirty-third—were “*State*” troops, or *original* war regiments.

OUR SHARP-SHOOTERS ATTACK THE ENEMY'S SKIRMISH LINE.

Late in the winter, about the opening of spring, I received a note

from General Wilcox, asking, "can't you catch a Yankee to-night for General Lee? Some of the enemy are moving, and he wants to know what command it is." I at once sent for Major Wooten. When he had read the note, I asked if he thought it could be done without loss, and added, I wouldn't have one of your brave fellows hurt for half a dozen Yankees. "Nor I," was his prompt reply, "I love those fellows as much as you do." A long silence followed, as the Major sat, looking upon the tent flow, with his head between his hands. But his face finally brightened, and as he looked up, he said, "I can get him." He took only a part of his corps of Sharp-shooters with him, though all wished to accompany him. The moon was shining brightly, and when he reached the skirt of woods in front of my headquarters, he found it was too far from the enemy's rifle pits to make the dash. In whispers the men were directed to crawl, and when they had gone some distance on all fours, the Major, who was in the lead, sprang to his feet and cried out, "Boys, we have got them." Away they went, at a run, in double ranks, and when the left had reached the line of pits, the two ranks faced outward, and wheeling right and left, just as you would open the lids of a book, they came back, bringing their prisoners with them. This mode of attacking the enemy's skirmish line, adopted by the Major, was known in our brigade as "Wooten's seine-hauling." The enemy fired, but no one was hurt. About day Wooten reported to me that he had not been able to catch a Yankee, but that he had seven Dutchmen. Whether General Lee was able to get any information from them, I never heard. I only know that no one at our headquarters could understand their "foreign gibberish."

AFTER GORDON'S ATTACK, THE ENEMY SWEEP OUR SKIRMISH LINE.

When General Gordon attacked Fort Steadman, General Wilcox was sick, and I commanded his division. I was ordered about dark to report to General Gordon, in Petersburg, with my own and another brigade. General Gordon ordered us to Lieutenant Run, on the road leading to the Jerusalem Plank-road, not far from the ruins of the Ragland House, (I think that was the name,) and there await further orders. We were not taken into action; but, some time after the repulse, were ordered back to our winter quarters.

Just as we reached our camp, the enemy threw forward a very strong force, and swept the entire Confederate picket line from Hatcher's Run to Lieutenant Run, and it was feared they would attack our weak line of battle. Our artillery opened, and the fighting continued throughout

the day. About dark we succeeded in reestablishing the picket line in our front, excepting the hill in front of our left, from which the enemy could fire into our winter quarters. This hill was on the left of the road leading to the Jones House, and not far from it.

WE RETAKE THE HILL IN FRONT OF OUR LEFT.

Next morning General Lee sent for me, and wished to know if I could dislodge the enemy from the hill mentioned above. When I told him I thought I could, but that I would like to have reinforcements near in the event of a failure, he turned to the troops in his rear and said, "Here are two brigades, but I cannot let you have them longer than to-morrow morning, as they are needed elsewhere, so you must go to work at once, reconnoitre the position, determine where to attack, and take that hill to-night." Major Wooten was directed to make the attack with the Sharp-shooters from the four brigades of the division, and his gallant fellows carried the hill about day without a single loss. As soon as their yell was heard, my brigade was thrown forward to their support, as I was afraid the enemy might attempt to retake this commanding position. We afterwards suffered some loss from the sharp-shooting, which was kept up all day.

When the enemy were seen dragging something in the ravine in front of our left, one of our men yelled out: "Hello, Yanks, what are you doing there?" To which he received the reply: "Your Major *Hooten* is so fond of running up these hollows to break our line, we are putting a howitzer here to give him a warmer welcome the next time he comes." Major Wooten, of course, was the party referred to, as he had already, by his frequent "seine-haulings," established a reputation in the enemy's line along our front.

Lieutenant O. A. Wiggins, of the Thirty-seventh regiment, who was captured at Petersburg, informs me that when Grant made his last attack at that city our front was assailed by two Yankee corps, and that a third was leaving the works to join them just as he was taken into the enemy's line.

Lieutenant Wiggins was confined a short time in the Old Capitol prison, where he spent his twenty-first birthday, and was laughed at by his comrades for being twenty-one and yet not being free. When he and others were being taken to Harrisburg he jumped from the car window just after the train had crossed a bridge, and as the night was very dark and rainy, he made his escape. He had on at the time a uniform made of an old shawl, but next morning he prevailed on a

Radical near by to give him a working suit and a valise as a disguise. He afterwards worked until he made money enough to buy him a fashionable suit, in Baltimore, and pay his passage from that city to Richmond. His escape was exciting and full of adventure. When he reached Richmond Lieutenant Meade and I dressed him up in our soiled military clothes, and a lady friend escorted him to the Provost Marshal's office, in the Baptist Female Institute. He there surrendered as a "straggler," was paroled and given transportation to his home in North Carolina.

Lieutenant Wiggins was considered one of our bravest young officers. He specially distinguished himself at Spotsylvania Courthouse, on the 12th May, when our brigade, in its flank movement in front of our works, struck Burnside's corps, and his regiment got in its rear. I there saw him *unarmed*, in the woods, dare two armed Yankees to fire upon him. He not only made his escape on that occasion by his boldness, but immediately afterwards captured the Fifty-first Pennsylvania flag, as stated in my official report of that engagement.

Fight with Gunboats at Mathias Point.

Report of Colonel RUGGLES.

HEAD-QUARTERS MATHIAS POINT, June 30th, 1861.

To First Lieutenant H. H. Walker, A. A. Adjutant General C. S. A.:

Sir,—I had the honor to transmit, on the night of the 27th inst., a field report of the conflict with the enemy during that day and now transmit one more in detail.

On the 25th instant I communicated in general terms information of the repeated attempts made by the enemy to land men under the fire of his ships' guns, in which he was in one or two instances, in a measure, momentarily successful.

In the midst of this cannonade I came upon the field of action, and found the condition of things so complicated that I deemed it expedient to direct the forces in person, with the view of contributing, so far as my experience might enable me to do so, to successful results.

The bombardment closed about 1 o'clock, leaving on my mind an impression that the intention of the enemy was to accustom his men to land under the protection of his guns and that soon we should have a practical demonstration of such design.

On Thursday morning, the 27th inst., the reappearance of the enemy's war steamer *Freeborn*, attended by two tugs with three boats lowered and one large launch, indicated an intention not already realized.*

These steamers, having anchored near Grymes's Point, about 1 o'clock P. M. commenced firing on our pickets, indicating an intention to land, which was soon effected by some fifty men, driving our pickets from the coast contrary to our reasonable expectation. Reinforcements were immediately sent, under a field officer, to meet the enemy. A few moments afterwards report was brought by a mounted scout that he was in the act of landing artillery on our coast. I then ordered the entire force under arms and directed in person the movements of some four companies along Grymes's Point, an elevated coast range, constituting the key to our position, commanding the point on which the enemy had landed, over which shot, shell, schrapnell and stands of grape were thrown in profusion, with a degree of skill and precision with which I had seldom met, sweeping our entire line of march.

While advancing down the coast range I received information that the enemy had taken possession of the pine forest, on a point below the place of his landing, and that he was actually establishing a battery for his guns already on shore.

As it was inexpedient to cross the low, open country, extending some five hundred yards, between Grymes's Point and the timber in question—especially under the then sweeping fire of the enemy's guns, involving the prospect of serious loss—I directed Colonel J. M. Brockenbrough, Fortieth regiment Volunteers,† who was with me, to proceed to the forest on our right, leading to the Point, and direct the march of the two remaining battalions, then held in readiness, under Lieutenant-Colonel R. A. Claybrook and Major R. M. Mayo, and drive the enemy from the forest towards the point to which we were then marching with the forces on the left. In advancing I soon afterwards encountered three of the enemy's scouts, who sought shelter in a small skirt of underbrush, and we abstained from firing on them, as it would have precipitated the retreat of the enemy from the forest before Colonel

* I had previously applied to General T. H. Holmes for one of the three batteries of field guns, which I had organized, without obtaining it. These batteries were held in anticipation of a more formidable demonstration from the enemy.

† Some companies were then assembled, but the Fortieth regiment had not been organized, except on paper, and all troops were undisciplined.

Brockenbrough's force could have engaged him there, by which means he would have effected his escape unpunished.

About 6 o'clock P. M. Colonel Brockenbrough opened fire on the enemy, apparently retreating to his boats, but in reality returning to the steamers to carry a howitzer battery on shore, and drove him in confusion into his boats and the river. A brief skirmish ensued, in which several of the enemy fell and were supposed to have been killed and wounded. During the conflict the fire of our men was turned upon the steamer Freeborn, as well as upon the boats, which were pushed off with precipitation and alarm.*

The attack was made by Major R. M. Mayo, with Gouldin's company of Sparta Grays, under First Lieutenant Saunders, and Lee's Legion of Cavalry, under First Lieutenant R. L. T. Beale, belonging to his battalion, and terminated before the troops concentrating became generally engaged.†

There was every indication that the enemy suffered a severe loss, while on our part we met with none.

We captured ——— spades and ——— axes, and some two hundred and fifty sand bags, and a large coil of rope, with some arms and equipments.

I have great pleasure in expressing my satisfaction with the excellent conduct of the troops I have had the honor to command.

Major R. M. Mayo, First Lieutenant William H. Saunders, Second Lieutenant A. G. Dade, and First Lieutenant R. L. T. Beale are entitled to separate notice.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

DANIEL RUGGLES,

Colonel Provisional Army, Commanding.

NOTE.—Mr. Robert T. Knox accompanied me as a *volunteer aid de camp* during the above reported conflict.

DANIEL RUGGLES.

Fredericksburg, Va., January 26, 1878.

The subjoined memoranda from the official reports of the naval commanders of the Federal gun-boats illustrate the nature and results of the conflict.

Lieutenant J. C. Chaplin, U. S. N., on the 28th of June, 1861, re-

* Then with a battery of field guns the enemy would have been crushed as well as defeated.

† The Sparta Grays were armed with Sharpe's rifles, and all the other troops with old pattern flint-lock muskets and old sabres.

ported to Commander S. C. Rowan, U. S. N., that "in obedience to his orders of the 26th instant, I took charge of the First and Third cutters (belonging to the steamer Pawnee, and which were thoroughly armed and equipped,) "with twenty-three men," towed by the "Reliance," to report to Captain Ward, of the Freeborn, * * and yesterday morning he found the Freeborn some four or five miles below Mathias's Point, and there reported to Captain Ward. Lieutenant Chaplin continues as follows: "The Freeborn then stood up for Mathias's Point, and on arriving there, threw shot, shell and grape into the woods near where we were to land. About ten the landing was effected, my party under the charge of Commander Ward, who landed with me. I threw my men out as skirmishers, and on getting about three hundred yards from the boats, discovered the enemy's pickets, who fired and retreated. My men followed them a short distance, and fired on them. I then discovered the enemy coming towards me over the brow of the hill, and judged there were some four or five hundred men. I went back to Commander Ward and reported, when he ordered me to take to the boats and lay off, while he went on board of his vessel and fired into the brush again. After some fifteen minutes' firing, I was ordered to land again and throw up a breast-work of sand-bags. I sent out four men as pickets and commenced the work, and at five, had nearly completed it, when the signal was made for me to return. I sent everything to the boats, and with seven or eight men, covered the bags with limbs, that the enemy might not distinguish it from the dense thicket near, and was about leaving, when the enemy opened on us with muskets at a distance of two hundred and fifty yards, and for some reason, the "Freeborn" did not open on the place with her heavy guns to cover my retreat. I sent all my men in the boats, and stayed until I had counted and found they were all safe. By this time the boats had drifted some distance out, and rather than bring the men any nearer, swam to the third cutter and pulled off to the "Freeborn." My boat was riddled with shot, the flag-staff shot away and nineteen holes through the flag." He also states, that when he reached the "Freeborn" he learned of the injury to Commander Ward, and also to several of his men. June 27th, 1861, Commander S. C. Rowan, U. S. N., of the "Pawnee," reports to the Secretary of the Navy, a specific outline of the movement against Matthias Point. He states that, "at 9 o'clock this morning the 'Freeborn' and 'Reliance' came up, having been repulsed by the Rebels at Matthias Point, in which Lieutenant Chaplin and his command escaped utter destruction by a miracle." * * *

It becomes my painful duty to announce to the Department the death

of Commander J. H. Ward, of the "Freeborn." He was shot in the abdomen while in the act of sighting his bow-gun.

Surgeon Gunnell reported Commander Ward killed, two men dangerously, and two men severely wounded.

The Infantry of the Army of Northern Virginia.

By Major CHARLES S. STRINGFELLOW.

[The following response to a toast at the banquet of the Richmond Howitzers, December 13th, was received with great enthusiasm, and there has been a general demand for its publication. We comply with pleasure, for, although it will lack the inspiration of the occasion, and the graceful delivery of the eloquent speaker, it is a tribute well worthy of a place in our records:]

The Infantry of the Army of Northern Virginia; the men whose patient suffering in camp, whose heroic endurance in the trenches and on the march, and whose dauntless courage on the field lent unwonted attractions to grim-visaged war itself; the men who never faltered in the unequal contest they waged against sickness, and hunger and want, overwhelming numbers and still more overwhelming odds in all the appliances of modern war which human skill and boundless wealth could command; the men whose steady tramp, as elbow to elbow they marched up to the cannon's opening mouth 'mid whirring shot and hurtling shell, and whose wild rebel yell when the red field was won, seem even now to echo in our ears; what tongue can fitly speak their praise?

An angel's heart, an angel's mouth,
Not Homer's, could alone for me
Hymn well the great Confederate South,
Virginia first, and Lee.

My comrades, I would not if I could, draw any invidious comparisons between the dashing troopers who charged on a hundred hard-fought fields with Ashby, and Hampton, and Stuart, and the brave cannoneers whom the gallant Pelham and the heroic Pegram led, and that matchless infantry that composed the main body of the Army of Northern Virginia, and "for four years carried the revolt on its bayonets."

What soul-stirring thoughts, what glorious recollections, what thrilling memories of all that men hold great in war and good and true in

individual conduct, come crowding on our minds as through the vista of the years gone by we trace their historic march from glory-crowned Manassas with its victorious shout, to Appomattox with its sad *miserere* of defeat and despair, when on the 9th of April, '65, they yielded to the tyranny of fate, and saw

Their warrior banner take its flight
To greet the warrior's soul.

The world remembers, and you and I who saw its meteor rise, its magnificent development, and its tearful fall, can never forget that there was once a great Confederate South that played no mean nor insignificant part in the wonderful drama of the ages. We acknowledged its laws, we honored its civil rulers, we loved its military heroes, and we followed its blood-baptized flag—emblem to us of a cause that was right and just; and I see nothing inconsistent with our obligations to the present in assembling here to-night to strengthen the friendships, to revive the memories, and renew the associations of the past. It is, indeed, meet and right that we should sometimes turn aside from the bustle and turmoil of business, and the selfish struggle for wealth and power and place, which tend to dwarf our affections and repress the better feelings of our nature, and from the contemplation and the study of the noble examples and the worthy deeds of those who have made the past illustrious, draw lessons which may enable us to meet with braver spirits and more trustful hearts the responsibilities of the present and the trials of the future.

And where, search all the pages of history, call over the names which have shed such imperishable lustre on the magnificent empires and the great republics of ancient times; go to Santa Crocé and Westminster Abbey, where rest the mightiest kings of thought and action, poets, painters and philosophers, statesmen, orators and heroes, and tell me where you can find exemplars more worthy of imitation than Stonewall Jackson and Robert Lee?

But it is not of the great leaders of that splendid infantry of whom General Lee once said that, "the stragglers of the Army of Northern Virginia are better than the best troops of the enemy," that I desire alone, or chiefly to speak. They have written their names with their swords high on the Roll of Fame, and though no lofty monuments be reared to bear their virtues to the ages yet to come, they will be remembered as long as the recital of great deeds grandly done, awakens a responsive throb in the hearts of men. I prefer to remind you of the private soldiers and the subordinate officers; the men who, without the

spur of ambition, the love of glory or the hope of reward, other than that which the consciousness of duty well performed brings to every true and manly heart, through the summer's burning heat and the winter's pitiless cold, through rain, and snow, and ice, with bodies half clad and feet oftentimes unshod, ill-fed, ill-armed and ill-equipped, worn down with hunger and disease, in victory and in defeat, followed the flag and fought the battles of the South with the sublime devotion of Christian martyrs and the knightly courage of Sydney and Bayard. These, these are they who deserve the highest meed of praise, and in their ragged, war-worn ranks were found, of heroes the truest, the bravest and the best, and earth has for me few more hallowed spots than the little grass-grown mound that marks the shallow grave where the unknown soldier sleeps, and after "life's fitful fever" sleeps well, we trust, in the great Confederacy of the Southern Dead.

Ah, realm of tombs! But let her bear
This blazon to the last of times,
No nation rose so white and fair,
Or fell so free of crimes.

The widow's moan, the orphan's wail
Comes 'round thee. Yet in truth be strong:
Eternal right though all else fail,
Can never be made wrong.

It has sometimes been said, and the effort has been made to prove that the hearts of the private soldiers were not in that momentous struggle for home rule, for local self-government, for the preservation of the rights of the States and the liberties of the people. The charge is a compound slander, a slander alike on the living and the dead; for *you* know full well how all dissensions were healed, all party differences dispelled, when Mr. Lincoln's proclamation destroyed the last hopes of a peaceful separation of the States; how men of all ranks and professions and shades of opinion, unionists and secessionists alike, sprang to arms to repel the invaders of their rights and their soil.

Nor were the fires of patriotism kindled in the hearts of our men alone. *ταυταν ἢ ἐπὶ ταυτα*, this or upon this, were the parting words of the Spartan mother as she gave to her son his father's shield, and sent him forth to die, if needs were, in defense of his country. And with a devotion purer, deeper, broader still, the glorious women of the South, mothers, wives and daughters girded the sword on the loins of their sons and their husbands, their sweet-hearts and their brothers, and with

a prayer on their lips, but no tear in their eyes, bade them good-bye and God-speed in the day of battle.

Never, in truth, had any soldiery such unanimity of thought, purpose and feeling as the infantry of the Army of Northern Virginia. In its ranks the professional man, the student and the farmer, the merchant and the mechanic, the old and the young, the rich and the poor, fought side by side, animated by the same principles, sustained by the same hopes, sharing the same hardships and equally loyal to the same great cause, the defense of their country, their firesides and their homes, and the vindication of constitutional freedom guarded by constitutional law.

A hundred years and more ago, the most profound political philosopher and the most accomplished orator of modern times said of their forefathers, that "these people of the Southern Colonies are much more strongly, and with a higher and more stubborn spirit attached to liberty than those to the northward. * * * In other countries the people more simple, of a less mercurial cast, judge of an ill principle in government only by an actual grievance; here they anticipate the evil and judge of the pressure of the grievance, by the badness of the principle. They augur misgovernment at a distance, and snuff the approach of tyranny in every tainted breeze." These words of Mr. Burke are as applicable to the soldiers of '61-5 as to their patriot sires of 1776. Their strong love of liberty and keen appreciation of its blessings, their sturdy self-reliance and habits of rule, exaggerated doubtless by the peculiar conditions of Southern society, gave them a conscious self-respect, a spirit of personal independence, a sense of their own importance, an individuality and pride that made each man feel as if the fate of every battle hung on his single arm.

Thoroughly satisfied of the justice of their cause, animated by the loftiest patriotism, shrinking from no hardships, regardless of every danger, impatient only of the restraints of military discipline and the distinctions of military rank, in war and "in peace which hath its victories no less renowned than war," they have illustrated every virtue that dignifies and ennobles man; and when sectional prejudices and strife-engendered passions shall have passed away, their unparalleled achievements appreciated and applauded by friends and foes alike, will be garnered up in the great store-house of history as part and parcel of these *κτῆματα ες αἰ*, those eternal possessions which constitute a nation's crowning glory.

But, Mr. Chairman, the lateness of the hour not the poverty of my theme, warns me to forbear; and, as the toast to which I have ventured this unworthy response is the last in regular order this evening, I hope

I may be excused, if in closing I offer you one in return, in words which I heard for the first time, old as they are, around a camp-fire in the army of Northern Virginia one cold and cheerless night towards the close of 1861, from the lips of a gallant infantry officer now "dead on the field of glory." They will not be on this account the less appropriate to this occasion :

When the black-lettered list to the gods was presented,
The list of what Fate for each mortal intends;
At the long string of ills a kind goddess relented,
And slipped in three blessings—wife, children and friends.

In vain surly Pluto maintained he was cheated,
For justice divine could not compass its ends,
The scheme of man's penance he swore was defeated,
Since earth becomes heaven with wife, children and friends.

If the stock of our bliss is in stranger hands vested,
The fund ill secured oft in bankruptcy ends—
But the heart issues bills which are never protested,
When drawn on the firm of wife, children and friends.

Though valor still burns in his life's dying embers,
The death-wounded tar who his colors defends,
Drops a tear of regret as he dying remembers
How blessed was his home with wife, children and friends.

The soldier, whose deeds live immortal in story,
Whom duty to far distant latitudes sends,
With transport would barter whole ages of glory
For one happy day with wife, children and friends.

The spring-time of youth, still unclouded by sorrow,
Alone on itself for enjoyment depends,
But drear is the twilight of age if it borrow
No warmth from the smile of wife, children and friends.

Let us drink, for my verse growing colder and colder,
To subjects too solemn insensibly tends.
Let us drink, pledge me high, love and virtue shall flavor
The glass which I fill to wife, children and friends.

Kennesaw Mountain.

By General S. G. FRENCH.

[The following paper was sent by General French and read before the Louisville Branch of the Southern Historical Society:]

On the 14th of June, 1864, the army under General Joseph E. Johnston occupied a line of hastily-constructed works of several miles in length, extending from near Lost Mountain to a point about a mile north of Kennesaw Mountain. The general direction of this line, from our left, was north of east, and it was confronted in its entire length by the Federal army under General W. T. Sherman. Johnston's command numbered 48,800, and that of Sherman, by official reports, 112,800.

The better to explain movements previous to assuming position on Kennesaw Mountain, I will make some extracts from my diary.

JUNE 14, 1864.—This morning, by written orders, General Loring moved to the right; General Canty from the left to the centre, and I extended to the right. Rode over to see General Polk; asked him when General Johnston and he went to the right to come down my line; said they probably would. * * * * At 12 M. heard that General Polk was dead; sent an officer to his headquarters to inquire, and learned the report too true. Went to headquarters at 2.30 P. M., but his remains had just left for Marietta. He had accompanied General Johnston to the left and gone to Pine Mountain, and while there the party was fired on by one of the Federal batteries, and the third shot fired struck the General on the left side and killed him instantly. * * *

JUNE 15.—All quiet at sunrise; soon after some desultory cannonading along the lines, but chiefly on the right, until 3 P. M., when it became quite heavy, and at the same time opened on my front with a few guns. At 5 P. M. received orders to hold Cockrell's brigade in readiness to move to the right of Loring. Part of Loring's division had their skirmishers driven in to their main works. At 9 P. M. enemy attacked my skirmishers without any result. * * * *

JUNE 16.—Early this morning the enemy opened on my front with artillery. At 10 A. M. they shelled my front without effect. To-day Cockrell is held in reserve for General Hardee, and thus it always is. I have to hold a reserve for everybody but myself.

JUNE 17.—To-day the enemy opened on us with artillery. Last night the left wing of the army swung back and took a new line. This has placed my command in a salient of less than ninety degrees,

and renders it liable to both an enfilading and reverse fire. In the afternoon cannonading pretty severe.

JUNE 18.—This morning pickets and skirmishers on my left (Walker's division) gave way and let the enemy in behind Cockrell's skirmishers, and enabled them to gain the Latimer house, four hundred yards distant. Ector's skirmishers also came in. Enemy soon advanced in line of battle, and with batteries opened on the salient an enfilading and reverse fire; and all day long this fire never ceased. They could not carry my lines successfully, and we would not attack them by leaving the trenches; and so the firing went on. My loss was severe, amounting to one hundred and eighty, and as an instance of the severity of the fire on the salient, Captain Guibor had served with his battery throughout the siege of Vicksburg, yet his loss this day of thirteen men is greater than that sustained during the whole siege. Toward evening ordered to withdraw and assume a new line on Kennesaw Mountain.

JUNE 19.—The enemy made rapid pursuit, and before my line was established on Kennesaw Mountain, skirmishing commenced, and by 12 M. artillery fire from the enemy was rapid. It ranged up and over the spur of the mountain with great fury, and wounded General Cockrell, and put thirty-five of his men *hors du combat*.

The position of our army to-day is: Hood on the right, covering Marietta on the northwest. From his left, Polk's corps (now Loring's) extends over both Big and Little Kennesaw Mountains, with the left on the road from Gilgath church to Marietta. From this road Hardee extended the line nearly south, covering Marietta on the west, the left of my division was fixed on the Marietta road; thence it ran up the spur of the mountain called Little Kennesaw, and thence to the top of same and on up to the top of Big Kennesaw, connecting with General Walthall. Featherstone was on the right of Walthall, and joined General Hood's left; Walker, of Hardee's corps, was on my left; then in order came Bate, Cleburne and Cheatham.

Kennesaw Mountain is about four miles northwest of Marietta. It is over two-and-a-half miles in length, and rises abruptly from the plain, solitary and alone, to the height of perhaps 600 or 700 feet. Its western side is rocky and abrupt. Its eastern side can, in a few places, be gained on horseback, and the west of Little Kennesaw, being bald and destitute of timber, affords a commanding view of all the surrounding country as far as the eye can reach, except where the view is interrupted by the higher peak.

JUNE 20.—Busy this morning in establishing batteries on the road,

on the spur of the mountain and on the top of Little Kennesaw. In the afternoon changed the line lower down the mountain side, so as to command the ascent as far as possible. Heavy cannonading on the left of my line. Lost ten horses and a few men.

JUNE 21.—Went to the top of the mountain this morning, and while there witnessed the artillery duel between the batteries on Harder's line and those of the enemy in his front. * ' * *

JUNE 22.—The constant rains have ceased; the sky is clear, and the sun, so long hid, now shines out brightly. Skirmishing on my line last night; rode to the top of the mountain quite early, to where I had placed nine guns in position. During the night the enemy had moved a camp close to the base of the mountain. It was headquarters of some general officers. Tent walls were raised, officers sitting around, orderlies coming and going, wagons parked, and soldiers idling about or resting under the shade of the trees; and all this at my very feet. Directed cartridges for the guns to be reduced, so as to drop the shells below, and that the enemy should be left awhile in his fancied security, for no doubt they thought we could not place artillery on the height above them, and they were not visible to my infantry on the mountain sides, by reason of the timber.

At length the gunners, impatient of delay, were directed to open fire on them. They were evidently much surprised, and, disregarding rank, stood not on the order of their going, but left quickly, every man for himself; and "their tents were all silent, their banners alone," like Senacherib's of old.

The enemy appear this morning to be moving permanently to our left, and the firing this afternoon extends further in that direction. Towards dark opened guns again on the enemy, also at 11 P. M.

JUNE 23.—Yesterday Cockrell had fourteen men wounded. All quiet this morning. During the night the enemy removed their tents, wagons, etc., from their abandoned encampment that was shelled yesterday, and the place looks desolate. At 10 A. M., when all was quiet on the mountain, the enemy commenced a rapid artillery fire from guns put in position during the night, and concentrated it on our guns on the mountain. Yesterday we had it all our own way—to-day they are repaying us, and the cannonade is "fast and furious." Last night there was fighting on our left, but so different are the reports received that I cannot get at the truth.

JUNE 24.—There has been but little fighting during the day.

JUNE 25.—The everlasting "pop," "pop," on the skirmish line is all that breaks the stillness of the morning. Went early to the left of my

line; could not ride in rear of Hoskin's Battery, on account of the trees and limbs felled by the shells. From top of the mountain the vast panorama is ever changing. There are now large trains to the left of Lost Mountain and at Big Shanty, and wagons are moving to and fro every where. Encampments of hospitals, quartermasters, commissaries, cavalry and infantry whiten the plain here and there as far as the eye can reach. Our side of the line looks narrow, poor and lifeless, with but little canvas in spots that contrasts with the green foliage.

The usual flank extension is going on. Troops on both side move to left, and now the blue smoke of the musket discloses the line by day trending away, far away south toward the Chattahoochee, and by night it is marked, at times by the red glow of the artillery, amidst the spark-like flash of small arms that looks in the distance like innumerable fire-flies.

At 10 A. M. opened fire on the enemy from the guns on Kennesaw. Enemy replied furiously, and for an hour the firing was incessant. Received an order to hold Ector's brigade in reserve. In the afternoon considerable firing, and all the chests of one of my caissons were blown up by a shell from the enemy, and a shell from one of the chests killed a gunner. They have now about forty guns in my fronts, and when they concentrate their fire on the mountain at any one place, it is pretty severe, but owing to our height, nearly harmless. Thousand of their parrot-shells pass high over the mountain, and exploding at a great elevation, the after-part of the shell is arrested in its flight, and falling perpendicularly, comes into camp, and they have injured our tents. Last night I heard a peculiar "thug" on my tent, and a rattle of tin pans, and this morning my negro boy cook put his head into my tent and said: "See here, Master Sam, them 'fernal Yanks done shot my pans last night. What am I going to do 'bout it?" A rifle ball coming over the mountain had fallen from a great height, and, perforating the pans, had entered the ground.

JUNE 26.—This is Sunday, and all is comparatively still in the lines up to this, 4 P. M., excepting one artillery duel; but now cannon are heard on our extreme left. We have not opened our batteries here, and we have not been annoyed much. Enemy moving to our left. The day has been very warm.

JUNE 27.—This morning there appeared great activity among staff officers and Generals all along my front and up and down the lines. The better to observe what it portended, myself and staff seated ourselves on the brow of the mountain, sheltered by a large rock that

rested between our guns and those of the enemy, the infantry being still lower down the side of the mountain.

Artillery firing was common on the line at all times, but now it swelled in volume and extended down to the extreme left, and then from fifty guns burst out in my front, and thence, battery after battery following on the right, disclosed a general attack on our entire lines. Presently, and as if by magic, there sprung from the earth a host of men, and in one long waving line of blue the infantry advanced and the battle of Kennesaw Mountain began.

I could see no infantry on my immediate front, owing to the woods at the base of the mountain, and therefore directed the guns from their elevated position to enfilade Walker's front. In a short time the flank fire down the line drove them back, and Walker was relieved from the attack.

We sat there, perhaps an hour, enjoying a bird's-eye view of one of the most magnificent sights ever allotted to man—to look down upon an hundred and fifty thousand men arrayed in the strife of battle on the plain below.

As the infantry closed in the blue smoke of the musket marked out our line for miles, while over it rose in cumuli-like clouds the white smoke of the artillery. Through the rifts of smoke, or, as it was wafted aside by the wind, we could see the assault made on Cheatham, and there the struggle was hard, and there it lasted longest. So many guns were trained on those by our side, and so incessant was the roar of cannon and sharp the explosion of shells, that nought else could be heard. From the fact that I had seen no infantry in my front, and had heard no musketry near, and the elevation of my line on the mountain, I thought I was exempted from the general infantry attack; I was therefore surprised and awakened from my dreams when a courier came to me about 9 o'clock and said General Cockrell wanted assistance, that his line had been attacked in force. General Ector was at once directed to send two regiments to report to him. Soon again a second courier came and reported the assault on the left of my line. I went immediately with the remainder of Ector's brigade to Cockrell, but on joining him found the Federal forces had been repulsed. The assaulting column had struck Cockrell's works near the centre, recoiled under the fire, swung around into a steep valley where—exposed to the fire of the Missourians in front and right flank and of Sears's men on the left—it seemed to melt away or sink to the earth to rise no more.

The assault on my line repulsed, I returned to the mountain top. The intensity of the fire had slackened and no movement of troops was

visible; and although the din of arms yet resounded far and near, the battle was virtually ended.

From prisoners and from papers on their persons shown us, I learned my line had, from its position, been selected for assault by General McPherson, as that of Cheatham's had been by General Thomas.

General McPherson distinguished himself under Grant, was conspicuous at the siege of Vicksburg, and enjoyed the confidence of officers and the affection of his soldiers, and having been directed in orders to make reconnoissances and preparations to assault our line, it would be a reflection on his judgment and skill as a General to infer that he did not—under the eye of his commander with ample means—make what he deemed adequate preparations for its accomplishment; but owing to the nature of the ground, and the determined resistance encountered, his men by an intuitive perception, awakened by action, realized the contest was hopeless, and where persistence was only death, very properly abandoned the field.

The battle, in its entirety, became a pageantry on a grand scale, and barren of results, because the attacking columns were too small in numbers, considering the character of the troops they knew they would encounter.

General Cheatham's loss was one hundred and ninety-five (195); mine (French's) one hundred and eighty-six (186); all other Confederate losses were one hundred and forty-one (141), being a total of five hundred and twenty-two. What the Federal loss was I do not know. It has been variously estimated from three to eight thousand.

The following orders of General Sherman will explain the attack clearly, and the telegrams to General Schofield and Thomas the result of the attack:

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI IN THE FIELD NEAR KENNESAW MOUNTAIN, June 24, 1864.—The army commanders will make full reconnoissances and preparations to attack the enemy in force on the 27th instant, at 8 o'clock A. M. precisely.

The Commanding General will be on Signal Hill, and will have telegraph communication with all the army commanders.

I.—Major-General Thomas will assault the enemy at any point near his center, to be selected by himself, and will make any changes in his troops necessary by night, so as not to attract the attention of the enemy.

II.—Major-General McPherson will feign by a movement of his cavalry and one division of his infantry on his extreme left, approach-

ing Marietta from the north, and using his artillery freely, but will make his real attack at a point south and west of Kennesaw.

III.—Major-General Schofield will feel to his extreme right, and threaten that flank of the enemy with artillery and display, but attack some one point of the enemy's line as near the Marietta and Powder Spring road as he can with prospect of success. * * * *

V.—Each attacking column will endeavor to break a single point of the enemy's line, and make a secure lodgment beyond, and be prepared for following it up towards Marietta and the railroad in case of success.

By order of Major-General W. T. Sherman.

L. M. DAYTON, *Aid-de-Camp*.

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI IN THE FIELD, June 27, 1864, 11:45 A. M.—*General Schofield*: Neither McPherson nor Thomas have succeeded in breaking through, but each has made substantial progress at some cost. Push your operations on the flank, and keep me advised.

W. T. SHERMAN, *Major-General Commanding*.

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI IN THE FIELD NEAR KENNESAW, June 27, 1864, 11:45 A. M.—*General Thomas*: McPherson's column marched near the top of the hill, through very tangled brush, but was repulsed. It is found impossible to deploy, but they hold their ground. I wish you to study well the positions, and if it be possible, break through the lines to do it; it is easier now than it will be hereafter. I hear Leggett's guns well behind the mountain.

W. T. SHERMAN, *Major-General Commanding*.

As nothing decisive was obtained by Sherman's attack, the firing slackened, except on the skirmish line. After dark the enemy withdrew to their main trenches, the roar of guns died gradually away, and the morning of the 28th dawned on both armies in their former positions. The battle of Kennesaw, then, was a display of force and advance of troops by the enemy on the entire length of our line, that opened a furious fire of artillery and musketry, under cover of which two grand attacks were made by assaulting columns—the one on my line and the other on Cheatham's.

Sketch of Longstreet's Division.

By GENERAL E. P. ALEXANDER.

WINTER OF 1861-62.

Until late in the fall of 1861, no Major-Generals had been appointed in the Confederate service; the only general officers being Brigadier-Generals and Generals, and consequently no divisions could be organized of the brigades which composed the army, although the necessity for them had been grievously felt, especially in the battle of Bull Run. About the 1st of November, the rank having been created by Congress, a number of appointments were made, of which General Longstreet was the fifth in rank, the first four being Polk, Bragg, G. W. Smith and Huger.

On receipt of his promotion, General Longstreet was relieved of command of the "Advanced Forces" by General J. E. B. Stuart, and was assigned a division composed of his own old brigade, now commanded by the senior Colonel, J. L. Kemper; the Virginia brigade commanded by General P. St. George Cocke, and the South Carolina brigade of General D. R. Jones.

General Cocke's brigade was composed of the Eighth Virginia infantry, Colonel Eppa Hunton; Eighteenth Virginia infantry, Colonel R. E. Withers; Nineteenth Virginia infantry, Colonel J. B. Strange; Twenty-Eighth Virginia infantry, Colonel Robert Preston.

Latham's Virginia Battery.—General D. R. Jones's brigade was composed of the Fourth South Carolina Infantry, Colonel J. B. Sloan; Fifth South Carolina Infantry, Colonel M. Jenkins; Sixth South Carolina Infantry, Colonel C. S. Winder; Ninth South Carolina Infantry, Colonel Blanding; Stribling's Virginia Battery.

The Eighth Virginia, Colonel Hunton, was at this time on detached service at Leesburg with General Evans's brigade, where it bore a conspicuous part in the the affair at Ball's Bluff, on the 21st of October.

The remaining brigades of the army were about the same time thrown into three other divisions of three brigades each and commanded by Major-Generals G. W. Smith, E. Kirby Smith, and Earl Van Doan. Thus constituted, and with a small cavalry force under General Stuart holding the outposts beyond Halifax C. H. and a General Reserve Artillery of ten batteries under Colonel W. N. Pendleton, the army went into quarters.

As the great majority of the army were volunteers enlisted for only

twelve months, great concern was felt in the winter of 1861 and '62, that steps should be taken to keep up the number in the field during the ensuing summer, and the Confederate Congress took up the subject at an early day. After much discussion, a law was passed and published to the army on the 1st of January, 1862, offering to all twelve months volunteers, who should re-enlist, a furlough of thirty days at home (allowing additional time for necessary traveling), transportation going and returning, a bounty of fifty dollars, and the privilege of re-organizing and re-electing their own regimental and company officers at the expiration of the first enlistment.

The desired result was fully attained by this law, assisted by the imminent prospect, and the final passage of the Conscription Act of April 16, 1862, but the privilege of re-electing all officers was probably very little inducement to re-enlistment, and its operation was certainly very detrimental to the service. The best authorities among the Federal historians of the war, in apologizing for their mishaps in its earlier stages, ascribe a great share of their calamities to the fact that their officers were, at first, elected by the men, and were consequently often very poor selections. The tendency of such a method of appointment is, doubtless, bad, although it is perhaps the only practicable way, where an army has to be so suddenly raised from among a people with no experience in warfare; but its ill effects, bad as they may be are far less than must necessarily arise from allowing a *re-election* and giving long notice of it beforehand. A visible relaxation of discipline, and others and even worse forms of electioneering immediately begin, and the most unscrupulous aspirants are apt to be the most successful in military as well as in political elections.

Doubtless, in many individual cases, changes were made for the better, and many excellent officers were retained, and even promoted, in spite of being strict disciplinarians; but such cases were exceptions, which were most rare in the very officers which have most to do with the discipline of the men. There can be no doubt that in the electioneering which preceded, and the results which followed these elections, occurring as they did while the habits and customs of the army were still in process of formation, the discipline of the Confederate service received a blow from which it never entirely recovered.

There has been no subject more grossly and persistently misrepresented by Northern writers in discussions of the war than that of the discipline of the Confederate army. Wherever the Southern line of battle has breasted unflinching a storm of missiles, or won the admiration even of its foes by an irresistible charge, or in any way brought

discomfiture to superior numbers of the enemy, "superior discipline" has been the reason assigned. The compliment is entirely unmerited. The odds against the Confederates in numbers were often two to one, face to face on the field, after all generalship was at its end, and the issue left to equipment, discipline and pluck. In equipment the odds are conceded by all to have been enormously in the enemy's favor, and in discipline they were unfortunately heavy on the same side. The most condensed evidence upon this subject comes from a Northern source. Mr. William Swinton, in his excellent "History of the Army of the Potomac," after a full account of General McClellan's remarkable efforts and success in organizing and disciplining his army, says on page 67: "'Had there been no McClellan,' I have often heard General Meade say, 'there could have been no Grant,' for the army made no essential improvement under any of his successors." It was common throughout the war to "ascribe a high degree of discipline to the Confederate army, even higher than that of the Army of the Potomac. But the revelations of the actual condition of that army since the close of the war, do not justify this assertion. On the contrary, they show that the discipline of the Army of Northern Virginia was never equal to that of the Army of the Potomac, though in fire and *elan* it was superior. 'I could always rely on my army,' said General Lee at the time he surrendered its remnant at Appomattox Courthouse, 'I could always rely on my army for *fighting*, but its discipline was poor.' At the time of the Maryland invasion Lee lost above twenty-five thousand men by straggling, and he exclaimed, with tears, '*My army is ruined by straggling.*' Nothing could better illustrate the high state of discipline of the Army of the Potomac than its conduct in such retreats as that on the Peninsula, and in Pope's campaign, and in such incessant fighting as the Rapidan campaign of 1864."

This comparison is not suggested as any reflection upon the fame of the Federal army, for such reflections upon its adversary are unbecoming to either, and the list of casualties of the Federals (not their list of victories or their final success), will place their absolute courage on its deserved footing; but simply to illustrate in its true light the marvellous pluck of the half-fed and tattered battalions of the Confederates, who certainly never owed a victory to either discipline or equipment.

That clause of the law, which gave a furlough of thirty days, was not only the most acceptable to the men, but it had a happy result in leading to the adoption of a regular system of furloughs, which is the best possible preventive of discontent and desertion, both of which

were already beginning to prevail in the army for the lack of it. Being liable at any moment to an attack by more than double his number, General Johnston forbade all furloughs shortly after the battle of Bull Run, and the order was carried out most strictly until after the promulgation of the law aforesaid. Applications based upon the most urgent grounds, such as the death of parents, wives, or of partners in business, or summons before courts in cases where large amounts of property were involved, were even returned unread, further than to see that they were "applications for leaves of absence." Even after the promulgation of the law its operation was delayed until the wintry weather had rendered the roads impassable. At length, on the 3d of February, an order was issued allowing furloughs to twenty per cent. of the number present for duty in each regiment, and the system thus introduced was adhered to until the close of the war. One or two per cent. of the force present for duty were allowed to be absent on furlough even during the most active campaigns, and in winter-quarters the percentage was very much increased. The soldier consequently felt that should extraordinary circumstances call for his presence at home, there was always a chance of obtaining furlough, and this very consciousness relieved his anxiety and made his long absences much more cheerful.

Nothing worthy of narration broke the monotony of winter-quarters, except changes of commanders in the brigades. General Cocke, a high-minded and gallant soldier, a devoted patriot, and a gentleman of cultivation and refinement, committed suicide in January at his home while on sick leave. He and his brigade had performed excellent service at the battle of Bull Run, but his health had failed on the approach of winter, and his mind had become affected, though so slightly, that no apprehensions were entertained of such result. He was a graduate of West Point, of the class of 1832, and served for two years afterward in the Second United States Artillery. After his death his brigade was commanded by Colonel R. E. Withers, the Senior Colonel present, until the latter part of February, when General George E. Pickett* of Virginia was assigned to it. Hunton's regiment did not rejoin the brigade from Leesburg until March. Early in February General D. R. Jones was assigned to the command of a Georgia brigade,

* As a Captain in the Ninth United States Infantry, General Pickett bore a prominent part in the "San Juan difficulty" with England in 1859. He graduated at West Point in 1846, and served in the Eighth United States Infantry in Mexico, receiving two brevets for gallantry.

in General G. W. Smith's division, and General R. H. Anderson, of South Carolina,* was transferred from Pensacola, where he had previously served, to command the South Carolina brigade.

General Ewell had been assigned to command General Longstreet's old brigade in December, but being shortly afterward made Major-General, the command reverted to Col. Kemper, who retained it until March, when General A. P. Hill was assigned to it.

On the 9th of March, 1862, General Johnston ordered the evacuation of the lines of Centreville and Manassas, and put his army in motion for the line of the Rapidan. General Longstreet's division, with Stuart's cavalry covered the movement, which, however, was unmolested, the enemy only discovering it after it was under way. General McClellan was at that period collecting the necessary transportation for his movement to the Peninsula, but as this was not yet ready, he improved the opportunity to mobilize his army by marching it as far as Centreville. A cavalry force under Stonemen pushed forward to Cedar Run and exchanged a few carbine shots with Stuart, but did not cross. Owing to lack of transportation upon the railroad, some provisions, stores and baggage had to be burned at Manassas at the last moment, although two days more time had been allowed for their removal than the superintendent of the road had requested.

The total value of these stores was, however, not great, and when all things are considered, the movement was as eminently successful as it was judicious.

The Washington artillery battalion† of New Orleans was assigned to Longstreet's division when this movement commenced, and continued to serve with the division and corps until the latter came to Georgia in September, 1863.

After crossing the Rappahannock, a halt of a few days was made,

* General R. H. Anderson graduated at West Point, in 1838, and served in the First United States Dragoons until the secession of South Carolina. He was brevetted for gallantry in Mexico, and was a Captain when he resigned.

† This celebrated battalion was originally founded in 1838. In the Mexican war it was Company A, of Colonel Persifer Smith's regiment, of which Colonel J. B. Walton, who commanded the battalion from 1861 to 1864, was Lieutenant-Colonel. It was composed of five batteries, of which the first four served in Virginia, and the fifth with the Army of Tennessee. Its battery commanders in March, 1862, were: Captains C. W. Squires, T. L. Rosser, (afterwards Major-General of cavalry), M. B. Miller, and B. F. Eshleman. Its material was superb; the cannoneers being almost exclusively young men of the best families of New Orleans. Its numbers were general small, as it refused to receive recruits promiscuously, and the four batteries usually averaged but three guns each.

after which the army retired behind the Rapidan, about the 23d of March. The enemy having occupied Manassas, pushed out a reconnaissance under General Howard, which, about the 26th, had a small skirmish with Stuart holding the Rappahannock as a picket line, and then withdrew.

Meanwhile, after considerable opposition from the President, who favored a direct advance upon Manassas, General McClellan had succeeded in instituting his desired campaign, an advance upon Richmond by way of the Peninsula, although under certain restrictions by Mr. Lincoln, which almost appear ridiculous. His unwilling consent was granted, provided—

First. That long-coveted Manassas, at length happily possessed, should be forever secured to the peaceable possession of the stars and stripes.*

Second. That no more than fifty thousand men should be allowed to leave Washington city without some steps being taken to put an end to the impudent and provoking blockade of the Potomac.†

Third. That enough troops should be left in the fortifications around Washington to secure it against all contingencies.‡

As the blockade of the Potomac by the Evansport batteries was, of course, quietly given up when the army withdrew from Centreville, there was no trouble upon that score, but upon the other two heads McClellan seemed himself to have apprehensions, based upon his exaggerated idea of the Confederate force, which he estimated at 115,500, its true strength being only 50,000. He accordingly left for the defence of Washington 77,456 men and 109 guns,§ while 120,500 men were

* Lincoln's War Order No. 3, March 8th, 1863.

† McClellan's Report, page 60.

‡ A comparison of the forces which were retained for the defences of the two capitals develops a wonderful contrast. The force kept at Richmond, though often charged with the safe-keeping of large numbers of prisoners, varied from 3,000 to 8,000, and was principally composed of local militia. The few small earth-works which defended it, were poorly provided with guns, and had no permanent garrisons. The fortifications of Washington were numerous and powerful, fully armed and manned, and the garrison probably never fell below 25,000. The only *accurate* returns of its forces which I can find (besides the figures given above,) are for May 1st, 1864, when there were present for duty 42,124, and for March 1st, 1865, when although there was no Confederate force north of Richmond to threaten its safety, the garrison numbered 26,056. Report of Secretary of War, 1865. These figures do not include the garrison of Baltimore which seems to have always been several thousands.

§ McClellan's Report, page 65.

transferred to Fortress Monroe, where General Wool was to add 10,000 to this number.

The rapid transfer of this army, with its immense material is one of the most remarkable events of the war, and illustrates the enormous resources of the enemy. On the 28th of February orders were first issued to prepare transportation for the movement. Within seventeen days the transportation was ready, comprising 113 steamers, 188 schooners, and 88 barges, the hire of all of which cost \$29,160 per day. The distance to be traversed was about two hundred miles, and within twenty days thereafter the whole transfer was complete, comprising besides the troops 260 guns, 14,592 animals, 1,150 wagons, 74 ambulances, and an enormous quantity of equipage, including ammunition, pontoon trains, telegraph materials, and all the *impedimenta* of an army.

Reminiscences of Hood's Tennessee Campaign.

By Captain W. O. DODD.

[The following is also one of the valuable series of papers read before the Louisville Branch of the Southern Historical Society:]

It is my purpose to give only personal observation and experience of the important movement of the Western armies in the fall and winter of 1864. The advance of General Hood on Nashville was the last important movement in the West during the war.

In the summer of 1864 General Sherman, with a large and victorious army, occupied Atlanta, the very centre of the Confederacy. General Johnston had been removed, causing much dissatisfaction both in military and civil life, and General Hood placed in command, whose patriotism and courage were recognized by all, but whose ability to command the entire army was much questioned.

It had been demonstrated that Gen. Hood must either be reinforced or retreat before the advancing columns of Sherman.

Reinforcements could not be supplied, and an emergency had to be met. General Thomas commanded a large force in Tennessee, which was protecting Sherman's rear and guarding his lines of communication and supplies. Should Sherman advance southward from Atlanta with Hood in front, Thomas could easily overrun Alabama and capture Selma, Montgomery and Mobile.

It was determined to throw Hood's army in the rear of Sherman and destroy the railroad, hoping thereby to draw Sherman out, leaving a

portion of his army in Atlanta, and give Hood an opportunity of fighting him in detail. The movement was made, and in the main successful, except no opportunity was given for engaging Sherman's forces in detail. It was then resolved to move Hood's army into Tennessee and destroy Thomas and then take possession of Kentucky and threaten Ohio.

The conception was a bold one. Its execution involved leaving a large Federal army in Georgia, which could march unobstructed to the sea, cutting again in twain the Confederacy, or it would move back and join Thomas, securing the destruction of Hood. It was at first determined to cross the Tennessee river above Decatur, but Forrest was near Jackson, Tennessee, and unacquainted with the plan of campaign, and on account of the swollen condition of the Tennessee river could not cross below Florence.

So it was determined to cross the entire army at that point, and as soon as our commander (Forrest) received orders we hastened to Tusculumbia, where we joined Hood's army. Some delay was occasioned in repairing the Memphis and Charleston railroad so as to bring sufficient supplies for the expedition. The country is poor from Florence northward until you reach the neighborhood of Pulaski and Mount Pleasant, and we were required to take sufficient forage to last until we could reach the fertile country of Middle Tennessee.

Our division, commanded by General Chalmers, covered the left of the army, and about the 19th of November, 1864, the army was put in motion.

General Hood commanded the expedition, with three army corps of infantry commanded by Generals Stewart, S. D. Lee and Cheatham, with Forrest in command of the cavalry. The entire force numbered about thirty thousand. It was as gallant an army as ever any Captain commanded. The long march from Atlanta had caused the timid and sick to be left behind, and every man remaining was a veteran. Then the long and sad experience of retreating was now reversed, and we were going to redeem Tennessee and Kentucky, and the *morale* of the army was excellent.

We hoped to cut off a large body of Federals at Pulaski, but by a forced march they got into Columbia just in time to prevent capture. On the 27th of November we formed around Columbia, the two wings of the army resting on Duck river, Cheatham being to the right.

General Schofield retired to the north side of Duck river, and an artillery fire was kept up during the 28th. General Hood supposed Schofield would remain a day or two on the opposite side of the river,

which could not easily be crossed under the fire of Schofield's guns. So he concluded to leave General Lee, with two divisions at Columbia, who was ordered to make demonstrations as if to cross the river, while he would cross the river a few miles above, and intercept the rear of Schofield at Spring Hill, twelve miles in rear, on the Franklin pike. Our command moved up and crossed the river (fording it) on the evening of the 28th, about eight miles from Columbia, and early next morning made a detour through a rough country, skirmishing most of the time until, shortly after noon, we reached the beautiful country near Spring Hill.

I remember distinctly the beautiful day, and as we got in sight of the little village of Spring Hill the old rugged veterans of Cheatham's corps came marching up on our left with their battle-flags waving in the mellow sunlight, and we felt that a long-sought opportunity had at last arrived. Lee's guns at Columbia kept up lively music, admonishing us that he was meeting his part of the contract. We were satisfied that a few minutes—at most an hour—would be ample time in which to place our command across the pike, and then the surrender of Schofield would follow as night follows day. The command under Hood had crossed the river that morning about four miles above Columbia, Cheatham in front, followed by Stewart and Johnson's division of Lee's corps. We had but little artillery, as the roads were too rough for moving it.

It was about 3 or 4 o'clock when everything was ready to advance. Every soldier realized that we would have a fight, but the result was not a question. The Federals only had one division at Spring Hill, numbering about four thousand men, while we had two corps and a division of infantry and the greater part of Forrest's cavalry. Our force was fully sixteen thousand men, and I think nearer twenty thousand, and it was a fair open field fight. It was said at the time, and I have always believed it to be true, that General Forrest asked permission to place his command across the pike, but was refused.

Cheatham's corps was put forward and deployed as if they were going to do all the work and have all the glory. I remember how anxiously we sat on our horses on a hillside overlooking the fertile fields around Spring Hill, and expected, in vain, to at least see the battle. But alas! night came on and we went into camp, at first cautioned not to make fires, but in a little time were asleep before good fires, having plenty of forage for our horses from the adjoining fields. General Schofield was permitted to march by that night without firing

a gun, and the great and only opportunity of the campaign was lost.

Who was to blame for the blunder?

No one accuses either General Stewart or Forrest of being in any way responsible. It was either the fault of General Hood or of General Cheatham, in my opinion both were to blame, but the principal fault is at the door of General Cheatham. In giving this opinion, I know some gentlemen present whose opinions are entitled to more weight than mine, will differ with me, and I invite the fullest criticism, hoping thereby to get at the real truth of history. I know it was stated on the field on that ill-fated day that General Cheatham was ordered by General Hood to take Spring Hill and cut off Schofield, every necessary support being promised him, and that he did not do it. His command was in advance, and naturally he would bring on the engagement. It was not denied at the time by Cheatham's friends that he received such orders. It subsequently appeared in the newspapers of the South, and he was charged with being responsible for the fatal mistake, and I have never seen or heard of a denial from him. Finally, General Hood, in his book, "Advance and Retreat," charges the calamity on Cheatham, and brings forward strong corroborating testimony to support it, and so far as I know, General Cheatham has never denied it, or in any way questioned the correctness of General Hood's statements. But I do not think Cheatham alone to blame. The General commanding the armies was on the ground and in sight of the pike, and could clearly see the Federals retreating in confusion, and the position was such that he could not but know what Cheatham was doing. There was plenty of time, and he could have seen the order executed before dark. Again, General Hood intimates that the soldiers were unwilling to fight except behind breastworks. Those who witnessed the battle of Franklin on the next day will not allow such an imputation to be made.

Even after dark there would have been no material trouble in crossing the pike. General Hood says it got dark about 4 o'clock, which is not correct; and then he says there were so many shade trees that darkness was hastened and increased from that cause. It was a clear day and a starlight night, and while there were quite a number of trees just around Spring Hill, the battle would have been largely in a corn-field and an open piece of woodland. Schofield's command did not reach Spring Hill until 11 o'clock at night, and it would have been an easy matter to rout them even at that hour. A soldier has a mortal dread of the enemy in the rear. But we slept, and the Federals marched by without molestation. As I said before, there was not a soldier who did not realize that a golden opportunity was at hand, and every one felt

mortified at the inglorious result. We lost confidence in General Hood, not that we doubted his courage, but we clearly saw that his capacities better suited him to command a division. This whole thing was a wretched affair, let the fault be wherever it may.

It reminded me more of the death of General Albert Sidney Johnston on the battle-field at Shiloh than any other event of the war. No one doubts but that his death prevented the destruction of Grant's army, and a victory such as his life guaranteed on that eventful April day would have produced results such as imagination can hardly picture. So, if we had captured Schofield, as could easily have been done at a trifling loss, we would have taken Nashville without a battle and pushed on into Kentucky, and, while I do not claim that it would have changed the result, yet it would certainly have prolonged the war and thrown an uncertain factor into the great problem.

It seemed then, as it looks now as we glance back over the scene, that a hand stronger than armies had decreed our overthrow.

On the following morning, at the dawn of day, we were in our saddles, and pushed on after Schofield's command, which was rapidly hastening to Franklin. Our division crossed over to the extreme left and approached Franklin over the Carter's creek pike, and about 3 o'clock P. M. we were on the high range of hills just south of Franklin and overlooking the town. The Federal army was in line of battle in front of the town, and we had a fine view of the situation.

The soldiers were in fine fighting trim, as they felt chagrined and mortified at the occurrence of the preceding day, and each man felt a pride in wiping out the stain caused by a superior's fault. I will not undertake to picture or in any way describe the battle that was fought in the old field near a gin-house in front of Franklin, that memorable afternoon and evening. No man who took part in it or witnessed it can help being proud of American soldiery. The battle lasted until long after dark, and the two armies at some points came to hand-to-hand contest.

Our artillery was not much used, but the enemy used one battery, situated in a locust grove, with great effect. I do not believe there was any battle of the war to compare to it in severity, considering the number engaged and the time it lasted. The principal destruction was about sun-down and a little later.

Soon after night the Federals commenced retreating, and about one o'clock in the morning I went with the advance into town. As soon as it was discovered that the enemy were gone, I made a torch and went over the battle-field. To those unaccustomed to such things, no de-

scription can give an idea of the sight. The dead were literally piled up, and to my sorrow I saw that our loss was much the greatest. We had pressed them into their last line, and there the dead lay mangled together. Entire companies were literally gone. And just a little back the gallant old soldier, General Pat Cleburne, lay dead. He was the idol of his command, and a better soldier never died for any cause. Brigadier-General Adams was killed, he and his horse falling together, just on the earthworks of the enemy. Our loss was about 5,000 men, including five Generals killed and six wounded.

I could not but feel that the lives of these men were a useless sacrifice. It seemed to me to be a rashness occasioned by the blunder of the day before. It was an attempt to make good by reckless daring the blunder which incapacity had occasioned the preceding day. Schofield had as many or more men in Franklin than we had. He was gathering strength from all quarters as he fell back, while we were losing.

The next morning we should have buried our dead, and those of the enemy, and retired from the State. While we held the battle-field, and the dead of our adversaries, we were disheartened and demoralized. We had witnessed on one day a brilliant flank movement terminate by lying down by the roadside in order to let the enemy pass by, and on the next day saw the army led out in a slaughter-pen to be shot down like animals. Soldiers are quick to perceive blunders, and when confidence is destroyed in a superior officer he should be removed. There is nothing so wholesome with a good soldier as perfect confidence in the courage and judgment of superior officers. While the majority of the army believed General Cheatham mainly responsible for the misfortune at Spring Hill, yet General Hood did not escape censure. And when at Franklin the attempt was made to do by storm against an entrenched and reinforced foe, what strategy failed to do the day before, the *morale* of the army was almost destroyed.

But instead of retreating at once and saving the remnant of a magnificent army, we moved up and formed around Nashville. Our little army, now about 23,000 strong, was stretched for miles around the city. We were on the extreme left, near the Cumberland river, and were not strong enough to make a good picket line. The rout and retreat were inevitable. Thomas accumulated an army of 82,000. The only wonder is that he did not capture us all. General Walthall, one of the bravest and best of all our gallant army, with a picked command, and aided by Forrest, covered the retreat and enabled us to get out with 18,000 men. We recrossed the Tennessee river on the 26th and 27th days of December.

The campaign would have been brilliant and successful but for the fatal action or inaction at Spring Hill.

I am well aware that we can look back after events have occurred and detect errors which it seems reasonable prudence would have avoided; but I have never seen more clearly the opportunity and the error than on the 29th day of November, 1864.

What stirring events were then happening! Sherman started on his march to the sea about the same day Hood started to the North. In quick succession reverse after reverse came to our arms until, suddenly, the whole structure crumbled and fell to the ground.

Death has drawn his cold mantle over the brave Hood, but he left his version of the unfortunate period about which I have written, and my own conviction is that in the main his story is true.

General Cheatham is still living, and surely if General Hood is wrong the truth of history demands that he speak.

If what has been written should provoke those familiar with the facts to tell their version I shall be more than paid.

The Lost Opportunity at Spring Hill, Tenn.—General Cheatham's Reply to General Hood.

[Some time ago Captain W. O. Dodd, President Louisville Southern Historical Society, notified us that General Cheatham was preparing a paper on the failure at Spring Hill, and requested us not to publish his paper until General Cheatham's could accompany it. Accordingly we have the pleasure of following Captain Dodd's by this paper, which was read before the Louisville Society on December 1st.]

In pursuance of orders from army head-quarters, my command crossed Duck river on the morning of the 29th of November, 1864, the division of Major-General Cleburne in advance, followed by that of Major-General Bate, the division of Major-General Brown in the rear. The march was made as rapidly as the condition of the road would allow, and without occurrence of note, until about 3 o'clock P. M., when I arrived at Rutherford's creek, two and one-half miles from Spring Hill. At this point General Hood gave me verbal orders, as follows: That I should get Cleburne across the creek, and send him forward toward Spring Hill, with instructions to communicate with General Forrest, who was near the village, ascertain from him the position of the enemy, and attack immediately; that I should remain at the creek, assist General Bate in crossing his division, and then go for-

ward and put Bate's command in to support Cleburne; and that he would push Brown forward to join me.

As soon as the division of General Bate had crossed the creek, I rode forward, and, at a point on the road about one and a half miles from Spring Hill, I saw the left of Cleburne's command just disappearing over a hill to the left of the road. Halting here, I waited a few minutes for the arrival of Bate, and formed his command with his right upon the position of Cleburne's left, and ordered him forward to the support of Cleburne. Shortly after Bate's division had disappeared over the same range of hills, I heard firing toward Cleburne's right, and just then General Brown's division had come up. I thereupon ordered Brown to proceed to the right, turn the range of hills over which Cleburne and Bate had crossed, and to form line of battle, and attack to the right of Cleburne. The division of General Brown was in motion to execute this order, when I received a message from Cleburne that his right brigade had been struck in flank by the enemy, and had suffered severely, and that he had been compelled to fall back and reform his division with a change of front.

It so happened that the direction of Cleburne's advance was such as had exposed his right flank to the enemy's line. When his command was formed on the road by which he had marched from Rutherford's creek neither the village of Spring Hill nor the turnpike could be seen. Instead of advancing directly upon Spring Hill his forward movement was a little south of west and almost parallel with the turnpike toward Columbia, instead of northwest upon the enemy's lines south and east of the village. A reference to the map will show Cleburne's line of advance.

General Cleburne was killed in the assault upon Franklin the next day, and I had no opportunity to learn from him how it was that the error of direction occurred.

Meanwhile General Bate, whom I had placed in position on the left of Cleburne's line of march, continued to move forward in the same direction until he had reached the farm of N. F. Cheairs, one and a half miles south of Spring Hill.

After Brown had reached the position indicated to him and had formed a line of battle he sent to inform me that it would be certain disaster for him to attack, as the enemy's line extended beyond his right several hundred yards. I sent word to him to throw back his right brigade and make the attack. I had already sent couriers after General Bate to bring him back and direct him to join Cleburne's left. Going to the right of my line, I found Generals Brown and Cle-

burne, and the latter reported that he had reformed his division. I then gave orders to Brown and Cleburne that, as soon as they could connect their lines, they should attack the enemy, who were then in sight; informing them at the same time that General Hood had just told me that Stewart's column was close at hand, and that General Stewart had been ordered to go to my right and place his command across the pike. I furthermore said to them that I would go myself and see that General Bate was placed in position to connect with them, and immediately rode to the left of my line for that purpose.

During all this time I had met and talked with General Hood repeatedly, our field head-quarters being not over one hundred yards apart. After Cleburne's repulse I had been along my line, and had seen that Brown's right was outflanked several hundred yards. I had urged General Hood to hurry up Stewart and place him on my right, and had received from him the assurance that this would be done; and this assurance, as before stated, I had communicated to Generals Cleburne and Brown.

When I returned from my left, where I had been to get Bate in position, and was on the way to the right of my line, it was dark; but I intended to move forward with Cleburne and Brown and make the attack, knowing that Bate would be in position to support them. Stewart's column had already passed by on the way toward the turnpike, and I presumed he would be in position on my right.

On reaching the road where General Hood's field headquarters had been established, I found a courier with a message from General Hood, requesting me to come to him at Captain Thompson's house, about one and a fourth miles back on the road to Rutherford's creek. I found General Stewart with General Hood. The Commanding General there informed me that he had concluded to wait till morning, and directed me to hold my command in readiness to attack at daylight.

I was never more astonished than when General Hood informed me that he had concluded to postpone the attack till daylight. The road was still open—orders to remain quiet until morning—and nothing to prevent the enemy from marching to Franklin.

About 11 o'clock that night General Hood sent Major-General Johnson, whose division had marched in rear of Stewart's corps, to report to me. I directed Major Bostick, of my staff, to place Johnson on my extreme left. A reference to the map will show the position of my corps and that of Johnson's division during the night.

About midnight Major Bostick returned and reported that he had been near to the turnpike, and could hear straggling troops passing

northward. While he was talking about this to Colonel Porter, my Chief of Staff, a courier from headquarters brought a note from Major Mason, to the effect that General Hood had just learned that stragglers were passing along the road in front of my left, and "the Commanding General says you had better order your picket line to fire on them." Upon reading the note, I ordered Major Bostick to return to General Johnson, whose command was on my left and nearest the pike, and say to him that he must take a brigade, or, if necessary, his whole division, and go on to the pike and cut off anything that might be passing. Major Bostick afterward informed me that General Johnson commenced complaining bitterly at having been "loaned out," and asked why General Cheatham did not order one of his own divisions to go in; but at length ordered his horse and rode with Major Bostick close up to the turnpike, where they found everything quiet and no one passing. General Johnson came with Major Bostick to my quarters, and informed me of what they had done. It was now about 2 o'clock on the morning of the 30th.

This suggestion that I had better order my pickets to fire upon stragglers passing in front of my left was the only order, if that can be called an order, that I received from General Hood after leaving him at his quarters early in the night, when he had informed me of his determination to wait until daylight to attack the enemy.

What reason General Stewart gave for not reaching the turnpike I do not know. As I have already stated, General Hood said to me repeatedly, when I met him between 4 and 6 o'clock in the afternoon, "Stewart will be here in a few minutes." Stewart's column did not come up until about dark.

General Stewart says he was at Rutherford's creek before General Brown's division crossed that stream. He also says that General Hood there ordered him to form line of battle on the south side of the creek, and that he was not allowed to move thence until dusk. If General Stewart had followed Brown he would have been in position on my right, across the turnpike, before dark. That he would have executed an order to make such disposition of his command no one who knows that officer will doubt; and he would have done it in the darkness of midnight as surely and as certainly as in the day.

General Hood wrote what he supposed would be accepted as history. Truth, and justice to myself, demand a brief review of certain statements made by him.

General Hood writes:

"Since I had attempted this same movement on the 22d of July, and

had been unable to secure its success, I resolved to go in person at the head of the advance brigade, and lead the army to Spring Hill. * * * I rode with my staff to Cheatham's right, passed over the (pontoon) bridge soon after daybreak, and moved forward at the head of Granberry's Texas brigade of Cleburne's division."—*Advance and Retreat*, pp. 283, 284.

Lowry's not Granberry's, brigade of Cleburne's division, was in front. General Lowry states that General Hood rode with him a large part of the day.

"During the march the Federal cavalry appeared on the hills to our left; not a moment, however, was lost on that account, as the army was marching by the right flank, and was prepared to face at any instant in their direction. No attention, therefore, was paid to the enemy, save to throw out a few sharpshooters in his front."—[*Advance and Retreat*, p. 284.

General John C. Brown states that "at or near Bear creek the Commanding General, apprehending an attack on our left flank, ordered your (Cheatham's) corps, in its march from that point, to move in two parallel columns, so that it could come instantly into action in two lines of battle." General Brown's division marched "five or six miles through fields and woods and over rough ground" some four hundred yards to the right of the road, necessarily causing more or less delay. General Brown further states that "about the commencement of this movement, or soon afterward, by the orders of the Commanding General, in person, the whole of Gist's and about one-half of Strahl's brigade were detached for picket duty."

"Thus I led the main body of the army to within about two miles and in full view of the pike from Columbia to Spring Hill and Franklin. I here halted about 3 P. M., and requested General Cheatham, commanding the leading corps, and Major-General Cleburne to advance to the spot where, sitting upon my horse, I had in sight the enemy's wagons and men passing at double-quick along the Franklin pike. As these officers approached I spoke to Cheatham in the following words, which I quote almost verbatim, as they have remained indelibly engraved upon my memory ever since that fatal day: 'General, do you see the enemy there, retreating rapidly to escape us?' He answered in the affirmative. 'Go,' I continued, 'with your corps, take possession of and hold that pike at or near Spring Hill. Accept whatever comes, and turn all those wagons over to our side of the house.' Then addressing Cleburne, I said: 'General, you have heard the orders just given. You have one of my best divisions. Go with General Cheat-

ham, aid him in every way you can, and do as he directs.' Again, as a parting injunction to them, I added: 'Go and do this at once. Stewart is near at hand, and I will have him double quick his men to the front.'"—*Advance and Retreat*, pp. 284, 285.

There is not a bit of truth in this entire paragraph. At the hour named, 3 P. M., there was no movement of "wagons and men" in the vicinity of Spring Hill. Moreover, from the crossing at Duck river to the point referred to by General Hood the turnpike was never in view, nor could it be seen until I had moved up to within three-quarters of a mile of Spring Hill. Only a mirage would have made possible the vision which this remarkable statement professes to record.

"They immediately sent staff officers to hurry the men forward, and moved off with the troops at a quick pace in the direction of the enemy. I dispatched several of my staff to the rear, with orders to Stewart and Johnson to make all possible haste. Meantime I rode to one side and looked on at Cleburne's division, followed by the remainder of Cheatham's corps, as it marched by seemingly ready for battle. Within about one-half hour from the time Cheatham left me skirmishing began with the enemy, when I rode forward to a point nearer the pike, and again sent a staff officer to Stewart and Johnson to push forward. At the same time I dispatched a messenger to General Cheatham to lose no time in gaining possession of the pike at Spring Hill. It was reported back that he was about to do so."—*Advance and Retreat*, p. 285.

General Hood conveniently forgot to mention in his account of this affair the facts as to his orders to me at Rutherford's creek. And he also forgot that, at the very moment he claims to have sent staff officers to the rear, with orders to Stewart and Johnson to make all possible haste, Stewart was forming line of battle on the south side of Rutherford's creek, in pursuance of orders from him; nor did he remember that Stewart's corps was not ordered forward until about dusk.

"I knew no large force of the enemy could be at Spring Hill, as couriers reported Schofield's main body still in front of Lee, at Columbia, up to a late hour in the day. I thought it probable that Cheatham had taken possession of Spring Hill without encountering material opposition, or had formed line across the pike, north of the town, and entrenched without coming into serious contact with the enemy, which would account for the little musketry heard in his direction. However, to ascertain the truth, I sent an officer to ask Cheatham if he held the pike, and to inform him of the arrival of Stewart, whose corps I intended to throw on his left, in order to assail the Federals in flank

that evening or the next morning, as they approached and formed to attack Cheatham. At this juncture the last messenger returned with the report that the road had not been taken possession of. General Stewart was then ordered to proceed to the right of Cheatham and place his corps across the pike, north of Spring Hill. By this hour, however, twilight was upon us, when General Cheatham rode up in person. I at once directed Stewart to halt, and, turning to Cheatham, I exclaimed with deep emotion, as I felt the golden opportunity fast slipping from me, 'General, why in the name of God have you not attacked the enemy and taken possession of that pike?' He replied that the line looked a little too long for him, and that Stewart should first form on his right."—*Advance and Retreat*, pp. 285, 286.

Here again General Hood's memory proved treacherous. As to the preliminary statements of this paragraph, I refer to that portion of my account which covers the doings of the hours from 4 to 6 P. M., during most of which time General Hood was on the ground and in frequent personal communication with me. The dramatic scene with which he embellishes his narrative of the day's operations only occurred in the imagination of General Hood.

"It was reported to me after this hour that the enemy was marching along the road, almost under the light of the camp-fires of the main body of the army. I sent anew to General Cheatham to know if at least a line of skirmishers could not be advanced in order to throw the Federals in confusion, to delay their march and allow us a chance to attack in the morning. Nothing was done. * * * I could not succeed in arousing the troops to action, when one good division would have sufficed to do the work. * * * Had I dreamed for one moment that Cheatham would have failed to give battle, or at least to take position across the pike and force the enemy to assault him, I would have ridden myself to the front and led the troops into action." *Advance and Retreat*, p. 287.

The next order, in a shape of a suggestion that I had better have my pickets to fire upon straggling troops passing along the pike in front of my left, was received, and was immediately communicated to General Johnson, whose division was on my left and nearest the pike. This note from Major Mason, received about midnight, was the only communication I had from General Hood after leaving him at his quarters at Captain Thompson's.

"In connection with this grave misfortune, I must here record an act of candor and nobility upon the part of General Cheatham, which proves him to be equally generous-hearted and brave. I was, necessarily,

much pained by the disappointment suffered, and, a few days later, telegraphed to Richmond to withdraw my previous recommendation for his promotion, and to request that another be assigned to the command of his corps. Before the receipt of a reply, this officer called at my headquarters—then at the residence of Mr. Overton, six miles from Nashville—and, standing in my presence, spoke an honest avowal of his error, in the acknowledgment that he felt we had lost a brilliant opportunity at Spring Hill to deal the enemy a crushing blow, and that he was greatly to blame. I telegraphed and wrote to the War Department to withdraw my application for his removal, in the belief that, inspired with an ambition to retrieve his shortcoming, he would prove in the future doubly zealous in the service of his country."

The following are the dispatches above referred to:

"HEAD-QUARTERS, SIX MILES FROM NASHVILLE, ON FRANKLIN PIKE, December 7, 1864.—*Hon. J. A. Seddon*: I withdraw my recommendation in favor of the promotion of Major-General Cheatham, for reasons which I will write more fully. J. B. HOOD, *General*."

"HEAD-QUARTERS, SIX MILES FROM NASHVILLE, ON FRANKLIN PIKE, December 8, 1864.—*Hon. James A. Seddon, Secretary of War; General G. T. Beauregard, Macon, Ga.*: A good Lieutenant-General should be sent here at once to command the corps now commanded by Major-General Cheatham. I have no one to recommend for the position. J. B. HOOD, *General*."

"HEAD-QUARTERS, SIX MILES FROM NASHVILLE, ON FRANKLIN PIKE, December 8, 1864.—*Hon. J. A. Seddon*: Major-General Cheatham made a failure on the 30th of November which will be a lesson to him. I think it best he should remain in his position for the present. I withdraw my telegrams of yesterday and to-day on this subject. J. B. HOOD, *General*."

"On the 11th of December I wrote to Hon. Mr. Seddon: * * * Major-General Cheatham has frankly confessed the great error of which he was guilty, and attaches much blame to himself. While his error lost so much to the country, it has been a severe lesson to him, by which he will profit in the future. In consideration of this, and of his previous conduct, I think that it is best that he should retain for the present the command he now holds.'" * * * * —[*Advance and Retreat*, pp. 289, 290.]

In order to make clear what I have to say in this connection, I will quote Governor Isham G. Harris :

" GOVERNOR JAMES D. PORTER—*Dear Sir*: * * * * General Hood, on the march to Franklin, spoke to me, in the presence of Major Mason, of the failure of General Cheatham to make the night attack at Spring Hill, and censured him in severe terms for his disobedience of orders. Soon after this, being alone with Major Mason, the latter remarked that 'General Cheatham was not to blame about the matter last night. I did not send him the order.' I asked if he had communicated the fact to General Hood. He answered that he had not. I replied that 'it is due General Cheatham that this explanation should be made.' Thereupon Major Mason joined General Hood and gave him the information. Afterward General Hood said to me that he had done injustice to General Cheatham, and requested me to inform him that he held him blameless for the failure at Spring Hill, and on the day following the battle of Franklin I was informed by General Hood that he had addressed a note to General Cheatham assuring him that he did not censure him with the failure to attack.

" Very respectfully,

" ISHAM G. HARRIS.

" *Memphis, Tenn., May 20, 1877.*"

The first intimation made to me, from any source, that my conduct at Spring Hill, on the 29th of November, 1864, or during the night of that day, was the subject of criticism, was the receipt of a note from General Hood, written and received on the morning of the 3d of December. This is the communication referred to in the letter of Governor Harris, above quoted. This note was read, so far as I know, by only four persons beside myself—my chief of staff, James D. Porter; Governor Isham G. Harris, Major J. F. Cummings, of Georgia, and John C. Burch. Not having been in the habit of carrying a certificate of military character, I attached no special value to the paper, and it was lost somewhere during the campaign in North Carolina. Governor Porter and Major Cummings agree with me that the following was the substance of the note :

" DECEMBER 13, 1864.—*My Dear General*: I do not censure you for the failure at Spring Hill. I am satisfied that you are not responsible for it. I witnessed the splendid manner in which you delivered battle at Franklin on the 30th ult. I now have a higher estimate of

you as a soldier than I ever had. You can rely upon my friendship.

"Yours very truly,

"J. B. HOOD, General.

"*To General B. F. Cheatham.*"

On the morning of the 4th of December I went to the head-quarters of General Hood, and, referring to his note and the criticism of my conduct, that had evidently been made by some one, I said to him: "A great opportunity was lost at Spring Hill, but you know that I obeyed your orders there, as everywhere, literally and promptly." General Hood not only did not dissent from what I said but exhibited the most cordial manner, coupled with confidence and friendship. The subject was never again alluded to by General Hood to myself, nor, so far as I knew, to any one. When he wrote, under date of December 11, 1864, to Mr. Seddon that "Major-General Cheatham has frankly confessed the great error of which he was guilty, and attaches much blame to himself," he made a statement for which there was not the slightest foundation.

General Hood concludes this extraordinary chapter of his history of the campaign into Tennessee with some reflections:

"The discovery that the army, after a forward march of 180 miles, was still, seemingly, unwilling to accept battle, unless under protection of breast-works, caused me to experience great concern. In my inmost heart I questioned whether or not I would ever succeed in eradicating this evil."—*Advance and Retreat*, p. 290.

I have only attempted to state truthfully the events of the period under review. During my service as a soldier under the flag of my country in Mexico, and as an officer of the Confederate armies, I cannot recall an instance where I failed to obey an order literally, promptly and faithfully. Military operations, however well conceived, are not always successful; and I have had my share of failures and disappointments, but I have never found it necessary to seek for a scape-goat to bear my transgressions, nor to maintain my own reputation by aspersions of my subordinates. No chieftain since the world began has ever commanded an army of men more confident in themselves, more ready to endure and to dare whatever might be required of them, or more capable of exalted heroism than that which obeyed the will of their General from Peach-Tree creek to Nashville. The Army of Tennessee needs no defense against the querulous calumnies which disfigure General Hood's attempt at history.

B. F. CHEATHAM.

Peach Grove, Tenn., November 30, 1881.

CORROBORATIVE STATEMENTS.

General Cheatham supports his paper with the following letters:

General Hood's Note.

"NASHVILLE, October 19, 1881.—*Major J. F. Cummings*—Dear Sir: I enclose for your inspection a substantial copy of a letter written by General Hood to General Cheatham, in December, 1864. The original letter has been lost or mislaid. I have a perfect recollection of the substance of it, and I have repeated it so often to my friends that I believe the inclosed is almost a verbatim copy. You read it in my presence at your breakfast-table in Mobile, Ala., a few weeks after it was written, and I write to request that you will inform me if your recollection of the character and substance of it accords with my own.

Yours very truly,

JAS. D. PORTER."

[*Enclosure.*]

"DECEMBER 3, 1864.—*My Dear General*: I do not censure you for the failure at Spring Hill. I am satisfied that you are not responsible for it. I witnessed the splendid manner in which you delivered battle at Franklin on the 30th ultimo. I now have a higher estimate of you as a soldier than I ever had. You can rely on my friendship.

Yours very truly,

J. B. HOOD, General."

"*To General B. F. Cheatham.*"

"ATLANTA, GA., October 29, 1881.—*Governor J. D. Porter*—Dear Sir: Your letter of the 19th instant is received, and my excuse for not answering sooner is that I have been very busy in connection with our Cotton Exposition. I have read the memorandum note you inclosed, and, according to my recollection, it is strictly, entirely correct.

Yours truly,

J. F. CUMMINGS."

GENERAL STEWART'S STATEMENTS.

"CHANCELLOR'S OFFICE, UNIVERSITY OF MISSISSIPPI, OXFORD, MISS., February 8, 1881.—*Captain W. O. Dodd, Louisville, Ky.*—My Dear Sir: My account of the Spring Hill affair is in possession of the War-records office, in charge of General General Marcus J. Wright, and will be published with the other papers collected by that office. I have not time now to write out an account of the matter. I will say, however, that on that occasion General Hood *was* at the front with Cheat-

ham's and Forrest's troops, and should have compelled the execution of his orders. I was not allowed to cross Rutherford's creek until dark. When I reached the creek, riding in advance of my troops, Cheatham's corps was crossing. A staff officer of his informed me that an attack was to be made. I expected to be hurried forward to support the attack. Instead, I was ordered to form in line of battle *before crossing* the creek, and about at right angles to it. This, in my poor judgment, was the fatal error. My impression is that Cheatham and his officers thought themselves in great danger of being outflanked and crushed. Had they known my command was coming up to their support, it is likely they would not have hesitated to make the attack. When, about dusk, I received orders to move on across the creek, and rode forward to find the Commanding General, he complained bitterly that his orders to attack had not been obeyed. But *he was there himself*. I asked him why he had halted me at Rutherford's creek. He replied that he confidently expected Cheatham would attack and rout the enemy; that there was a road leading to Murfreesboro on the other side of the creek. He wished me there to prevent the escape of the routed foe in that direction. Here, I think, was the error. Johnson's division of Lee's corps was with me. That division, reënforced if necessary by one of mine, would have been sufficient to guard that road. The rest of my command should have been pressed forward to reënforce Cheatham and Forrest. I have a note from General Hood, written after we moved round into North Carolina, fully exonerating me from all censure on that occasion.

Very sincerely yours,

ALEX. P. STEWART."

"CHANCELLOR'S OFFICE, UNIVERSITY OF MISSISSIPPI, OXFORD, MISS., October 24, 1881.—*Hon. James D. Porter, Nashville, Tenn.*: My Dear Governor,—Your favor of 20th received. You ask me to "read page 286 of Hood's Advance and Retreat, and inform me if he 'exclaimed with deep emotion' in your presence to General Cheatham, 'General, why in the name of God have you not attacked the enemy and taken possession of that pike?' An immediate answer is requested."

"I have to say, in reply, that I do not think General Hood means to say that this conversation took place in my presence. If he does mean that he is in error, for according to the best of my recollection Generals Hood and Cheatham and myself were at no time together on the day in question, and no such exclamation by Hood to Cheatham *could* have been made in my presence. I presume he means to say he sent me orders to halt. Such orders, however, were not received; but one of

Cheatham's staff came to me from General Hood to show me, as he stated, the position my troops were to occupy.

"Yours very truly,

ALEX. P. STEWART."

GENERAL LOWRY'S STATEMENT.

[*Extract from letter of General M. P. Lowry.*]

"BLUE MOUNTAIN, TIPPAH COUNTY, MISS., November 8, 1881.—
* * * After I made the attack my command was not struck in flank by the enemy, as you seem to have understood from General Cleburne, and I only had to make a slight change of direction, by swinging my left round, which was done without much confusion. As I drove the enemy from his rail protection, a command of the enemy was left in line on my right, and I saw demonstrations by the officers which led me to believe they were attempting to charge me in flank. I reported this to General Cleburne, and he moved against them with Govan's Arkansas brigade. The only trouble I had with these fellows on my right was to give them a few shots from my right flank to keep them demoralized; and as their flank was to my flank they could not have charged us without changing front, and as I was in full view of them I watched them. I did not see the enemy's wagons during the day. Rather, I should say, I do not remember it if I did.

"I lost my papers, and do not remember exactly my loss. But all that were lost in the engagement were my men, except, I believe, five or six wounded in Govan's brigade—probably one or two killed. I think I had 1,400 to 1,600 men in line that day, but can not state definitely.

Yours truly,

M. P. LOWRY.

"*To General B. F. Cheatham.*"

GENERAL BROWN'S STATEMENT.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., October 24, 1881.—*General B. F. Cheatham, Nashville, Tenn.*—Dear General: Complying with your request to state my recollection of the operations of your corps in the "Hood Campaign" from Columbia to Franklin, and especially the part taken in that movement by my division of your corps, I must premise the statement with an expression of regret that the full and comprehensive report made by me soon after the close of that campaign, with list of casualties and just mention of meritorious conduct of officers and men of my command, should have been lost. The copies retained by me were destroyed with other military papers, and I now have but little to rely

upon for my statement, except my own recollection of the events as they transpired.

My division comprised four brigades of infantry, commanded respectively by General Gist, of South Carolina; Generals Strahl, Gordon and Carter, of Tennessee. The whole command on the morning of November 29, 1864, when I left my bivouac on the Mooresville turnpike in front of Columbia, Tenn., numbered not exceeding 2,750 effective men. Gist's brigade was the largest, and Strahl's was next in numerical strength; those of Gordon and Carter being about equal in the number of effective men.

We started on the march about sunrise, and, after traversing cedar brakes and pathless woods, crossed Duck river by a pontoon previously laid, about four miles above Columbia, at or near what was known as "Davis' Ferry," or "Davis' Ford." Conforming to the daily alternations in column, my division was on that march in the rear of your corps. After crossing Duck river, and, as I now recollect, at or near Bear creek, the Commanding General, apprehending an attack on our left flank, ordered your corps, in its march from that point, to move in two parallel columns, so that it could come instantly into action in two lines of battle, if attacked on the flank. Accordingly my division was ordered to form the supporting column, and for that purpose to leave the road by which the main body was moving, and so conform its movements to that of the other two divisions (Cleburne's and Bate's) as that, in coming into action to meet an attack on our left flank, it would occupy a place in rear of, and about 400 yards distant from the front line of battle. The march thence to Rutherford's creek was made pursuant to these orders, and the whole distance thus traversed (five or six miles) was through fields and woods and over rough ground, adding greatly to the fatigues of the day. About the commencement of this movement, or soon afterward, by the orders of the commanding general in person, the whole of Gist's, and about one-half of Strahl's brigade were detached for picket duty, to be relieved by the orders of the Commanding General, thus leaving me with about one-half of my division.

When near Rutherford's creek, learning that a crossing was not practicable east of the road, I changed the direction of the march to the left into the road, and found Bate's division preparing to cross the stream. After reaching the north bank of the stream I was ordered to pursue the road leading in the direction of the Caldwell place, while Cleburne's and Bate's divisions moved at an angle to the left, but, before reaching the Dr. Caldwell house, I was ordered to change the

direction of my column to the left, and we reached the Lewisburg or Rally Hill pike, near the toll-gate, a distance of one and one-half miles from Spring Hill. This was within an hour or an hour and a half of sunset. I could distinctly see the enemy in force both of infantry and artillery, at Spring Hill, but I did not, and perhaps could not, at that point, see either troops or wagons moving on the Columbia pike. Forrest's cavalry were on higher ground, northeast of my position. I was ordered to form line of battle and "take" Spring Hill. Gist's brigade and the detachment from Strahl had not reported. I formed my line as speedily as worn troops could move, and, after throwing forward a skirmish line, advanced four hundred or five hundred yards, when I discovered a line of the enemy thrown out of Spring Hill, across and threatening my right flank, and I then discovered for the first time that General Forrest's cavalry, which I had been assured would protect my right, had been ordered to another part of the field, leaving me without any protection on my right flank or support in the rear. I had neither artillery nor cavalry, and was left in a position where I must meet with inevitable disaster if I advanced on Spring Hill. A hasty consultation with my brigade commanders resulted in a determination to suspend the advance and confer with the corps commander. I need not remind you that in a very few minutes you were upon the field and fully approved of what had been done, as also did General Hood a little later, when he directed that the attack should be delayed until the arrival of Generals Stewart and Gist, and in the meantime that the whole command should be held under orders to advance at a moment's notice.

General Gist's brigade reported a little after nightfall, and was immediately placed in position on my right. General Stewart's corps came up later and went into bivouac on the stream in rear of my right, where it remained until the following morning.

I received no further orders that evening or during the night to advance or change my position. After daylight on the morning of the 30th November, I took up the line of march for Franklin, the enemy in the meantime having preceded us, under circumstances of which you are fully advised.

On the march to Franklin General Cleburne, with whom I had long enjoyed very close personal relations, sent a message to the head of my column requesting an interview. Allowing my column to pass on, I awaited his arrival. When he came up we rode apart from the column through the fields, and he told me with much feeling that he had heard that the Commanding General was endeavoring to place upon him the

responsibility of allowing the enemy to pass our position on the night previous. I replied to him that I had heard nothing on that subject, and that I hoped he was mistaken. He said: "No, I think not; my information comes through a very reliable channel," and said that he could not afford to rest under such an imputation, and that he should certainly have the matter investigated to the fullest extent, so soon as we were away from the immediate presence of the enemy. General Cleburne was quite angry, and evidently was deeply hurt, under the conviction that the Commander-in-Chief had censured him. I asked General Cleburne who was responsible for the escape of the enemy during the afternoon and night previous. In reply to that inquiry he indulged in some criticisms of a command occupying a position on the left, and concluded by saying that "of course the responsibility rests with the Commander-in-Chief, as he was upon the field during the afternoon and was fully advised during the night of the movement of the enemy." The conversation at this point was abruptly terminated by the arrival of orders for both of us from yourself or the Commanding General. As he left he said: "We will resume this conversation at the first convenient moment," but in less than three hours after that time this gallant soldier was a corpse upon the bloody field of Franklin.

Yours very truly,

JOHN C. BROWN, *Major General.*

EXTRACT FROM OFFICIAL REPORT OF MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM B. BATE,
JANUARY 25, 1865.

I left Florence, Alabama, on the 21st of November with my command, moving with its corps *via* Waynesboro and Mount Pleasant, near Columbia, Tennessee, and into bivouac on the 26th of November, on the Shelbyville turnpike. The succeeding day and night was followed with slight skirmishing on the line around Columbia. At daylight on the morning of the 29th I moved to Duck river, four miles above Columbia, and crossed on the pontoon bridge at 7:30 o'clock, which was as soon as I could do so, having to wait for General Cleburne's division, which had the advance. I moved that day in rear of that division to the neighborhood of Spring Hill, a distance of twelve miles. After moving rapidly for several miles and wading the creek, I deployed my division in line of battle, in obedience to orders from General Cheatham to form and move on Cleburne's left—Jackson on the right and Smith in echelon on the left of front line, Colonel R. Bullock (commanding the Florida brigade) supporting the left. Not seeing General Cheatham at the moment of forming my line of battle, General Hood,

who was personally present, directed me to move to the turnpike and sweep toward Columbia. General Cleburne, being in advance, formed and moved forward before it was possible for me to do so, and "changed front" without stopping and without my knowing the fact, owing to intervening hills obstructing the view. As soon as ascertained, I conformed to the movement as well as I could, and pushed forward in the direction of the enemy, who held the turnpike. It was now getting dark, and I had moved more than a mile in line of battle. Cleburne had been engaged, with what success I did not know. Procuring a guide, learning the exact locality of the enemy, and the general direction of the turnpike, I "changed direction to the right" again, and was moving so as to strike the turnpike to the right of Major Nat. Cheair's residence, which I believed would bring me near Cleburne's left. Caswell's battalion of sharpshooters, deployed as skirmishers, was in a hundred yards of and commanded the turnpike, checking the enemy's movement along it in my front; and my lines were being adjusted for a further forward movement, when I received an order, through Lieutenant Schell, from General Cheatham to halt and join my right to General Cleburne's left. My main line was in two hundred yards of the turnpike, when Major Caswell's battalion fired into the enemy on the pike. He (the enemy) veered to his left, as I subsequently ascertained, and took a road leaving the pike near Dr. McKisick's. I obeyed the order of General Cheatham, and with delay and difficulty (it being in the night and near the enemy), I ascertained the left of Cleburne's line, which had retired some distance to the rear of my right. I made known to General Cheatham the fact of the enemy threatening my left, and called for force to protect it. My left brigade was retired to confront any movement from that direction, and during the night, perhaps 10 o'clock, General Johnson's division of Lee's corps, moved to my left. My command was so disposed as to be an extension of Cleburne's line, with its left retired. I bivouaced between 9 and 10 o'clock for the night.

At daylight there was no enemy in my front.

GENERAL BATE'S STATEMENT.

"NASHVILLE, November 29, 1881.—*General B. F. Cheatham, Nashville, Tenn.*—Dear General: I am just in receipt of your note requesting me to give you, in writing, the conversation that obtained between General Hood and myself, touching the situation in our front on the occasion of my going to his headquarters at Thompson's house, at a late hour at night, November 29, 1864."

In response I state : " After you had ordered me to retire my lines so as to align my right with Cleburne's left, and the order obeyed, skirmishers placed, pickets posted and the men sleeping on their arms in line of battle—it being then a late hour, between 10 and 12 o'clock at night—I, accompanied by a staff officer and one or more couriers, did go to General Hood's quarters, at a farm-house, and made known to him the situation in my front and what had occurred there that evening and night, the same in substance, as shown in my official report forwarded through your office soon thereafter, a copy of which I suppose you have."

" On my arrival at his quarters I found General Hood in conference with General Forrest, consequently I waited some time for an interview. I informed the General of having, about dark, come near to, in line of battle, and commanded, with my skirmish line, the turnpike south of Spring Hill, and caused a cessation in the movements of wagons, horsemen, etc., which were passing ; but I did not ' pass on to the turnpike and sweep toward Columbia ' as you (General Hood) had directed me to do, because just at that time I received an order from my corps commander, General Cheatham, to halt and align the right of my division with the left of Cleburne's, which I declined to do until I received a second order to the same effect, and then I did so. General Hood replied in substance : ' It makes no difference now, or it is all right anyhow, for General Forrest, as you see, has just left and informed me that he holds the turnpike with a portion of his forces north of Spring Hill, and will stop the enemy if he tries to pass toward Franklin, and so in the morning we will have a surrender without a fight.' He further said, in a congratulatory manner : ' We can sleep quiet to night.' I said to the General I was glad to hear what he told me, and immediately left. The staff officer with me, if I remember correctly, was Lieutenant Charles B. Rogan, who now lives in Sumner county, Tennessee, either heard the conversation or I immediately informed him of it, for it was discussed as we returned to our lines, and on our arrival at our bivouac made it known to Captain H. J. Cheeny, my A. A. G. (now a citizen of this county), and also to other staff officers, nearly all of whom are yet living.

" You can imagine my surprise next morning when I learned the enemy had come from our front.

" The foregoing is in substance what was said on the occasion referred to as I recollect it.

" I am, General, very respectfully yours,

" WM. B. BATE."

The Last Days of the Confederate Treasury and What Became of its Specie.

By Captain M. H. CLARK.

[It is the purpose of the Secretary to compile for early publication a full statement of the disposition made of the Confederate specie at the close of the war, which shall forever set at rest the miserable slanders against President Davis, which have been so often refuted only to be revived by the malignity of his enemies. And we ask everyone, who has any *facts* bearing on the question, to send them to us at once. But, in the meantime, we publish the following clear and conclusive statement by the last Acting Treasurer of the Confederacy, Captain M. H. Clark, only omitting the opening paragraphs, which are not essential :]

CLARKSVILLE, TENN., January 10th, 1882.

To the Editor of the Courier-Journal:

* * * * *

I will state briefly as possible my connection with the Confederate Treasury, and run hastily over the route from Richmond, Va., to Washington, Ga.

I left Richmond, Va., the night of the evacuation with all the papers of the Executive office, on the special train containing the President, his staff, his Cabinet (excepting the Secretary of War, General John C. Breckinridge,) and many other government officials, being at the time the chief and confidential clerk of the Executive office. The party reached Danville, Va., next day (General Breckinridge arriving a few days afterwards) where the government officers were partially reorganized and opened, remaining there until the 10th of April, when the news of General R. E. Lee's surrender was received. The next move was to Greensboro, N. C., the headquarters of General G. T. Beauregard's little army. A stay of some days was made there, during which General J. E. Johnston reported for a conference as to the general situation. When the President's party prepared to leave, as the railroads were cut at several points south of us by the Federal cavalry under General Stoneman, who were still raiding to the southwest of our line of travel, by orders of Colonels William Preston Johnston and John Taylor Wood (of the President's staff,) I applied to General Beauregard for the necessary facilities for the journey, who directed Colonel A. R. Chisolm, of his staff, to give me *carte blanche* orders upon his Chief Quartermaster, Major Chisman, and his Commissary Department for what I needed, from which departments I made up a full train of

wagons and ambulances for my papers, the baggage of the party and the provisions necessary for our large following, for many had attached themselves to the party, and I had brought out from Richmond, Va., the "President's Guard"—disabled soldiers, commanded by three one-armed officers, Captain Coe and Lieutenants Brown and Dickinson. General Beauregard sent as escort a small cavalry division, under command of that gallant Tennessean, General George G. Dibrell, comprising Williams's brigade, under command of General W. C. P. Breckinridge; Dibrell's brigade, under Colonel W. S. McLemore, and Hewitt's battery, under Lieutenant Roberts, and perhaps a few detached small regiments. Captain Given Campbell (an active, efficient officer) and his company from the Ninth Kentucky cavalry were detailed for special service with the President, his men being used as scouts, guides and couriers, the cavalry force not traveling as a rule upon the same road as the party.

The party proceeded to Charlotte, N. C., where, after a stay of a week (where we heard of the assassination of President Lincoln), the route was taken to Abbeville, S. C. At Charlotte a large accession was made to the cavalry force—General Basil W. Duke with his brigade, General Vaughn and some other detachments from Southwest Virginia, and General Ferguson, and scattering battalions, making quite a full force, which was taken charge of by General John C. Breckinridge in his position as Major-General.

General Duke had just before won the most complete victory of his career, attacking and driving away from Marion, Va., a large force of General Stoneman's mounted infantry, who left dead and wounded on the ground, man for man, as many as Duke had under his command in the battle—a brilliant sunset in the closing career of this Kentucky soldier.

Of General Breckinridge I saw a good deal, as we occupied the same room at Mr. Heilbrun's, his son, Captain Cabell Breckinridge, being with him. At Charlotte, N. C., I replenished my stores under an order from Hon. S. R. Mallory, Secretary of the Navy, upon the Naval Storekeeper, and an incident occurred which, perhaps, caused the escape of Colonel Wood when the President's party was captured in Southern Georgia—finding a lot of good blue navy shirts among the stores, he suggested taking a few to secure change of raiment to such as might need it. He had on one of these shirts the morning of the capture, and in the dim light was enabled to pass through the blue-coated Federal cavalry, mistaken for one of their own men. Leaving Char-

lotte, N. C., the cavalry force also took the route South under command of General John C. Breckinridge.

We arrived at Abbeville, S. C., the morning of the 2nd of May. Mr. Haldeman was there, according to recollection, and saw the party come in. While there, the President made his headquarters at Colonel Armistead Burt's, Colonel William Preston Johnston at Colonel Henry J. Leovy's, with that patriotic family, the Monroes, of Kentucky. At Abbeville, S. C., the Treasury officers reported the train at the depot, having been a part of the time under escort of Admiral Raphael Semmes's little naval force to protect it from the Federal cavalry, who were raiding on a parallel line with our route, between us and the mountains. Mr. J. A. Trenholm, the Secretary of the Treasury, having been left quite ill near the Catawba river, the President appointed the Postmaster-General, Hon. John H. Reagan, acting Secretary of the Treasury, who took charge of that department, and placed the train under charge of the cavalry to convoy it to Washington, Ga. The party, except General John C. Breckinridge, left for Washington that night, crossing the Savannah river on a pontoon bridge, stopping for breakfast and to feed horses a few miles from Washington. Colonel Burton N. Harrison had previously left the party to join Mrs. Davis and her family. At our breakfast halt, when the road was taken, Mr. Benjamin came to me and said "good-by," as he did not intend to go farther with the party, and turned off south from that point. I never saw him again, though traveling on his track over 400 miles. Mr. Mallory left the party at Washington, Ga., going to a friend's in the neighborhood.

President Davis's headquarters were at Dr. Robertson's, whose charming family were profuse in their hospitalities, as were many others, General A. R. Lawton's (the Quartermaster-General,) and General E. P. Alexander's among the rest.

Next morning Colonel William Preston Johnston informed me that Mr. Reagan had applied for me to act as Treasurer, to take charge of the Treasury matters, and I was ordered to report to him, and doing so was handed my commission, which is now before me and reads as follows, viz:

WASHINGTON, GA., May 4, 1865.—M. H. Clark, Esq., is hereby appointed Acting Treasurer of the Confederate States, and is authorized to act as such during the absence of the Treasurer.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

[This was the last official signature President Davis affixed to any paper.]

Returning to my train to get some necessary articles, President Davis rode up with his party, when what I supposed were farewell words passed between us, and my train, under charge of its Quartermaster, moved out. The Treasury train arrived shortly after President Davis's party left, and being reported at General Basil W. Duke's camp, about a mile from town, I went there with the proper authority and he turned the whole of it over to me. Selecting the shade of a large elm tree as the "Treasury Department," I commenced my duties as "Acting Treasurer C. S."

Now for the specie assets of the Treasury.

It must be remembered that a month or more before the evacuation of Richmond, Va., for the relief of the people, to furnish them a currency to buy supplies outside of our lines, and also to call in currency to pay off the troops, and for other purposes, the Treasury Department had opened its depositories and had been selling silver coin, the rate being fixed at \$60 for \$1 in coin. While at Danville, Va., the Treasury Department resumed these sales, the rate there being \$70 for \$1.

About \$40,000 in silver, generally reported (and no doubt correctly) at \$39,000, was left at Greensboro, N. C., as a military chest for the forces there, under charge of the Treasurer, Mr. John C. Hendren; all of the balance was turned into my hands, which amounted, in gold and silver coin, gold and silver bullion, to \$288,022.90. Adding the \$39,000 left at Greensboro, N. C., the Treasury contained in coin and bullion when it left Danville, Va., \$327,022.90.

If the Treasury at Richmond had contained \$2,500,000 in coin certainly the brave men of our armies would never have suffered so severely from want of sufficient food and clothing as they did during the winter of 1864-'65, for it had been demonstrated that gold could draw food and raiment from without the lines. With the train at Washington, Ga., however, was the specie belonging to the Virginia banks, which some time before had been ordered to be turned over to their officers, who had accompanied it out from Richmond, and, devoted to their duties, had never left it; but the proper officer had not been present to make the transfer. It had never been mixed with the Treasury funds, but kept apart and distinct, and when Acting Secretary Reagan ordered the transfer to be made, no handling of specie or counting was necessary, but merely permission for the cashiers and tellers to take control of their own matters. I knew them all personally, having been a Richmond boy myself. The papers of this transaction are not before me, and my recollection is not positively

clear as to the amount, but my impression is that it was about \$230,000. General E. P. Alexander has already given in your columns the after-fate of this fund. As a history of the Virginia banks' specie would make a chapter of itself, and as it was not a part of the Confederate Treasury assets, I drop further mention of it.

While at Washington, Ga., communications were received from General John C. Breckinridge that payments had been promised to the cavalry from the train by him at a halt on the road the night of the 3d. The action of General Breckinridge in the premises was ratified, and President Davis gave some other directions before he left. General Breckinridge arrived in Washington, Ga., an hour or so after President Davis left, and my recollection of his statement was in brief as follows: That during the night of the 3d, en route from Abbeville, S. C., to Washington, Ga., he found the cavalry and train at a halt, resting. Stopping, he learned from the officers that the men were dissatisfied at the position of affairs; that they were guarding a train which could not be carried safely much farther; the Federal cavalry were known to be in full force not a great distance off; the destination and disposition of their own force was an uncertain one; their paper money was worthless for their needs; that they might never reach Washington, Ga., with it, etc. A crowd gathered around, when General Breckinridge made a little speech, appealing to their honor as Confederate soldiers not to violate the trust reposed in them, but to remain Southern soldiers and gentlemen; and that when they reached Washington with the train, fair payments should be made to them from it.

The men responded frankly and openly, saying they proposed to violate no trust; they were there to guard the train from all, and would guard it, but expressed as above what they considered due them in the matter, and, as they would be paid some money in Washington, Ga., and no one could tell what would happen before they reached there, they could give no good reason for delay.

General Breckinridge replied that, if they wished an instant compliance with his promise, he would redeem it at once, and ordered up the train to the house at which he had stopped, and had the wagons unloaded; the quartermasters being ordered to make out their pay-rolls, when a certain amount was counted out and turned over to the proper officers. The wagons were then reloaded, and, after the rest, the route was taken up, reaching Washington, Ga., next morning, where the quartermasters paid off from their rolls. The boys told me they got about \$26 apiece; enough, they hoped, to take them through.

It is this transaction which has produced so many contradictory

statements from men and officers, many seeing nothing more, and regarding it as the final disbursing of the Confederate specie. Proper receipts were given and taken at the time, and I rated it as if disbursed by myself, and covered it into the Treasury accounts by the paper, of which below is a copy :

CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA, WASHINGTON, GA., May 4, 1865.—*Hon. J. C. Breckinridge, Secretary of War* : There is required for payment of troops now on the march through Georgia, the sum of one hundred and eight thousand three hundred and twenty-two dollars and ninety cents (\$108,322.90), to be placed to the credit of Major E. C. White, Quartermaster.

A. R. LAWTON,
Quartermaster-General.

[*Indorsed.*]

The Secretary of the Treasury will please issue as requested.

JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE,
Sec'y of War.

[*Indorsed.*]

M. H. Clark, Acting Treasurer, will turn over to Major E. C. White the mount named within, preserving the necessary vouchers, warrant hereafter to be drawn when settlement can be regularly made.

JOHN H. REAGAN,
Acting Sec'y Treasury.

[*Indorsed.*]

WASHINGTON, GA., May 4, 1865.—Received of M. H. Clark, Acting Treasurer, C. T., the sum of one hundred and eight thousand three hundred and twenty-two dollars and ninety cents (\$108,322.90) in specie, the amount called for by within paper.

My own transportation having gone forward, General Breckinridge kindly gave me his own ambulance, team and driver, which I used in driving back and forth from town to Duke's camp as my duties called me. I obtained permission from General B. and Mr. Reagan to burn a mass of currency and bonds, and burnt millions in their presence.

After the cavalry were paid there was a general order that all unattached officers and men should receive a month's pay, and below are copies of some of the receipts ; but some receipts quoted are in different form ; comment on these will be made later on.

"Estimate of funds required for the service of the Quartermaster's Department at Washington, Ga., by Captain John M. Garnett, A. Q. M.: Specie, \$5,000."

[*Indorsed.*]

Respectfully submitted to the Secretary of War.

Approved: A. R. LAWTON, Q. M. Gen.

Secretary of the Treasury is requested to furnish within funds.

JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE,
Secretary of War.

M. H. Clark, Acting Treasurer, will turn over to Captain Garnett the amount within named, taking the proper vouchers, a warrant to be drawn when settlement can be regularly made.

JOHN H. REAGAN,
Sec'y of Treasury.

WASHINGTON, GA., May 4, 1865.—Received of M. H. Clark, Acting Treasurer, the amount of within estimate, five thousand dollars, in specie.

JOHN M. GARNETT,
Capt. and A. Q. M.

WASHINGTON, GA., May 4, 1865.—I require for the payment of the officers and men of the President's Guard fourteen hundred and fifty-four dollars (\$1,454) in specie.

C. H. C. BROWN, Lieutenant Commanding.

Approved: WM. PRESTON JOHNSTON, Colonel and A. D. C.,
A. R. LAWTON, Q. M. G.

M. H. Clark, Acting Treasurer, will pay the within fourteen hundred and fifty-four dollars in silver, retaining this paper and the proper receipt subject to future regular settlement.

JOHN H. REAGAN, Acting Secretary Treasury.

M. H. Clark will pay in addition to the within requisition, eighteen dollars, one month's pay, for E. H. Burns.

JOHN H. REAGAN, Acting Secretary Treasury.

Received of M. H. Clark, Acting Treasurer, C. S., fourteen hundred and seventy-two (\$1,472) in full of within requisition.

C. H. C. BROWN,
Lieutenant Commanding President's Guard.

WASHINGTON, GA., May 4, 1865.—*M. H. Clark, Acting Treasurer* : Pay to A. G. Cantley, a clerk in the Post-office Department, fifty dollars in specie and preserve necessary vouchers until warrant can be drawn and settlement regularly made.

JOHN H. REAGAN, Acting Secretary of the Treasury.

Received the within fifty dollars in specie from M. H. Clark, Acting Treasurer, C. S. A.
A. G. CANTLEY.

WASHINGTON, GA., May 4, 1865.—The Secretary of the Treasury is requested to turn over four thousand dollars to Major J. Foster, C. S., to be used for the support of the troops now under my command.

JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE, Secretary of War.

M. H. Clark, Acting Treasurer: Turn over the above-named amount of money as requested, keeping necessary vouchers, warrant to be drawn when regular settlement can be made.

JOHN H. REAGAN, Acting Secretary of Treasury.

WASHINGTON, GA., May 4, 1865.—Received of M. H. Clark, Acting Treasurer, C. S., four thousand dollars (\$4,000) in gold, on within requisition.
J. M. FOSTER, Major, C. S.

ABBEVILLE, S. C., May 3, 1865.—*Assistant Paymaster J. F. Wheless, C. S. N.*: Sir,—You will proceed to Washington, Ga., and there present to the Hon. Judge Reagan, Acting Secretary of the Treasury, estimates of the amount required to pay off the officers of the Naval School for one or more months, as he may specify.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

WM. H. PARKER, Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding.

M. H. Clark, Acting Treasurer, will pay over to J. F. Wheless the sum of \$1,500 in silver, to be by him paid out pro rata, according to rank, to the officers of the navy and midshipmen who were employed in guarding the specie from Richmond to Abbeville, as shown by the accompanying petitions and list of names, and take his receipt and retain these papers.

JOHN H. REAGAN, Acting Secretary Treasury.

\$1,500. Received of M. H. Clark, Acting Treasurer, C. S., \$1,500 in gold, in full of within requisition.

J. F. WHEELLESS, Assistant Paymaster.

Washington, Ga., May 4, 1865.

M. H. Clark, Acting Treasurer: Pay over to Assistant Paymaster Wheless, in addition to the sum of \$1,500, called for to pay Naval officers, etc., three hundred dollars in silver, to be paid to First Lieutenant Bradford, of the Marine Corps, taking receipt and retaining this.

JOHN H. REAGAN, Acting Secretary Treasury.

Received, at Washington, Ga., May 4, 1865, of M. H. Clark, Acting Treasurer, C. S., three hundred dollars in gold, to be turned over to Lieutenant Bradford, of the C. S. Marine Corps.

J. F. WHELESS, Assistant Paymaster.

WASHINGTON, GA., May 4, 1865.—*M. H. Clark, Acting Treasurer:* Will pay over to General Braxton Bragg, two thousand dollars in coin for transmission to the Trans-Mississippi Department; and warrant for the same to be drawn when settlement can be regularly made; taking his receipt therefor.

JOHN H. REAGAN, Acting Secretary Treasury.

WASHINGTON, GA., May 4, 1865.—Received of M. H. Clark, Acting Treasurer, two thousand dollars (\$2,000) in coin, called for by within paper.

BRAXTON BRAGG, General C. S. A.

WASHINGTON, GA., May 4, 1865.— * * * * Received of A. R. Lawton, Quartermaster-General C. S. A., the following pay funds in specie: \$806 for payment of five commissioned officers and twenty-six men, belonging to Brigadier-General L. York's Louisiana Brigade.

LEIGH WATKINS, Acting Assistant Quartermaster.

Approved: D. GATLEY, Lieutenant-Colonel.

Respectfully referred to the Secretary of War.

Approved: A. R. LAWTON, Quartermaster-General.

Secretary of Treasury, please issue.

JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE, Secretary of War.

M. H. Clark, Acting Treasurer, will please pay over to Captain Watkins for payment to the troops specified, taking proper vouchers. Warrant to be drawn when settlement can be regularly made.

JOHN H. REAGAN, Acting Secretary Treasury.

WASHINGTON, GA., May 4, 1865.—Received of M. H. Clark, Acting

Treasurer, eight hundred and six dollars (\$806), in full of within requisition.

LEIGH WATKINS, Captain and Acting A. Q. M.

Estimate of funds required for the service of the Quartermaster's Department at ——— by Captain Joseph M. Brown. * * * *
Specie \$3,000.

Respectfully submitted to the Secretary of War, approved for the sum of five hundred and twenty dollars (\$520).

A. R. LAWTON, Quartermaster-General.

MAY 4, 1865.—*Secretary of Treasury*: Please issue.

JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE, Secretary of War.

M. H. Clark, Acting Treasurer, will turn over to Captain Brown the amount specified within, preserving the necessary vouchers. Warrant to be drawn when a regular settlement can be made.

JOHN H. REAGAN,
Acting Secretary of Treasury.

WASHINGTON, GA., May 4, 1865.—Received of M. H. Clark, Acting Treasurer C. S., five hundred and twenty dollars (\$520) in gold on within requisition.

JOSEPH M. BROWN, Captain and A. Q. M.

We, the undersigned, are officers in the First Auditor's office, and desire to draw one hundred dollars in gold for our services to this date,
May 4, 1865.

S. BRITTAIN.

M. H. Clark, Acting Treasurer: Pay fifty dollars to each, keeping vouchers until warrants can be drawn.

JOHN H. REAGAN,
Acting Secretary of Treasury.

WASHINGTON, GA., May 4, 1865.—We, the undersigned, have received fifty dollars each in gold on within order.

S. BRITTAIN,
JAS. MILLER,
J. B. MACMURDO.

WASHINGTON, GA., May 4, 1865.—*M. H. Clark, Acting Treasurer*: Turn over to John C. Breckinridge, Secretary of War, one thousand dollars for transmission to the Trans-Mississippi Department, taking his receipt therefor. Warrant to be drawn when regular settlement can be made.

JOHN H. REAGAN,
Acting Secretary Treasury.

MAY 4, 1865.—Received the within sum from M. H. Clark, Acting Treasurer.

JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE,
Secretary of War.

The above are examples of the receipts taken. About sunset I took leave of General Duke, with two wagons containing coin and bullion, and a little iron safe in my ambulance, he giving me an escort of twenty or thirty men, whose silver dollars were jingling in their saddle-bags. Before reaching town I was halted by Major R. J. Moses to turn over to him an amount of specie which President Davis, before he left, had ordered to be placed at the disposal of the Commissary Department to feed the paroled soldiers and stragglers who were passing through, to prevent their being a burden to a section already well stripped of supplies. I went through the wagons, removing to my ambulance the gold coin and gold bullion, and turned over to Major Moses the wagons and silver bullion, and all of the escort except about ten men. The amounts stated on the boxes footed up \$40,000, but Major Moses claimed that possibly some of their contents might have been disturbed. I opened the most of them, finding the contents intact, but as a compromise wrote the following receipt:

WASHINGTON, GA., May 4, 1865.—Received of M. H. Clark, Acting Treasurer C. S., twenty (20) boxes of silver bullion, supposed to be worth in coin from thirty-five to forty thousand dollars, upon requisitions of the Quartermaster-General and the Commissary General of Subsistence.

To this Major Moses added:

The same having been delivered in Washington, Ga., uncounted, to be counted and weighed before two officers and certified to, a copy of certificate to be forwarded to Judge Reagan.

R. J. MOSES,
Major and Chief Commissary.

It was after dark when I reached Washington, and failing to find General A. R. Lawton, Quartermaster General, and General I. M. St. John, Commissary General, I made the following endorsement on the receipt:

This property was turned over to Major R. J. Moses by verbal order of Hon. John H. Reagan, acting Secretary of the Treasury, and in his presence the proper requisitions were promised to be furnished by Generals Lawton and St. John, which promise was not fulfilled.

M. H. CLARK, Acting Treasurer, C. S.

Washington, Ga., May 4, 1865.

In my statement of the specie assets of the Treasury being \$288,-022.90, I counted the payment to Major Moses as being \$40,000.

My last payment in Washington, Ga., was of eighty-six thousand dollars (\$86,000) in gold coin and gold bullion, to a trusted officer of the navy, taking his receipt for its transmission out of the Confederacy, to be held for the Treasury Department.

Judge Reagan and myself left Washington, Ga., about 11 o'clock P. M., taking with us a few of Duke's men as guides, who we dismissed with thanks a few hours afterward, and joined President Davis' party next morning, as they came out of their bivouac about sunrise.

After greetings, I found the party consisting of the President and staff and a few others, Captain Given Campbell and twelve of his men, my train and its quartermaster and party. (After Duke's command had been paid off, the men learning that full freedom was given to their action, some sixty formed themselves into a company, among them my fellow-townsmen, Messrs. W. R. Bringham and Clay Stacker, and rode to town and offered themselves to President Davis as an escort just as he was leaving; but it seems that he declined their courtesy, and they afterward left town with General J. C. Breckinridge.) We traveled together that day and went into camp that evening a few miles south of Sandersville, Ga. There the President heard disturbing reports from Mrs. Davis' party, they fearing attempts to steal their horses by stragglers, and decided next morning to take his staff and join her party for a few days. As everything on wheels was to be abandoned by him, and as it was decided that I was to remain with my train, the chances of the capture of which were steadily increasing, the Federal General Wilson having spread his large cavalry force out like a fan from Macon, I called the staff together, and inquiring as to their funds, found that they had only a small amount of paper currency each, except, perhaps, Colonel F. R. Lubbock, A. D. C., who had, I believe, a little specie of his private funds. Colonel Wm. Preston Johnston told me that the President's purse contained paper money only. I represented to them the chances of capture of my slower-moving train, which would be compelled mainly to keep the roads in case of danger—that they would need money for their supplies en route, and to buy boats in Florida, etc., and that I wished to pay over to them funds to be used for those purposes, and they consenting I paid, with the concurrence of Hon. John H. Reagan, the acting Secretary of the Treasury, \$1,500 in gold each to Colonel John Taylor Wood, A. D. C.; Colonel Wm. Preston Johnston, A. D. C.; Colonel F. R. Lubbock, A. D. C., and Colonel C. E. Thorburn (a naval

purchasing agent who was with the party), taking a receipt from each one, but as they were all of the same verbiage I merely give one, as follows:

SANDERSVILLE, GA., May 6, 1865.—\$1,500. Received of M. H. Clark, Acting Treasurer, C. S., fifteen hundred dollars (\$1,500) in gold coin, the property of the Confederate States, for transmission abroad, of the safe arrival of which due notice to be given the Secretary of the Treasury.

I also paid to each \$10 in silver for small uses, from a little executive office fund, which I had obtained in Danville, Va., by converting my paper when the Treasurer was selling silver there. For this I took no receipt, charging it in my office accounts. I also called up Captain Given Campbell and paid him for himself and men \$300 in gold, taking the following receipt:

Received of M. H. Clark, Acting Treasurer, C. S., three hundred dollars (\$300) in gold, upon requisition of Colonel John Taylor Wood, A. D. C.

GIVEN CAMPBELL,

Captain Company B. Second Kentucky Cavalry, Williams's Brigade.

I then went to Judge Reagan with a bag containing thirty-five hundred dollars (\$3,500) in gold, and asked him to take it in his saddle-bags as an additional fund in case of accidents or separation. He resisted, saying that he was already weighted by some \$2,000 of his own personal funds, which he had brought out from Richmond, Va., in a belt around his person, but after some argument on my part he allowed me to put it in his saddle-bags. The party then were already on horse, and "Good-bye" was said.

The President's party was captured a few days afterward, and upon their release from prison several of the party told me that every one was robbed of all they had, except Colonel F. R. Lubbock, who, after stout resistance and great risk, retained his money, upon which the party subsisted during their long imprisonment at Fort Delaware. No gold was found on President Davis when captured, for he had none.—He could only have received it through me, and I paid him none. Mr. Trenholm was left sick in South Carolina. Attorney-General Davis was left at Charlotte, N. C. Mr. Benjamin left us before reaching Washington, Ga., and Mr. Mallory at Washington. I paid the members of the Cabinet nothing, except to General Breckinridge, and his receipt quoted shows the character of that payment. The only money

Judge Reagan received was the money mentioned above, near Sandersville—which was a deposit, not a payment. The Treasury train was never with President Davis's party. They found it at Abbeville, South Carolina, rode away and left it there, and rode away from Washington, Georgia, shortly after its arrival there, while it was being turned over to me. It will have been noted that the receipts quoted are of two classes—payments to troops and clerks for their own services; but to officers of higher rank, like Generals Bragg and Breckinridge, or to members of the President's military family, they were for transmission to a distance, to be afterward accounted for to the Treasury Department. In my narrative of events I have given full names of persons, most of whom are still living witnesses of the occurrences at Washington, Georgia. Colonel James Wilson, of General Breckinridge's staff, was perhaps cognizant of much that I have related. A few concluding remarks may make clearer the condition of affairs which arose at Washington, Ga., on that 4th of May, 1865.

The last Cabinet meeting, which could be called such, was held at Abbeville on the 2d of May, at which it seems to have been decided that the attempt was hopeless to carry the organized force to the Trans-Mississippi Department, it being too small to cope with the enemy it would have to encounter, and it was left free to the soldiers to decide their own action—the move was to be a voluntary one. The soldiers before this had intuitively grasped the situation. The roads were full of men—paroled soldiers from Lee's and Johnston's armies; escaped men from both, having evaded surrender; men who had been exchanged and had started to join their commands—and north of Abbeville and all the way to Florida, I met men who, being still free to fight, were wending their way to the Mississippi river. I met them on my return from Florida in June, plodding their weary way back to their homes. These belong to the Atlantic States. I traveled with some all the way to Virginia; those belonging to the States west of Georgia were already home again. These men and officers were some of the pick and flower of the Confederate States armies; men who, in the four years' desperate struggle, having to fight every nationality under the sun, except the "heathen Chinees," were still volunteers. Who dare say, if 20,000 such men had re-enforced the troops of the Trans-Mississippi Department, what the result might have been? With the war going on, with its immense expenditure of treasure, the Northern debt January, 1866, could not have been much under \$5,000,000,000, with the inevitable immense depreciation of its paper currency, would not the commercial North been perforce compelled to cry, "Halt?"

Both sections were traveling in the same financial rut; but the Southern money traveled downward the faster.

The soldiers jingling their silver dollars on every road told the tale of the disbursement of the little Treasury, and I found on my return the wildest rumors through the country as to the amount it had contained. Five million dollars was the smallest amount mentioned.

Federal detectives were swarming along the route we had traveled, hunting papers, the Treasury and "the last man who had it in charge," "for an immense amount must have been secreted somewhere; \$5,000,000 to \$15,000,000 could not vanish in the air in a day."

But the undersigned wasn't eager to make new acquaintances, and wasn't then signing himself "Acting Treasurer, C. S." An impression has prevailed with some that on that last day great demoralization, confusion and panic existed. Such was not so. The soldiers were orderly, and though the town was filled with men under no command, there was no rioting or violence, though the citizens feared something of the kind. In the hearts of the educated and the thinking there was a hush of deep emotion, and it seemed to me as if a gloomy pall hung in the atmosphere repressing active expression. As it was realized that a government which had been strong and loved, the exponent of all their hopes and wishes, was, perhaps, dying the death before their eyes, that whatever might be accomplished "over the river," all east of it for a possibly long future was to be abandoned to the conqueror, with all the unnumbered woes which that implied—an agony too great for words, with the bitterness of an almost despair filling all hearts,—I rode out into the darkness that night as if from a death-bed.

You have before you a plain, unvarnished statement of the last days; the personal pronoun has been used more than I could have wished but it was unavoidable. The sketch might have been studded with incidents of the "retreat from Richmond," interesting perhaps to those who followed the "Starry Cross" to that bitter end, but this article is already too long for newspaper publication. The old Confederates brought nothing out of the war, save honor; for God's sake! and the precious memory of the dead, let us preserve that untarnished, and defend it from slanderous insinuations. To do my part, I have spoken.

M. H. CLARK,

Ex-Captain P. A. C. S., and ex-Acting Treasurer C. S. A.

Reminiscences of the Army of Northern Virginia.

By J. WILLIAM JONES.

PAPER No. 8.

"SEVEN DAYS AROUND RICHMOND."

The memorable 27th day of June, 1862, found our column in motion at an early hour, and as my own regiment (the Thirteenth Virginia Infantry), under its heroic Colonel, J. A. Walker, was in the advance of Ewell's division and Jackson's corps, I had a very favorable opportunity of seeing and hearing much of interest that occurred on that bloody but glorious day.

A friend gave me a very vivid description of a meeting between Lee, Jackson and A. P. Hill on the roadside not far from Walnut-Grove Church. General Lee sat on a cedar stump; Jackson and Hill stood around him; the staff officers of each gathered in groups hard by, and the three conversed in earnest undertones as Lee gave his Lieutenants their final instructions. I did not have the privilege of witnessing this scene, but I saw all three of them during the day, and could well imagine what a grand subject for the painter's brush the picture presented. I had seen General Lee only once before—the day on which he came from Washington to Richmond to offer his stainless sword to the land that gave him birth and the State to which his first allegiance was due. Then his raven hair and mustache were only slightly silvered. Now the cares of the past twelve months had whitened his hair and full beard, and he seemed at least twenty years older. As I gazed that day upon this splendid figure, five feet eleven inches high, and weighing 175 pounds, clad in a uniform of simple gray, with only the stars which every Confederate Colonel was entitled to wear, and saw those brown hazel eyes, that beaming countenance, and the whole bearing of that "king of men," as he gracefully mounted his charger and quietly rode to the front, I was fully impressed with the idea that I had seen one every inch a soldier, who was prepared to handle with signal ability the splendid army under his command, and lead it to glorious victory.

"Old Jack" I have described before, but as I saw him that day in his dingy uniform, covered with the dust of the Valley, his faded cadet cap tilting on his nose, mounted on his old sorrel, nibbling a lemon and seeming to me to be in a very bad humor as he gave his sharp, crisp orders, and was evidently very impatient at the delay in the march of

his column, I felt sure that the "foot cavalry" had bloody work before them, and that their iron chief did not mean to spare them.

I shall never forget A. P. Hill as he appeared that day. I had known him as the West Point cadet, "at home on furlough," whose bright buttons and gay uniform had attracted my boyish fancy. I had met him as the young artillery officer, whose athletic frame, handsome face, and noble bearing won the admiration of all. I had seen him in the full flush of a bridegroom's happiness, when he had just led to the altar the beautiful and accomplished sister of General John H. Morgan, and I had been one of his most enthusiastic admirers when he was Colonel of the old Thirteenth Virginia. But, as I saw him on that historic field, dressed in a fatigue jacket of gray flannel, his felt hat slouched over his noble brow, sitting his horse with easy grace, glancing with eagle eye along his column as it hurried past him into battle, and yet taking time from his pressing duties to give me a warm grasp of the hand and a cordial greeting as he inquired after "the boys of the old Thirteenth," I was more impressed than ever before with his soldierly bearing, and said to a friend, as he rode off, "Little Powell will do his full duty to-day." There was on Hill's staff a splendidly dressed officer who attracted my attention, and on inquiry I found that he was none other than the famous editor of the Richmond *Examiner*, John M. Daniel, who was destined to be wounded quite severely that day and have fresh gall added to his trenchant pen.

But the columns move on, and about 2 P. M., A. P. Hill encountered the enemy again near New Cold Harbor, and immediately formed his line of battle and "went in" with his glorious Light Division, and for about two hours bore the brunt of the battle alone and with unsurpassed heroism. Jackson had been delayed by a mistake of his guides and other causes, and Longstreet was held back until Jackson's guns should be heard. But just as General Lee had ordered Longstreet to go to Hill's relief, Jackson also got into position and the battle was joined along the whole front of Gaines's Mill and Cold Harbor. I shall not go into the details of the battle. Suffice it to say that the Federal position was a very strong one; that the intrenchments, skilfully constructed, added greatly to its natural strength; that General Fitz John Porter, who was in immediate command on the field, made a most able and heroic fight, and that it was only with severe loss that we succeeded finally in carrying every position, capturing fourteen pieces of artillery and driving the enemy in great confusion from the field.

Let me now give some incidents of the battle more in accord with

my design than detailed descriptions of the movements or achievements of corps or divisions.

As the head of Jackson's column was moving rapidly forward to reach its position, another column was seen moving at right angles to our line of march, and General Whiting galloped back and reported that it was the enemy; but after some delay it was ascertained that it was D. H. Hill's column, and Jackson was almost rude to Whiting as he ordered his men forward again. The guide, who was thoroughly familiar with the country, had not been sufficiently informed of Jackson's purpose, and was leading him on a road *by Gaines's Mill* to Cold Harbor, when Jackson discovered the mistake and countermarched so as to reach Cold Harbor by a road which would *leave Gaines's Mill to the right*. This consumed time, but even after Jackson got into position he delayed his attack in the hope that Hill and Longstreet would drive McClellan—that he would retreat toward the White House, and that he would thus have opportunity of striking him in flank. But finally he saw that the enemy was not being driven, and ordered D. H. Hill and Ewell to go in, at the same time sending back orders to his other brigade commanders to move at once *en echelon* and engage the enemy wherever found. Unfortunately the staff officer who bore this message misunderstood its purport, and told each brigade commander that he must "*wait for further orders*," so that in the very crisis of the battle six brigades of his best troops (numbering some twelve thousand) were standing as idle spectators until Jackson's Adjutant-General, Rev. R. L. Dabney, discovered and rectified the mistake. An eye-witness reports that about an hour before sun-down he found Jackson in a state of excitement such as he never saw him in before or since. He was under the impression that his last reserve brigade had gone in, and was intensely chagrined, and annoyed that the enemy had not been driven from his position. "Jeb" Stuart in his fighting jacket was near by, and Jackson proposed that he should concentrate all of his cavalry and make a grand cavalry charge, but Stuart shook his head and replied: "Too many cannon." But he called Jackson's attention to the fact that all of his artillery on the left was idle—that none were firing save Pelham (the heroic "boy artillerist")—and staff officers were sent to order every battery to move into action, and to continue firing as long as the battle lasted. A message came from General Lee, and Jackson had scarcely uttered his crisp "Very well!" when he suddenly wheeled his horse and said to the gallant Captain Pendleton of his staff: "Go to the line and see all of the commanders.

Tell them *this thing has hung in suspense too long; sweep the field with the bayonet.*"

Pendleton galloped off on his perilous mission, but had hardly gotten out of sight when a ringing "rebel yell" ran along our whole line and proclaimed that our reserves had gotten fully into action—that the enemy were being driven from the field, and that the victory was ours. Darkness closed in upon the scene, and there followed a night with the wounded, and a mourning for the gallant dead.

General McClellan speaks of our forces in this battle as embracing "overwhelming numbers," and this theory is adopted by most Northern writers on the subject. But the "field returns" of both armies, and a careful computation of the figures of the official reports on both sides show that at the beginning of the battle Lee had under his command, of all arms, 80,284 men, while the official returns of the Army of the Potomac show that General McClellan had present for duty on the 20th day of June, 1862, 115,102, but as this return included General Dix's command of over nine thousand men at Fort Monroe, it is perfectly safe to say that McClellan had before Richmond, when the battle opened, one hundred and five thousand men with which to oppose Lee's eighty thousand.

We had about fifty-two thousand on the north side of the Chickahominy and twenty-eight thousand in the trenches on the south side.

We have no means at hand of determining the numbers of the Army of the Potomac actually engaged at Gaines's Mill and Cold Harbor, but this much we may confidently affirm: If with a superiority of force in all of at least twenty-five thousand and with his bridges secure and his communications intact, McClellan allowed his brave Lieutenant, Fitz John Porter, to be "overwhelmed by superior numbers," he was guilty of a worse blunder than his bitterest critics have ever charged against him.

It must be remembered, also, that the strong positions which Porter held, his skilfully constructed intrenchments, and the able handling of his powerful artillery went a long way towards making the odds greatly in his favor. I remember that on riding over the field the next day several of the positions seemed to me well nigh impregnable, and even Jackson exclaimed when he saw the position which Hood's Texans had carried: "*These men are soldiers indeed!*" Two years later, when Lee's veterans occupied these same positions, Grant's powerful army surged against them in vain.

General Lee sent the following dispatch to Richmond the night of the battle :

HEADQUARTERS, June 27, 1862.

His Excellency, President Davis :

Mr. President,—Profoundly grateful to Almighty God for the signal victory granted to us, it is my pleasing task to announce to you the success achieved by this army to-day. The enemy was this morning driven from his strong position behind Beaver Dam Creek, and pursued to that behind Powhite Creek, and finally, after a severe contest of five hours, entirely repulsed from the field. Night put an end to the contest.

I grieve to state that our loss in officers and men is great. We sleep on the field, and shall renew the contest in the morning.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

R. E. LEE, *General.*

The reception of the news of our great victory at Cold Harbor and Gaines's Mill by the people of Richmond may be better imagined than described. All day long the sound of the conflict echoed through the city, and old men, women and children crowded on the tops of the houses or on the neighboring hills where they could distinguish the smoke of the battle and hear even the rattle of the musketry. Soon the stream of wounded began to pour in, and tidings of a great victory to spread through the city and cause general rejoicing, which was only marred by mourning for the gallant dead and anxiety for the wounded, many of whom belonged to Richmond families. I can never forget the scene presented at our field hospitals that night. Our victory had been purchased at a fearful cost of life and limb, and the sight of the dead and wounded (comparatively new to us then, but alas! fearfully common afterwards) affected to tears strong men "unused to the melting mood." My own regiment (the Thirteenth Virginia) carried into that fight 301 men, and lost 157 of them killed and wounded, and I remember that when our sturdy Colonel (J. A. Walker, afterwards a distinguished General,) saw so many of his brave fellows lying dead or wounded, his frame shook with emotion and he wept like a child. I could fill columns with incidents of that fearful night. I have space for only one or two. There were in my old company (the "Louisa Blues") when we entered the service, five brothers named Trice, the sons of a widowed mother. One of them was discharged in the autumn of 1861 on account of ill-health, but against his own earnest protest. He at

once went to the Fifty-sixth Virginia regiment, joined another Louisiana company, was wounded twice at Fort Donaldson, but refused to leave the field until he was at last shot through the heart while acting with most conspicuous gallantry. At Gaines's Mill two others of the brothers were instantly killed and fell side by side. Another had been sent to the rear with some prisoners whom he had captured on the advance skirmish line, but he turned over his prisoners to some one else more willing to remain in the rear, and he himself hurried to the front. Failing to find his own regiment, and seeing the Fifty-sixth Virginia about to go into the charge, he asked permission to take the place of his brother who fell at Donaldson, and went with them into the thickest of the fight where he was wounded five times and refused to leave the field until he fell insensible. This brave fellow afterwards recovered so far that, although he lost one of his eyes and was so severely wounded in the leg that he could not march on foot, he joined a cavalry company and did valiant service to the close of the war. It was a touching scene to see the fifth brother, himself severely wounded, ministering to his brother who was supposed to be mortally hurt, and preparing the bodies of his two dead brothers to send home to his widowed mother.

And I remember five other brothers in the Orange C. H. Company, two of whom were killed and one wounded in this battle, and all of whom were killed before the close of the war.

We were very illy provided with hospital stores, many of our surgeons were inexperienced, some of them utterly incompetent; and my heart bleeds afresh at the remembrance of the sufferings of our poor fellows, which might have been sooner alleviated with a better organization. And if the sufferings of our own men were great, those of the large number of the wounded of the enemy who fell into our hands were necessarily greater. General Lee's orders were to "treat the whole field alike," and to care for friend and foe without distinction, and we did the best we could, but with our limited number of surgeons, and scant supply of hospital stores and appliances, it was impossible to attend promptly to all, and it were too great a tax on human nature not to attend to our friends first. Yet, if I had not lost afterwards the diary kept at the time I could give the names of a number of Federal soldiers to whom I ministered, and who, if now living, would remember the "rebel chaplain" who dressed their wounds, shared with them his rations, and, while seeking to give them spiritual comfort, carefully avoided speaking any word which might offend "Union" ears.

But I must hurry on with my narrative. "The situation" on the morning of the 28th of June was peculiar and somewhat problematical.

McClellan still largely outnumbered Lee, and it seemed doubtful whether he would throw his whole force, by the lower bridges, to the north side of the Chickahominy and give battle again for his base at the White House—boldly strike for the capture of Richmond by attacking the lines held by Magruder in the hope of carrying them before Lee could come to their help—or retreat to a new base on the James.

Northern historians have severely criticised McClellan for not adopting the second plan, which they assert would have secured the capture of Richmond, and some Southern writers have concurred in this view. Even General Magruder seems to have had serious apprehensions on this point, for he says in his official report: "I considered the situation of our army as *extremely critical and perilous*. The larger part of it was on the opposite side of the Chickahominy, the bridges had all been destroyed, but one was rebuilt, and there were but twenty-five thousand men between his—General McClellan's—army of one hundred thousand men and Richmond." But General Lee seems to have had no such apprehensions, as he remarked on General Magruder's report: "General Magruder is under a misapprehension as to the separation of the troops operating on the north side of the Chickahominy from those under himself and General Huger on the south side. * * * The troops on the two sides of the river were only separated until we succeeded in occupying the position near what is known as New Bridge, which occurred before 12 o'clock M. on Friday, June 27th, and before the attack on the enemy at Gaines's Mill.

From the time we reached the position referred to, I regarded communication between the two wings of our army as re-established.

The bridge referred to, and another about three-quarters of a mile above, were ordered to be repaired before noon on Friday, and the New Bridge was sufficiently rebuilt to be passed by artillery on Friday night, and the one above it was used for the passage of wagons, ambulances and troops early on Saturday morning.

Besides this, all other bridges above New Bridge, and all the fords above that point, were open to us."

The simple truth is that the works in front of Richmond, as then manned, were impregnable to direct assault, and if McClellan had tried it he would have sustained a bloodier repulse than Grant received at Cold Harbor two years later, and meantime General Lee would have so moved the victorious columns of Jackson, Longstreet, Stuart and the Hills as to have cut off all hope of a successful retreat. He acted very wisely in determining to retreat, and he certainly planned and conducted the movement with consummate ability.

I shall not enter upon any detailed description of those days of retreat, pursuit, and battle, but shall rather confine myself to several salient points, and to some incidents of those stirring scenes. The loaded train of ammunition which an engine with full steam on hurled into the Chickahominy, amid the explosion of hundreds of shells; vast camps with their burning debris; vast Federal hospitals with their thousands of wounded; stores of every description half burned; thousands of stands of small arms; abandoned cannon, wagons, pontoon trains, etc., all told of a vast army making a hasty retreat. The uncertainty of McClellan's intentions, the wooded character of the country, the ignorance of our officers of the topography and the failure of some of his subordinates to carry out his orders, all put General Lee at great disadvantage, gave McClellan twenty-four hours the start, and saved his army from utter destruction.

General Jackson was delayed by the necessity of rebuilding Grapevine bridge over the Chickahominy, and did not put his column in motion until "early dawn" of the 29th. It was on this occasion that the incident occurred in which figured Captain C. R. Mason--widely known in Virginia as "the Napoleon of railroad contractors"--whom Jackson had attached to his staff as chief of pioneers. Anxious to build the bridge and join in the pursuit of the enemy, Jackson sent for Mason, told him his wishes, and ordered him to be ready to begin the bridge, "so soon as the engineers could prepare the plan and specifications." The veteran bridge builder at once replied: "Never mind *the pictures*, General! If you will just send me men enough *who will wade in the water and tote poles*, I will have the bridge ready by the time the engineers can prepare the pictures." Jackson cordially seconded his efforts, the bridge was ready in a marvelously short time, and the "foot cavalry" were again on the road. But the swamps of the Chickahominy were very different from the firm ground of the Shenandoah Valley. McClellan obstructed the roads by every possible device, and our progress was very slow.

Had General Lee's plans been carried out on June 30th at Frazier's farm, instead of the heroic fight which Longstreet and A. P. Hill were compelled to make against overwhelming odds, and with long doubtful result, Jackson's corps would have crossed White Oak Swamp at a point which would have planted them firmly on the enemy's flank and rear, and Malvern Hill and Harrison's Landing would never have become historic.

"Even great Homer sometimes nods," and even Stonewall Jackson was not infallible. General Wade Hampton insisted that he could

force the crossing of the swamp, and the passage of Colonel Munford with his cavalry regiment across at one point and back at another proved that Hampton was right; but Jackson contented himself with a feeble effort to repair the bridge, and remained all day an idle spectator of the gallant fight by which Hill and Longstreet finally drove the enemy from this field to the much stronger position of Malvern Hill. I have heard a number of our ablest military critics speak of this, and they did not hesitate to declare that Jackson made here a great blunder. The question is so interesting that I give the explanation of Jackson's warm personal friend and chosen biographer (Rev. Dr. R. L. Dabney, who was then serving on his staff.) He says (page 466):

"On this occasion, it would appear, if the vast interests dependant on General Jackson's co-operation with the proposed attack upon the centre were considered, that he came short of that efficiency in action for which he was everywhere else noted. Surely the prowess of the Confederate infantry might have been trusted, for such a stake as Lee played for that day, to do again what it had so gloriously done, for a stake no greater, on the 27th; it might have routed the Federal infantry and artillery at once, without the assistance of its own cannon. Two columns pushed with determination across the two fords at which the cavalry of Munford passed over and returned—the one in the center, and the other at the left—and protected in their onset by the oblique fire of a powerful artillery, so well posted on the right, would not have failed to dislodge Franklin from a position already half lost. The list of casualties would indeed have been larger than that presented on the 30th, of one cannoneer mortally wounded. But how much shorter would have been the bloody list filled up next day at Malvern Hill? This temporary eclipse of Jackson's genius was probably to be explained by physical causes. The labor of the previous days, the sleeplessness, the wear of gigantic cares, with the drenching of the comfortless night, had sunk the elasticity of his will, and the quickness of his invention, for the once, below their wonted tension. And which of the sons of men is there so great as never to experience this? The words that fell from Jackson's lips, as he lay down that night among his staff, showed that he was conscious of depression. After dropping asleep from excessive fatigue, with his supper between his teeth, he said: 'Now, gentlemen, let us at once to bed, and rise with the dawn, and see if to-morrow we cannot *do something*.'"

But, alas! the golden opportunity had passed. McClellan *had done something*. He had concentrated on Malvern Hill his powerfulartil-

lery, and had so disposed his infantry as to make this the strongest position yet assaulted by either army.

Malvern Hill commanded all of the approaches to it and all of the surrounding country, so that while McClellan had three hundred pieces of artillery in position to belch forth their thunder and hurl missiles of destruction on every side, and his gunboats guarded his left flank and threw into our ranks immense projectiles, which our boys called "lamp-posts," the Confederates were able to use only a few guns. Still McClellan's army was dispirited by disaster and retreat, while Lee's was flushed with victory. The Commander-in Chief felt confident of success, and issued orders for a general and simultaneous attack to be opened by Magruder and D. H. Hill. But Magruder was misdirected by his guide and was late getting into position. Hill mistook the signal, and, attacking *alone*, displayed distinguished gallantry only to meet a bloody repulse. Magruder attacked later and with the same result. Some ground was gained, mistakes were rectified, and preparations made for a more determined assault, which must have carried the position; but darkness suspended the battle, and at 10 o'clock McClellan began to withdraw and to resume his retreat to Harrison's Landing. Our loss here was about five thousand men, and though technically a Confederate victory (since we held the battle-field and buried the enemy's dead), yet there was a general feeling in the army that we did not pine after any more such victories.

But the thunders of Malvern Hill and the groans of the wounded and the dying could not deprive our people of that propensity for a practical joke which seemed inherent in the average Confederate soldier, and several very amusing incidents occurred. Jackson's chief of staff was Rev. Dr. R. L. Dabney, one of the ablest divines in the South, whose conspicuous gallantry is so well known, that he will, I am sure, pardon me for repeating a joke I heard at his expense. Soon after he came to Jackson, about the beginning of the Valley campaign, a swearing Colonel had said that he meant to go and hear that man preach as often as he could, "for," said he "he is not any more afraid of bullets than the rest of us sinners, and besides he preaches like the very d—l!" And General Ewell, after hearing him preach on the heavenly rest, exclaimed, as he saw him one day conducting a battery into position under heavy fire: "Ha! it seems the prospect of getting quickly to his rest is no more cheering to him than to us reprobates." (Ewell was then a very hard swearer, but he afterwards became an earnest Christian and a devout churchman.) A few days before the battles around Richmond, Dr. Dabney preached a sermon in which he

took strong Calvinistic grounds on special Providence, and told the men that they need not dodge in the battle, since every shot and shell, and bullet, sped on its way under the guidance of a special Providence, and hit just where and just whom the loving Father, who watches the fall of the sparrow, and numbers the hairs on the heads of his saints, should direct.

A distinguished officer told me that during the battle of Malvern Hill he had occasion to report to General Jackson, and after hunting for some time found him and his staff under one of the heaviest fires he had ever experienced. Soon Jackson directed those about him to dismount and shelter themselves, and Dr. Dabney found a place behind a large and very thick oak gate post, where he sat bolt upright with his back against the post. Just then there came up Major Hugh Nelson, of Ewell's staff—a gallant gentleman and a devout churchman, who had heard Dr. Dabney's sermon, and whose theological views did not fully indorse its doctrine—and, taking in the situation at a glance, rode direct for the gate post of "Stonewall's" Chief of Staff, and giving him the military salute coolly said: "Dr. Dabney, every shot, and shell, and bullet is directed by the God of battles, and you must pardon me for expressing my surprise that you should want to put a gate post between you and special Providence."

The good Doctor at once retorted: "No! Major, you misunderstand the doctrine I teach. And the truth is, that I regard this gate post as a *special Providence*, under present circumstances."

Just before the opening of the battle two preachers who had come to see after friends in the army, ventured up to our front lines without realizing that they were liable to be under a heavy fire. But when the cannonade opened they discovered that they had duties in the rear, and started back in a brisk walk, which was finally quickened to a run through a wheat field, as the hurtling shells burst all around them. One of them was a very small man, and the other quite large, and as they retreated through the troops some wag of a fellow raised the cry, "Run little preacher—the big preacher'll catch you," and the rest at once caught up the refrain and sang it to an old negro melody as long as they were in hearing—

"Run little preacher,
The big preacher'll catch you."

But, perhaps, the grimmest joke of the occasion was the one which General Lee got off at the expense of General Magruder—as gallant a gentleman as ever drew sabre, and one whose courtly manners won

for him the soubriquet of "Prince John." Magruder had been unfortunate the day before; his guide had misdirected him and he got up late and his attack was made at too late an hour to secure promised support. Yet he felt that his brave fellows, who had so long baffled McClellan at Yorktown, were capable of driving him from Malvern Hill, and he burned for the privilege of trying it again. Accordingly, about two o'clock in the morning, the day after the battle, he sought General Lee and said: "General, I came to submit a proposition to you. If you will allow me to charge those heights at daybreak with my whole command, I pledge you my honor as a soldier to carry them at the point of the bayonet."

General Lee replied with that quiet twinkle which always betokened something good: "I have no doubt that you could *now* do so, General; but I have one very serious objection to your making the attempt." "What is that? What is that?" exclaimed Magruder, who hoped to remove the objection, and saw glory and honor in the present opportunity. "I am afraid," replied General Lee, "that you might hurt my little friend Major Kidder Meade; our friends, the enemy, left some time ago, and he is over there reconnoitring."

The testimony of all the army correspondents, of citizens along the route, and of the officers of the Army of the Potomac themselves, is that the retreat to Harrison's Landing was very precipitate, and that the army arrived there in a very demoralized condition.

Stuart got possession of the heights which completely commanded the camps at Westover, and which, if occupied and entrenched by infantry and artillery, would have compelled McClellan to surrender at discretion all of the men he could not hurriedly send off on transports. General Stuart's "Notes on the War," on file in the archives of the Southern Historical Society, prove this. But it may be best to show it from Federal authority.

General McClellan wrote to the Adjutant-General, at Washington, on the night of the battle of Malvern Hill, as follows:

"My men are completely exhausted, and I dread the result if we are attacked to-day by fresh troops. If possible, I shall retire to-night to Harrison's Bar, where the gunboats can render more aid in covering our position. Permit me to urge that not an hour should be lost in sending me fresh troops. More gunboats are much needed."

The "Committee on the Conduct of the War" says in their report:

"The retreat of the army from Malvern Hill to Harrison's Bar was very precipitate. The troops, upon their arrival there, were huddled

together in great confusion, the entire army being collected within a space of about three miles along the river. No orders were given the first day for occupying the height, which commanded the position. Nor were the troops so placed as to be able to resist an attack by the enemy; and nothing but a heavy rain, thereby preventing the enemy from bringing up their artillery, saved the army there from destruction. The enemy did succeed in bring up some of their artillery, and threw some shells into the camp before any preparations for defense had been made."

"On the 3d of July the heights were taken possession of by our troops, and works of defence commenced, and then, and not until then, was our army secure in that position." [Extract from the "Report of the Committee on the Conduct of the War" (United States Congress), part I, page 27.]

General Casey testified as follows:

"The enemy had come down with some artillery upon our army massed together on the river, the heights commanding the position not being in our possession. Had the enemy come down and taken possession of these heights, with a force of twenty or thirty thousand men, they would, in my opinion, have taken the whole of our army, except that small portion of it that might have got on the transports. I felt very much alarmed for the army until we had got possession of those heights and fortified them. After that it was a strong position." [Ibid, page 446.]

These heights would have been occupied and intrenched by our infantry and artillery, but Stuart—dashing, gallant, glorious "Jeb." Stuart—could not resist the temptation of "stirring them up," and so soon as his advance cavalry squadrons reached these heights he sent for Pelham, the heroic "boy artillerist," and a section of his horse artillery, which he ordered to open on the camps. The confusion in McClellan's camps showed how completely these hills commanded them, but it at the same time showed McClellan that he must occupy those hills or all was lost. Stuart was momentarily expecting Longstreet, and resisted the strong force sent to dislodge him until Pelham had fired his last round, and then he learned to his chagrin that Longstreet had again been misled by his guide and was six miles away. There was nothing left him but to withdraw, chuckling over the confusion he had produced in the camps of the enemy. General Lee's orders were for an immediate attack on McClellan's position, but Jackson, who reached the field first, decided, after a careful reconnoissance, that the position was too strong to be assaulted and took the responsibility to order a halt, which General Lee reluctantly approved.

Thus ended the seven days of battle. In General Lee's congratulatory order, dated July 7, 1862, he says:

"The General commanding, profoundly grateful to the only Giver of victories for the signal success with which he has blessed our arms, tenders his earnest thanks and congratulations to the army, by whose valor such splendid results have been achieved. On Thursday, June 26, the powerful and splendidly-equipped army of the enemy was intrenched in works vast in extent and formidable in character, within sight of our capital. To-day the remains of that confident and threatening host lie upon the banks of the James River, thirty miles from Richmond, seeking to recover, under the protection of his gun-boats, from the effects of his series of disastrous defeats. * * * * The immediate fruits of our success are the relief of Richmond from a state of siege; the rout of the great army that so long menaced its safety; many thousand prisoners, including officers of high rank, and the capture or destruction of thousands of arms, and fifty-one pieces of artillery. The service rendered to the country during this short but eventful period can scarcely be estimated, and the General commanding cannot adequately express his admiration of the courage and endurance and soldiery conduct of the officers and men. These brilliant results have cost us many brave men; but while we mourn the loss of our gallant dead let us not forget that they died nobly in defence of their country's freedom and have linked their memory with an event that will live forever in the hearts of a grateful people." * * *

General McClellan's famous 4th of July order was intended to keep up the courage and spirits of his troops; but there can be but little doubt that the Army of the Potomac fully realized that their "change of base" was compulsory, not optional, and that they were just now more concerned in providing for their own safety than in the capture of Richmond. On the other hand the Army of Northern Virginia felt that they were masters of the situation.

The Work of the Southern Historical Society in Europe.

LETTER FROM MAJOR SCHEIBERT.

We have several times had occasion to call attention to the fact that our PAPERS have been doing a most important work in giving our friends in Europe the material for vindicating the name and fame of our Confederate leaders and people, and in affording to those willing to do us justice the means of doing so.

The following private letter from our gallant friend, Major I. Scheibert, was not intended for publication, but it is so interesting as illustrating the point to which we have referred, that we take the liberty of publishing it, and beg that our friend will excuse us:

HIRSCHBERG PRUSSIA,
13th October, 1881.

Rev. J. Wm. Jones :

MY DEAR SIR,—I hope you have not forgotten your old Southern friend; but I have not received the SOUTHERN HISTORICAL PAPERS since the month of April. You know how deeply I am interested in your PAPERS, and how I appreciate the valuable military study they afford me.

I am proud to say that the combined efforts of Heros Von Borcke and myself have brought it about that in the German-Prussian army nothing concerning the civil war in America is so in fashion as accounts of the deeds of Southrons.

Sherman and Grant, the pets of ten years ago, are forgotten, and Lee, Jackson and Stuart are now the favorite heroes of our officers.

Your friends will be interested by the statement that many of the Southern organizations have been a pattern for ours.

For the first time the cavalry has studied Stuart's movements, and General Von Schmidt, the regenerator of our cavalry tactics, has told me that Stuart was the model cavalry leader of this century, and has questioned me very often about his mode of fighting.

It will doubtless be of interest to you to know what parts of your HISTORICAL PAPERS I have translated, and commended to our German armies. Among them are the following:

General Early's "Relative Strength of the Confederate and Federal Armies."

McCarthy's "Detailed Minutiæ of Soldier Life."

Stuart's Report of "Cavalry Operations in 1863."

Stuart's Report of the "First Maryland Campaign."

General R. E. Lee's "Report of the Chancellorsville Campaign."

Field Letters from Lee's Headquarters.

General Fitz Lee's Address on Chancellorsville.

Colonel. William Allan's Address on "Jackson's Valley Campaign," (with maps.)

"Lee and Gordon at Appomattox."

Hubbard's paper on "Operations of General Stuart Before Chancellorsville."

Pierce's Attempts at Escape from Prison.

Colonel Patton's "Reminiscences of Jackson's Infantry."

"Kirkland, the Hero of Fredericksburg."

Major McClellan's address on "The Life and Campaigns of General J. E. B. Stuart."

"Two Specimen Cases of Desertion."

General J. E. B. Stuart's "Report of the Gettysburg Campaign" (with map.)

I have also translated many interesting parts of your Life of Lee.

I have also published biographies of R. E. Lee, Jackson, Stuart and Mosby, besides my larger History of the War.

I do not mention these things to glorify my poor efforts to bring my friends out of their modest shade into the clear sunlight of truth, but I do wish to prove to my old gallant and noble comrades of the South that I have not been ungrateful to their country and her heroes, whom I admire so much. Your obedient servant,

I. SCHEIBERT, Major.

We need not comment on the above letter further than to say that if we had done nothing else than to afford our noble friend the material which he has so well used, then our work has not been in vain, and we have the ground of another strong appeal to our friends to sustain us in its further prosecution.

Of course we have sent Major Scheibert duplicates of the numbers of our PAPERS which he failed to receive, and shall continue to mail them to him regularly.

Notes and Queries.

Was "Cedar Run" (Slaughter's Mountain) a Federal victory?

We had always thought that the Confederates won that field. It so happened that our Brigade (Early's), and our own Regiment (the Thirteenth Virginia Infantry) opened the battle—that we saw the enemy driven back some two miles—and that General Early having charge of the "truce to bury the dead" which the enemy asked, and Jackson granted, we witnessed the burying of the poor fellows who had been killed in their vain efforts to break through "the Stonewall," and that we conversed with a number of Federal officers who frankly admitted that "the Foot Cavalry" had given their old friend "Stonewall's Quartermaster" a very sound drubbing.

But we have seen a newspaper report of a paper read by Rev. F. Denison, Chaplain of the First Rhode Island Cavalry, before the "Soldiers and Sailors Historical Society of Rhode Island," in which he makes, concerning this battle, the remarkable statement (if rightly quoted): "*The field remained with the Federals.*"

We have not had the privilege of seeing the full text of Chaplain Denison's paper [we should be glad to do so] and we are at a loss to imagine the grounds upon which he puts this claim. Surely he does not accept *now* Pope's Munchausen dispatches, and the popular accounts in the northern newspapers of the day, which claimed *every* battle as a "Union victory."

Desired an Owner for a Watch.—A gentleman, a citizen of Brooklyn, New York, who served as an officer of the Thirteenth New York volunteers in our late war, desires to convey to the next of kin or legal representative of its deceased owner, a watch which was taken from the body of a first lieutenant of the Eleventh Virginia infantry, who was killed at the battle of Five Forks, about 3 P. M., April 1, 1865. We will take pleasure in being the medium of any desired communication.—R. A. BROCK, Richmond, Va.

Can New England rightly claim Captain John Smith as one of her heroes?

It is very well known that poor old Virginia "lost pretty much all by the war"; in fact northern writers have almost forgotten that we had a *history* down in this part of the country. George Mason, Patrick Henry, Edmund Pendleton, John Marshall are forgotten names; even Washington divides honors with Abraham Lincoln. We were not quite prepared, however, to see Captain John Smith transferred to the New England Pantheon; but we find a review in the *New York Times* of a work by Charles Dudley Warner, published by Henry Holt & Co., entitled: "The Admiral of New England. Captain John Smith, Sometime Governor of Virginia and Admiral of New England. A Study of his Life and Writings." We are pretty well gobbled up. What about the Peaks of Otter and Rock-fish Gap? Are they on the Penobscot River?—*Central Presbyterian.*

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

THE DELAY IN THE ISSUE OF THIS NUMBER has been made much greater than we had anticipated, although we announced in our last that there *would* be delay.

We will simply say, by way of apology, that any irregularity of issue is far more distasteful to us than it can possibly be to our readers, that it has never occurred when we could prevent it, and that we think we see our way clear to more regular issues in the future than for the past year. But we beg to remind our subscribers that we have fully redeemed our promise that they should have their "*full quota of numbers and of pages.*"

RENEWALS FOR 1882 ARE NOW DUE, and we beg our friends to send on the \$3 *at once*. Please do not conclude that you will wait 'till the close of the year, and then buy the whole set; for even if you should be able to do that, which is by no means certain, we are, in the meantime, compelled to *raise the cash to pay for the printing*, and you ought to help us to the extent of at least your subscription. Send on, then, your renewal, and see if you cannot secure us *at least one new subscriber*.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY AND NAVY SOCIETY OF MARYLAND was held at Raine's Hall, Baltimore, on the evening of the 19th of January, 1882, McHenry, Howard, President, W. L. Ritter, Secretary. The regular routine business was transacted, and the following officers were elected:—President, Lieutenant McHenry Howard; Vice-Presidents, Major-General Isaac R. Trimble, Major W. Stuart Symington, Lieutenant D. G. Wright, Captain W. L. Ritter, Sergeant Frederick Ruff, Lieutenant-Colonel James R. Herbert, Major Harry Gilmer, Private D. Ridgely Howard, Private John F. Hayden, Lieutenant Chapman Maupin, Captain J. Blythe Allston, Lieutenant Winfield Peters; Recording Secretaries, Corporal Robert M. Blundon, Private George T. Hollyday; Corresponding Secretary, A. J. Smith; Treasurer, Captain F. M. Colston Executive Committee, Brigadier-General Bradley T. Johnson, Lieutenant W. P. Zollinger, Major-General George H. Stuart, Major F. H. Wigfall, Lieutenant-Colonel J. Lyle Clarke, Sergeant W. H. Pope, Private H. H. Garrigues; Chaplains, Revs. W. U. Murkland, John Landstreet, B. F. Ball, W. M. Dame, Frederick S. Hopkins, and Father H. S. McGivney.

The Secretary of the Southern Historical Society being present by special invitation, was cordially received and given the most favorable time and a most patient hearing as he presented the claims of the Society, and urged that all Confederates should give it not only warm sympathy, but, as far as they were able, hearty support.

At the conclusion of the address the Maryland Society unanimously voted the Southern Historical Society one hundred dollars (\$100) out of its treasury, and appointed a committee (consisting of Generals B. T. Johnson and I. R. Trimble, Captain W. P. Zollinger, and Lieutenants Gwathmey and Winfield Peters) to de-

wise ways and means of affording further pecuniary help to our Society. This action of the Maryland soldiers was generous and timely, and will be of the highest importance to our great work, not only in the substantial aid afforded, but in stimulating our friends elsewhere to help until the Society shall be placed on a firm financial basis, and prepared to do in a more satisfactory manner the grand work before us.

We need scarcely add, that the warm grasp and cordial greetings of our old comrades were none the less pleasant because of this generous, *practical* sympathy.

THE ASSOCIATION OF THE MARYLAND LINE was organized last summer in Baltimore, and "all persons who were citizens of Maryland, on April 19th, 1861, and who subsequently were duly commissioned, or mustered into the military or naval service of the Confederate States, and served honorably therein," are eligible to membership.

The following officers were elected July 22nd: President, Brigadier-General Bradley T. Johnson. Board of Governors: Major-General I. R. Trimble; Brigadier-General George H. Stenart; Lieutenant-Colonel Jas. R. Herbert; Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Carter Smith; Captain Jno. W. Torsch; Captain McHenry Howard; Lieutenant W. P. Zollinger; Sergeant Wm. H. Pope; Private Ridgley Howard; Private George C. Jenkins; Private Frederick Marston. Corresponding Secretary, Surgeon Jno. N. Monmonier. Recording Secretary, Captain Geo. W. Booth. Treasurer, Private Lamar Hollyday.

The Association is proceeding vigorously to carry out its objects, the chief of which (besides its social and benevolent features) are "to collect, preserve and perpetuate all such evidence as can be found, of the services of the Maryland Line in the Army of Northern Virginia, and of all other Marylanders in the military and naval service of the Confederate States, and to make a complete record of their names and achievements, so as to present to posterity the evidence of the honorable service of every Maryland man who fought under the Confederate flag, on land or sea."

We desire to commend most heartily these objects to the imitation of similar organizations elsewhere. Many of our Confederate Associations have "a good time generally" at their "reunions and banquets," but they fail to make any practical provision for writing and preserving their history.

THE DEATH OF COLONEL GEORGE WYTHE MUNFORD, which occurred suddenly at his residence in Richmond, on the night of January 9th, 1882, has caused universal sorrow, and leaves many a vacant place which had been so well filled by this accomplished Virginia gentleman. Others have fitly spoken his eulogy as the able, incorruptible, efficient, State officer, the good citizen, and the man above reproach in all of the relations of life.

We shall miss him, especially, as one of the most punctual, genial and efficient members of our Executive Committee, one of the most devoted Confederates, and one whose facile pen had made valuable contributions to our history. At the reorganization of the Society in 1873 he was elected Secretary and Treasurer, and

filled the office with marked ability until the winter of 1874, when other pressing duties impelled him to resign.

Full of years, full of labors, full of honors, this Virginia gentleman of the old school leaves behind him a stainless record and a hallowed memory.

LITERARY NOTICES.

I.—THE OUTBREAK OF REBELLION. By John G. Nicolay, Esq., Private Secretary to President Lincoln; late Consul-General to France, etc. A preliminary volume, describing the opening of the war, and covering the period from the election of Lincoln to the end of the first battle of Bull Run.

II.—FROM FORT HENRY TO CORINTH. By the Hon. M. F. Force, Justice of the Superior Court, Cincinnati; late Brigadier-General and Brevet Major General U. S. V., commanding First division, Seventeenth corps; in 1862, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Twentieth Ohio, commanding the regiment at Shiloh; Treasurer of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee. The narrative of events in the West from the summer of 1861 to May, 1862; covering the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson, the battle of Shiloh, etc., etc.

These two volumes, from a series of twelve volumes on the "Campaigns of the Civil War," we have received from the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons, through Messrs. West & Johnston, of Richmond.

They are gotten up in the best style of the book-maker's art, are sold at \$1 per volume, and, while we have not yet found time for a careful perusal, seem to be written in a very fair spirit, though they abound in mistakes, which we shall take the liberty of pointing out in future numbers of our *Papers*.

This series of the Messrs. Scribner will no doubt prove a valuable contribution to history; but it is to be regretted that they did not commit the writing of some of these volumes to the many able Confederates, who could give "the other side." Perhaps, however, they intend to have another series of twelve volumes written by Confederate soldiers. We shall see.

THEON. A TALE OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR. BY SALLIE NEIL ROACH, of Louisville. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

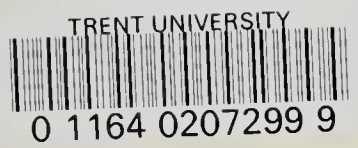
We propose to give hereafter some extracts from this charming little book, that our readers may judge for themselves of its merits. We have only time now to say that its simple plot is skillfully woven, its story is sweetly told, and its versification is of a high order of merit.

We believe that this is Mrs. Roach's first attempt at authorship, but this book will at once rank her among our sweetest singers, and we predict for her a brilliant literary career. The volume is, of course, a fine specimen of the book-maker's art, and should find a place in many homes.

CAMPAIGN IN NORTHERN VIRGINIA IN AUGUST, 1862. BY MAJOR F. MANGOLD, of the Royal Prussian Engineers.

We had hoped to receive ere now a review of this able book from a competent German scholar and critic, who has it in charge. But meantime we advise all who read German to procure a copy, with the assurance that they will find it an able and impartial account (from an accomplished Prussian officer who has studied both sides) of the splendid campaign, by which our peerless Lee unhorsed the champion braggart, John Pope.

THE CENTURY AND ST. NICHOLAS lose nothing in interest or value under their new management, but seem to improve every month.



E483.7 .S76 1977 v. 9
Southern Historical Society.
Southern Historical Society
papers.

296911

DATE

ISSUED TO

296911

